







2046⁻⁴ Bibl. Mont

M E M O I R S

OF THE COURT OF

A U G U S T U S.

By THOMAS BLACKWELL, J. U. D.

PRINCIPAL OF MARISHAL-COLLEGE IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

V O L. IV.

*Non erat is Populus, quem Pax tranquilla juvaret;
Quem sua Libertas immotis pasceret armis:
Inde iræ faciles; & quod suafisset egestas
Vile nefas; magnumque Decus, ferroque petendum,
Plus Patria potuisse sua. —* LUCAN.

B A S I L:

Printed and sold by J. J. TOURNEISEN.
M D C C X C V.

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

BOOK.

- VIII. { STATE of the EAST: ANTONY's *Way of Life*:
CORPORATION of PLAYERS.
STATE of ITALY: CÆSAR's *Sickness*: VETE-
RANS *Mutiny*.
FULVIA and L. ANTONY: *Siege of PERUGIA*;
Massacres.
ANTONY: and CLEOPATRA at TARSUS: *his*
Poet BOETHUS.
SUBMISSION of DOMITIAN ENOBARRUS;
Peace of BRINDISI.
LOVE-ADVENTURES—MARRIAGES: *Peace of*
MISENO.
Herod the Great's Story: PARTHIAN ANTI-
QUITIES: VENTIDIUS' *Victories*.
CÆSAR'S MINISTRY: VIRGIL and HORACE
brought to Court: AREIUS and ATHENODORE
Philosophers: *their important SERVICES*.

Page 1

CONTENTS.

BOOK.

IX.

{ SICILIAN WAR—*Shipwrecks* — *Sea-fights* —
CÆSAR's *Distress*.
DEFEAT and DEATH of SEXTUS POMPEY.
LEPIDUS *divested*: *Change of Measures*, and
Beginning of CÆSAR's MILD ADMINIS-
TRATION. Page 257

MEMOIRS

M E M O I R S

O F T H E

COURT OF AUGUSTUS.

B O O K VIII.

AFTER the Wounds which the *Roman Republic* received in six Battles from *Julius Caesar*, and after the Calamities of *Modena*, and of the horrid Proscription, its remaining Strength lay chiefly in that illustrious Body of young Nobility, Knights and Commoners, that took Arms under the Command of *Cassius* and *Brutus*. For though there were not a few Senators and Persons of Distinction, who had put themselves under *Pompey's* Protection in *Sicily*, they bore no Proportion either in Number or Quality to the associated Citizens that fought at *Philippi*. This remaining Strength was now extinguished, and a final Period put to many a *Patrician Family*.

The veteran Army under *Antony* and *Cesar* continued, as I said, all Night on their Arms, to stop the Passages from the Hills, while the Horsemen were let loose to range and pick up the Stragglers: But chiefly, the *Thracian* Prince *Rhasc* exerted his utmost Address, in planting Guards at every Outlet,

Vol. I. page 256.

VOL. IV.

B

while he and his Troopers went, like Hunters, among the Rocks to beat the lurking-Holes, and drive the Game into the Snare. He took by this Means many unhappy Persons of the first Rank, whom he brought to *Antony*, and as a Reward asked and obtained his Brother *Rhascupolis's* Pardon.

Next Day, when the Prisoners were to be disposed of, a cruel Scene was acted in cold Blood. The two *Triumvirs* mounted their Tribunal, and the noble *Romans*, who had been guilty of the Crime of fighting for their Country and Laws, were brought out, chained like Galley-Slaves and slaughtered by the Veterans as if they had been so many Cattle; while the Tyrants fed their Eyes with the inhuman Spectacle. Among these, *M. Lucullus*, *Cato's* Nephew, and Son of the great Man who first vanquished *Mithridates*, scarce eighteen, had his Head struck off by *Antony's* Order. His Guardian, and *Brutus's* Friend, *Volumnius* had not been taken; but being told that the noble Youth was put to the Sword, instead of flying, as he could easily have done, he came running to the Spot, and in a frantic Manner threw himself down upon the headless Corpse. There he stuck so long, and gave so loud a Vent to his Anguish, that some of the Veterans came and dragged him to *Antony*. Being come into that cruel Man's Presence; Sir, said he, will you be pleased to order me to be led back where the young *Lucullus* lies dead, and dispatch me there: for I ought not to survive, who advised him to go out to this woful War. Such Favors were easily obtained of *Antony*. *Volumnius* was led where he

wished to die; and having eagerly kissed the cold Hand, and taken up the once lovely Head of his young Friend, he pressed it to his Breast, and fearless stretched out his Neck to the Veteran's sword¹.

The young *Cæsar*, through ill Health, low Spirits, and Superstition, had, according to his own Accounts, retired before the *first* Battle²; his Army was routed, his Camp plundered, and he took Refuge in a Bog. The Part he acted in the *second*, was but small³. His Troops were again broken, and after *Antony's* Victory, he was set to guard the Enemy's Camp. But *now* he acted, with great Briskness, shall I say, or Barbarity. Good Fortune softens a generous Nature; and to be cruel after Victory betrays a mean Spirit. Not contented to order the Prisoners to be put to Death, he loaded them with reproachful Language, and made bitter Scoffs on them as they passed. One Gentleman humbly begged, he would permit his Body to be buried: *That*, said the young Savage *will quickly be in the Power of the Birds of Prey*. A Father and Son had been taken, and were imploring Mercy with great Submission — He bid them *cast Lots, or throw up Cross and Pile, which of them should die* — and when the Father, to save

¹ Valer. Max. Lib. iv. cap. 7.

² Ὡς δὲ αὐτὸς ἐν τοῖς ὑπαμνήμασι γέγραφε, τῶν φίλων τινὸς ἄνθρωπον ἰδόντος ἀνεχώρησε πρὸ τῆς μάχης.

Πλεταρχ. Ἀνίων.

³ Οὐδὲν ἔργον ἐφάνη μεγάλῳ τῷ Καίσαρι, ἀλλ' Ἀντωνίου ἦν ὁ νικῶν πάντα καὶ καίοντάς τιν.

Αὐτοδ.

his Child, eagerly stretched out his Neck to the Executioner, and the Son plunged, indignant, the Dagger into his own Breast, *he sat serene and viewed them both in the Agonies of Death.* The celebrated *Favonius* behaved with the Firmness becoming his Profession and Character. In passing by the Tribunal, where the *Triumvirs* presided at the Execution, he saluted Antony as a brave Commander; but turning to his Colleague, told him, *he was a young Miscreant, [a Compound of Cowardice and Cruelty.* Nor did Antony sit upon that bloody Tribunal unreprieved. He experienced, that the Edge of dying Virtue cuts keen; for having in a buffoonish Manner ordered *P. Terentius Varro* (not the great Captain and Scholar *Marcus Varro*, but another of the same Character*) to be put to Death, with some Circumstances

* *He is generally distinguished by the Name of Varro Atacinus, from a Village in the South of France, called Atace, where he happened to be born, I suppose, while his Father was Prætor or Questor in that Province. He was a Man of Genius, and so great Application, that finding himself lame in Learning without the Knowledge of Greek, he began to study it after he was five-and-thirty: and like Monsieur Budé, (who likewise began late in Life*) proved one of the greatest Proficients of his Age. His Turn lay to Poetry: and without confining himself to any one Species, he wrote Elegies, Epigrams, and attempted Satire, in the style of Lucilius, in which, if we may trust a Rival, he did not succeed**. But his chief*

* He expressed his own condition in two Words, *Autodidaktos* *Ὀψιματὴς* self-taught and late-taught.

** Horat. Lib. I. Sat. x.

of Indignity, *Varro* turned, and with the greatest Freedom painted him in his own Colors, and prophesied very truly, *that a worse Fate awaited him, probably from the Hand of his Colleague.* The young

Performance, and the Foundation of his Fame, was an Epic Poem, upon the noblest, most varied, and fruitful Subject that ever was touched by a Bard; I mean the Expedition of the Argonauts, which he formed upon the Work of Apollonius, called by Mistake the Rhodian, but with such Spirit, that Ovid, an able and candid Judge, promised it Immortality.

Varronem, primamque Ratem quæ nesciet ætas?

This Gentleman was born, according to the Eusebian Chronicle, in the 174 Olympiad, i. e. A. U. C. 672, which will make him about forty at this dismal Battle: He seems to have been of the same Cast towards Liberty and Learning with Cornificius, Trebonius, Cassius of Parma, and his Co-temporaries, and like them may probably have drawn his Pen as well as his Sword in the common Cause; and thereby drawn upon himself a particular Insult from the Triumvirs: Though Velleius' Words will bear two Meanings: Nam Varro, ad ludibrium moriturus Antonii, digna illo ac vera de exitu ejus, magna cum libertate, ominatus est: that is, For Varro being condemned to die, to make Sport to Antony, told him with Abundance of Freedom, what an Exit he deserved, and foretold it would come to pass. — Or Varro, when about to be executed, to mock Antony, told him, &c. At the same Time the Similitude of Names, and Loss of contemporary Authors, leave us, after so many Ages, not quite certain, but this may have been Ser. Terentius Varro, who proffered his Life to save Decimus Brutus; or even the Tribune, who was in Terror of being taken for Marcus Varro.

Cæsar, as I said, commanded the Head of Marcus Brutus to be cut off, in Order to be sent a Spectacle to *Rome*; and in the same Spirit of Revenge, *Antony* ordered the brave *Hortensius* to be conveyed to *Macedon*, and butchered at his Brother *Caius Antony's* Tomb. But the greater Part of the Officers in the Republican Army, especially those who had bore Dignities, or exercised any Magistracies at Home, put no Trust in the Triumvir's Mercy: Many of them took Care to fall Sword-in-hand, like *Cato's* Son, and *L. Cassius* the General's Brother. *Antistius Labeo*, the *Marsian*, having fallen from his Horse, and finding that he and his Son could not avoid being taken by some of *Cæsar's* Troopers, killed the Youth with his own Hand, and then dispatched himself, that he might not see the Face of the insulting Victor^s. The Rest either pierced their own Breasts, or held out their Necks to their Friends and faithful Domestics after the Battle. The *Roman* *Labeo*, famed for Wisdom, (Father of the great Lawyer) stepped into his Tent, called his Servants about him, gave his Orders, and, while they were digging a Grave to his Length, sat down and wrote to his Wife and Children: then delivering his Letters, he took the bravest Fellow by the Hand, gave him a Twirl round, and a Blow, as the Custom was in manumitting Slaves; and presenting him with a Sword, held out his Neck over his hasty

^s This remarkable Fact, and the Reason of it, are preserved in an old Inscription found at *Salona* in *Dalmatia*.

Grave. In the same Manner, the Chief of the noble *Livian* family, *Livius Drusus*, (Father of the finest Woman then in *Rome*) retired into his Tent, and fell upon his Sword: the good *Quintilius Varus* first dressed himself in his Pretorial Robes, and then prevailed with his favorite Freedman to strike off his Head*. Thus the remaining

* *S. Quintilius Varus* was Questor to the great *Domitius Enobarbus* (the Admiral's Father) when he was taken Prisoner at *Corfinium* by *Cæsar*; fought at *Pharsalia* — went over to *Africa*, where he acted as Lieutenant-General under *P. Attius Varus*, who commanded at *Utica* when *Curio* came over to seize the Province; and as Admiral under *Scipio*, when *Cæsar* came in Person after *Curio's* Defeat and Death. *Attius Varus* fell at the desperate Battle of *Munda*, and his Head, with that of the great Soldier, *T. Labienus*, was brought as a welcome Present to *Cæsar*. I suppose *Quintilius* had gone from *Africa* to *Rome*, and entered warmly into *Brutus's* Measures for restoring the Common-wealth. He now sealed his Affection to his Country with his Blood. As some of *Virgil's* Pastorals seem to have been written before *Cæsar's* Death, it is not impossible but this may be the fine Gentleman celebrated by the Poet in his VI Eclogue, who appears to have led Armies, and excelled in the Arts of Peace*. But I scarce think this is the *Quintilius* bewailed by *Horace* in the elegant Ode to his Friend. *Horace* had his own Safety to provide for; and a Panegyric upon a violent Enemy would have been a bad Recommendation to Pardon from the Triumvirs. — Besides, he does not seem to have troubled his head with Versification, till after this unhappy

* It is not *Varus*, whom *Virgil* compliments in his IX Eclogue, but *Varius* the Poet.

vital Blood of Rome was spilt; upwards of forty of the Sons of the old Patrician Families having

War **. Neither, on the other Hand, could it possibly be this Gentleman's Son who perished in Germany with the Legions, through the Fault of his Lieutenant *Numonius Vala* ***; as that Calamity happened A°. U. C. 762. seven and twenty Years after *Virgil's* Death. It remains therefore that *Virgil's* Friend, deplored by *Horace*, must have been another Varus; perhaps a Native of *Cremona*, in the Neighbourhood of the Birth-place of the Poet †. For it is not inconsistent, that the Poet should have had two Patrons of the same Name; while it is extremely improbable, that amid the general Ruin, and under the deepest personal Distress, *Horace* should find Leisure to sing his Virtues, as his *first* Essay in Poetry: Less still could it be Varus the Consul, who was proscribed, hid himself in the Fens of *Minturnæ*, was dragged out as a Robber, and known and killed by a Centurion; especially as it appears from the Strain of the Ode, that the Varus bewailed by *Horace* was younger than *Virgil* ††. After all, nothing seems so plausible, as that this intimate Friend of the great Poet should be the Man mentioned in *St. Jerom's* Chronicle under the Name of *Quintilius Cremonensis*, who died A°. U. C. 730, about five years before *Virgil's* Death.

** Unde simul primum me dimisere Philippi
Accisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris & Fundi, Paupertas impulit, audax
Ut Versus facerem. Lib. II. Ep. 2.

*** Quæ sit hiems *Velie*, quod cælum *Vala Salerni* —
Horat. Ep. 15.

† Mantua vix miseræ nimium vicina *Cremonæ*!
Virg. Bucol. ix.

†† Tu frustra pius (haud ita creditum)
Poesis Quintilium Deos.

Horat. Lib. I. Ode 24.

made away with themselves, and extinguished the Race from whence many a Patriot had sprung. They disdained to ask their Lives of the Victors; — a high, undaunted Spirit, arising from conscious Worth and steady Courage, made them fly to Death rather than submit to the smallest Disgrace. That Spirit created a habitual Dignity of Character — a Dignity, I say, that refused to demean itself, or depart from that graceful and august Behaviour that became a real *Roman*.

But notwithstanding the strict Guard kept by the Veterans, the Activity of *Rhase*, and eager Desire of the Triumvirs to *extirpate* the Friends of the Republic, it was impossible but out of two such Armies *some* should find Means to escape. The noble *Messala* with *L. Bibulus*, and the young *Cicero*, got over to the Island *Thaso*: *Cn. Piso* and the Paymaster *Sextius* got aboard a Vessel that carried them to *Sicily*. *A. Torquatus*, *Pansa's* Quaestor at *Modena*, and *Julius Mocilla* with his Son, took Shelter in *Samandrachi*, where they lived in a Sort of Exile, and whither *Pomponius Atticus* ordered all Kinds of Necessaries to be sent to them from his Estates in *Epirus*. Some of these had commanded the numerous Forts raised by *Brutus* and *Cassius* all around their Camp, and principally towards the Sea to secure their Communication with *Thaso*. The Garrisons now capitulated, though the chief Officers would put no Faith in the Triumvirs. In Spite therefore of all the Havoc they had made, two Men were still formidable to them, because both their high Birth and

higher personal Qualities fitted them to lead the Party, command in chief, and renew the War. These were *Domitius Enobarbus* the Admiral, and *Messala Corvinus*, whom we idly call the Orator. An Orator he was, and a noble one; but it was not his chief Character. He was a great Man, and shone as a General, a Judge, and a Politician — he had War after War intrusted to his Conduct, and Province after Province to his Administration. This elevated Spirit and Capacity in a Man sprung from the most ancient and honorable Families in *Rome*, wanted nothing but the Weight of Years and Experience, to have made him the Pillar of the tottering Republic, and fit to rescue her Remains out of the Hands of her three Oppressors. But the cruel Shocks she had met with, and the successless Attempts of greater Persons in the glorious Cause, made that young, but wise Man unwilling to risque his surviving Friends against the Veteran Invaders; or, as *Bru-tus* said, turn the Empire upside down with new Levies of Troops and Treasure. He therefore listened to the Persuasions of a Man not unlike himself, (the sweetness of his Temper excepted) who will henceforth make no small Figure in these Memoirs. It was *Asinius Pollio*, a thorough Soldier, and resolute to make a great Fortune, cost what it would. For that Purpose he had early attached himself to *Julius Cæsar*, and had even distinguished himself in Dangers, as the readiest Way to rise in the Dictator's Favor: But *Julius* being killed, and the Common-wealth supposed

to be restored, *Pollio* became immediately a zealous *Republican*; and was leading the Army which he had raised after his Defeat by *Sextus Pompey* in *Spain*, to support the Senate against *Antony*; when in his Passage through *Gaul*, having found the *Cæsarean Armies* united (which he shrewdly judged would prove too strong for the *Laws*) he not only joined *Antony* (proclaimed a Traitor) but, as was already told, brought over the irresolute *Plancus* to the same Party. He had now more to say, and weightier Reasons to urge with *Messala Corvinus*: he undertook not only to reconcile him to *Antony*, but to secure the Lives of all those who should surrender under his Command. *Messala* complied, and *Pollio* had the double Merit both of saving so many brave Men, and of procuring a great Addition to the Forces of his Party. *Antony* passed over to *Thaso*, and with great Frankness, received both *Messala* and the young *Bibulus* into Favor, and was by them put in Possession of all the Wealth and Magazines of Provisions which had been amassed in the Island, as the grand Store-house of the two Armies.

But neither *Tullius Cicero* nor the young *Piso* would trust him with their Lives; they sailed away in all Haste, and put themselves under the Protection of *Turullius* and *Cassius* of *Parma*, Rear-Admirals; as did *Pompeius Varus*, *Publius Sextius*, *Pompeius Sabinus*, and many other Officers. What Route *Horatius Flaccus* took, who commanded a Legion under *Brutus*, is not certain. He says

himself, that he fled with great Fear and Precipitation from *Philippi*, and had the good Luck not to be discovered by any of the Enemy's flying Parties: but he neither went to *Sicily*, nor did he find it proper for him to continue longer a Soldier⁷. For though we may date the Fall of *Rome*

⁷ Tecum *Philippos* & celerem fugam
Sensi, relictâ non bene *Parmulâ* **;
Cum fracta *Virtus*, & minaces ††
Turpe solum tetigere mento.
Sed me per hostes *Mercurius* celer
Denso paventem sustulit aere:
Te rursus in bellum resorbens
Unda fretis tulit æstuosis.

Lib. II. Ode 7.

** It is imitated from the humorous *Archilochus*; who for a like Confession, of having thrown away his Shield in Battle, was forbid the Town and State of *Lacedemon*: *Horace* at the same Time that he copied his acknowledged Original *** was paying a concealed Compliment to *Augustus*, and the victorious Party.

The Northern Asiatics, our Forefathers, *Getae* and *Sacians* (*Goths* and *Saxons*) had made great IncurSIONS into Asia and the Islands. In an Encounter with a Party of them, says the Poet,

Ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαίων τις ἀγάλλεται, ἣν περὶ δαίμονον
Ἔνλος ἀμώμητον κάλλιπον οὐκ ἐθέλων
Ἀυτὸς δ' ἐξέφυγον θανάτῳ τέλος. †††.

†† See Vol. III. Page 226 — 233.

*** Numeros, animosque secutus

Archilochi —————

Hunc ego, non alio dictum prius Ore, *Latinis*

Vulgavi fidicen. ————

Lib. I. Epist. 19.

††† These Verses are not to be found in *H. Stephen's* Collection of Fragments: they are preserved by *Sextus Empiricus*, and two of them by *Strabo*, who derives Σαίων from Σιντίων; with less Probability, methinks, than from Σακεων the general Name by which the *Persians* called all the Northern Nations.

from the Death of Brutus, the civil War was not at an End. The *Naval-Power* of the Republic continued in its full Vigor, and in the best Hands; but being deprived of its grand Support, the Land-Army, and having lost those Chiefs that were the Soul of the Undertaking, the Admirals divided the Fleet: *Statius Murcus* sailed away for Sicily, and doubled Pompey's Forces by so great an Accession of Men and Ships; while *Domitius* kept by himself, and increased his Squadron with new Equipments, being earnestly pressed by his Friends, and by the principal Men who had flocked to him from *Philippi*, to assume the chief Command, and become Head of the remaining free Citizens of *Rome*. For some considerable Time, he continued irresolute, changing his Stations as the Conveniency of Water and Provisions, or favoring the Escape of distressed Gentlemen, invited; but at Length, having received great Reinforcements both of Ships and Land-forces, he resolved to stand upon his own Bottom, and began to fortify and garrison all the Sea-Towns that lay commodious for making Descents into the Country, and securing the Coasts.

There were two Things that showed what Kind of Officers had commanded the Armies under *Cassius* and *Brutus*: The Contempt they discovered of Death after the Defeat, and the surprising Fidelity of the surviving. The fairest Provinces of the Empire had been at these two great Men's Disposal, who had placed Persons of Worth and Capacity in their several Governments, not one

of whom, that we hear of, deserted to the Triumvirs before the Battle, or betrayed his Trust after it was over. Cassius of *Parma* had been made Prefect of *Asia*; and *Clodius*, who had been concerned in the Death of *Caius Antony*, commanded in *Rhodes*. Upon the News of the first Engagement at *Philippi*, and of the Death of *C. Cassius*, his Namesake, not doubting but the *Rhodians*, (Confederates by Force) would take the first Opportunity to rebel, he picked out thirty of their best Ships, which he manned with his own People, and burnt all the Rest, except the *Sacred Galley* that sailed yearly to *Delos*. At the same Time *Clodius* came with thirteen Ships, and carried off the Garrison of three thousand *Romans*, whom the *Rhodians* would else have cut in Pieces. They then were joined by *Lepidus*, not the Triumvir we may believe, but one of the same Family, intrusted by Brutus with the Government of *Crete*; and these three hovering along the Coast, received on Board many a gallant Man escaped from the Slaughter at *Philippi*. Afterwards in Conjunction with *Turullius* and *Patiscus*, they made up a good Squadron of Ships of War, with no contemptible Land-Army; and in this Condition, instead of deserting to the Victors, or making a Merit of delivering up their Troops, they came and joined Forces with *Domitius Enobarbus* the Republican Admiral. This Fidelity in the Armies raised in the Name of the Senate and People of Rome is great Matter of Wonder to the old Writers — especially as many of

their Legions had been levied, and had long fought under *Julius Cæsar*. How was it possible, says one of them, to persuade Troops inexpressibly fond of their General to change their Mind, and transfer that Affection so steadily to those who killed him, as to follow them against his Son; nay to prove much more faithful to *them*, than their fellows in the other Legions did to *Cæsar's* chief Instrument *M. Antony*! Many of them deserted *him* both at *Brindisi*, *Modena* and *Chrysopoli*: But not a Soldier of Brutus or Cassius' Army abandoned them — no not after they were defeated. There is a *Charm* in Liberty, and a certain Pleasure in suffering in the Cause of Virtue, that bears sovereign Sway in great Minds, and amid the vicious and the venal inspires Fidelity even into ordinary Men.

Scarce had two Armies ever encountered that were more equally matched than in the Fields of *Philippi*. This appeared after the last Fight, when the Number of the slain was at least as great on the Side of the Victors as of the vanquished. The Efforts made on both Sides surpass all Description; and the final Superiority was owing to the Accidents already mentioned, and after them, to *Hunger* and *Despair*, the two fiercest Incentives that fire the human Breast. I believe too, there might be rather more and older Veterans among the Triumviral Troops, which was of the utmost Consequence. In modern Times, since the

* Cicero in describing the Battle of *Pharsalia*, adds —
Non enim iis rebus pugnabamus, quibus valere poteramus,

Invention of Guns, it is possible with Troops, but moderately trained, to bring so much Fire to bear upon a *Point*, that the oldest and most experienced Regiments cannot stand it: But in the ancient Manner of fighting with Sword and Shield, when they stood Man to Man, the highest Spirit and Courage could not bring a Body of raw Troops to be upon a Level with an *old disciplined Legion*. What the Romans called *Ufus Armorum*, *Practice in fighting*, was not to be compensated with any other Quality. It is of high Importance still; but they then reckoned every new Campaign as an Addition of Merit, and counted *The Years of Service* as the *Measure of Reputation*. The very *Patience* they learned in a Course of Hardship and Toil wrought Wonders, and conquered Difficulties insuperable to new-raised Men. These same Troops that conquered at *Philippi*, when engaged in the fruitless Attempt of *besieging* Pompey in his Works at *Durazzo*, were reduced to the strange Necessity of living upon a Bread made of the Root of an Herb

Consilio, Auctoritate, Causâ, quæ erant in nobis superiora, sed Lacertis & Viribus, quibus pares non eramus: victi sumus igitur.

Ad Marcel. Fam. Lib. iv. Ep. 7.

* A Legion that had served *eight Years* with Honor, was only thought *promising*: *Legionem summæ spei, delectæque juventutis, habebat Cæsar XI; quæ octavo jam stipendio functa, tamen collatione reliquarum, nondum eandem Vetustatis & Virtutis ceperat opinionem.*

A. Hirtii de Bell. Gal. Lib. viii. § 7.
called

called *Chara*¹, and supposed to be *Lapsanum* or wild Colewort. They used to throw Loaves of it at *Pompey's* Soldiers when they were reproaching them with their famished Condition; which being brought to that General, as a joyful Mark of his Enemies Distress, he said, he had *wild Beasts* not *Men* to deal with, and bid put it instantly out of Sight, that his Troops might not be discouraged². It was no Wonder that now, after a Tract of starving, and two such bloody Contests, they persisted to lie all Night on their Arms, to complete the Victory; and from extreme Misery and Want of every Thing, to plunge into a common Soldier's Paradise, *Plenty* and *Riot*. They did it effectually; and spurred on by the same Passions and Vices as their Leaders, became the immediate Instruments of Public Ruin.

For now, as if the Empire had been their private Patrimony, Antony and Cæsar fairly shared it between them. The former had all the Honor of the Conquest, and consequently the Authority among the Troops, who called him the invincible Chief. He bore hard upon Cæsar in the Division³; and claimed for his Portion the rich *Eastern* Provinces from the *Adriatic* to the *Euphrates*. Cæsar was to settle *Italy*, and command

¹ Cæf. de B. C. Lib. III. § 40.

² C. Suet in Cæf § 68.

³ Collegium in triumviratu pessimorum civium, nec æquâ saltem portione, sed pragravi Antonio.

Plin. N. H. Lib. vii. § 45.

all to the *West*, including both the *Gauls*, and the two Provinces of *Spain*. *Africa* was left to *Lepidus*, who bore no Part in the War, and had a proportionable Share in the Fruits of the Victory. They pretended to suspect him of holding Intelligence with *Sextus Pompey*, and added for a Color, that if *Cæsar* found that Suspicion to be groundless, he should restore the nearer *Spain* to *Lepidus*.

If it should be asked, what that Nobleman, placed in supreme Authority, was doing all this While in *Italy*; it does not amount to much: little Minds generally show their Power by being very troublesome in *Trifles*. In one of his Summer-Encampments, he had been lodged by the Magistrates of a small Corporation, in a pleasant House, standing in the midst of a Grove. Next Morning he sent for them, and in a threatening Tone, expostulated with them, ‘how they could assign him a House where it was impossible to sleep ‘for the Noise of the singing Birds?’ The Magistrates expressed a proper Concern for the *Triumvir’s* Want of Rest, and assured him, if he liked the Lodging in other Respects, he should meet with no more Disturbance from the Birds. Next Evening they had great Dragons painted on Scrolls of Parchment, put up round about the Place, the Sight of which silenced the Warblers, and let *Lepidus* snore undisturbed till Noon.

It would seem this was a main Article in his Life. In another Encampment, likewise beside a Wood, he could not shut his Eyes for the whooping

and screeching of an *Owl*. His Servants let the Soldiers know the Cause of their General's Disquiet, and many of them set about catching the noisy Bird. One, luckier, as he thought, than the Rest, did lay hold of it, and brought it alive to *Lepidus*; who with his natural Meanness, ordered him a few Shillings for his Pains. The Fellow, who had flattered himself with a noble Reward, surprised at the Mention of so trifling a Sum, lost the little Respect he bore to his Commander, and said in a Passion, *If that be all I am to get by it, I'll rather let the Bird fly away*. Such a Man could be little regarded by his Army, of Consequence not much by his Colleagues. Though he had great Ambition, and greater Avarice, he had neither Spirit to support his Pride, nor Understanding to employ his Treasure. As the Head of an eminent Family, he had been used as a *Pageant* by *Julius Cæsar*; and after his Death, became a Tool to *Antony*. He was however very sensible of the Advantage taken of his Absence from the War; but was forced to smother his Resentment, and set about putting himself upon a more respectable Footing, as we shall see hereafter.

In Consequence of the *Division* made by the *Triumvirs*, the fatal Effects of the Defeat at *Philippi* spread, like a Pestilence, through every Province of the Empire. The great Affair that lay upon their Hands (next to indulging themselves) was to satisfy the *Demands* of their Instruments, and make good their *wild Promises* to a lawless Army. The public Revenues were long since exhausted. There re-

mained only the Wealth that had been saved in private Hands after the various Contributions raised alternately by victorious or passing Armies during a seven Years War. This was now to be extorted with such Circumstances of Cruelty and Violence, as might be expected from Veterans led by *Antony* and *Cæsar*. Antony passed over to *Asia*, and first stopt in *Bithynia*, where the admirable Order settled by Brutus was reversed, and the Magistracies every where filled with Men of the most licentious Characters. I do not intend to enter into a Detail of his Management. We know enough of him to form a Judgment what it would be, now when he had the Lives and Fortunes of all Men in his Power, and was disburdened of the Apprehension of being ever called to an Account. The conquered Provinces had been accustomed to see the *Proconsul* or *Pretor* that governed them appear with a Gravity in his Garb and Demeanour, not very common in *Asia*; but which drew as much Regard as the Rods and Axes carried before him. Antony made his Progress through the rich Cities in a very different Equipage: His Train consisted of *Fiddlers* and *Buffoons*, *Parasites*, *Pimps*, and *Tumblers*, with their respective Attendants. *Xuthus* the Player and *Metrodore* the Rope-dancer were very considerable Persons. But *Anaxenor*, (the ancient F——i) he made Superintendent of four Towns, and gave him Guards to attend him like a legal Governor. He was of *Magnesia*, and had gained high Reputation in singing to the Harp: but now, his Townsmen finding him in such Favor with their Master, not

only clothed the Singer in the purple Robe consecrated to Jupiter their *Guardian-God*, but hung up his Picture in their Town-Hall, and erected his Statue in their Theatre, with two Lines from *Homer* engraved on the Pedestal,

*'Tis pleasing, sure to listen to the Strains
Of such a Bard — whose all-enchanted Voice
Vies with the Gods —*

The Rest of *Antony's* Retinue were of a Piece: the whole Gang of Merry-makers in *Asia*, who far

Ἡ τοι μὲν το δὲ καλὸν ἀκούμεν ἐστὶν αἰδοῦ
Οἶος ο δ' ἐστὶ, θεοῖς ἐναλγῆκας αὐδῆ.

So this Inscription was cut, says the exact *Strabo*, and gave Occasion to reflect upon the good Town, as illiterate, for Want of an I after the H in the last Word, which left it doubtful in what *Case* it was to be taken, the Nominative or Dative; and which the Stone-cutter had not left Room for on the Pedestal: though many now write the Datives without an I, and reject a Custom not founded in Nature.

This great Scholar, when he wrote so, has not recollected that the Datives of all the Declensions seem at first to have ended in I. The most ancient and genuine Inscriptions, brought home by the Earls of Arundel and Sandwich (the last of which is admirably explained and illustrated by the ingenious and learned Dr. John Taylor of St. John's College Cambridge) have constantly the I after H or A in the first, and after Ω in the second Declension. In Writing, it is preserved by the small Point under these Letters, and had crept naturally into the old Latin Genitive and Dative *Aquai* — *Materiai*, &c. I cannot doubt but it has been distinctly pronounced in the primitive Greek and Latin; and had therefore a Foundation in Nature; though we see by *Strabo's* Assertion, it was become mute, and constituted one of the improper Diphthongs.

outstript the *dull Rogues* of Italy both in Debauch and Drollery, filled his Court, and squandered every Thing. Wherever he came, it was like a *Venetian Carnival*: every Altar stood smoking with Perfumes, and every Street resounded with Music. But that Music was mixed with many a bitter Groan, breaking from the worthiest Hearts; the Subsistence and Reputation of whose Families were sacrificed to these profligate Sport-makers. His Entry into the noble City of *Ephesus* will serve for a Specimen of all the Rest. The whole Inhabitants went out to meet him, as if he had been the God Bacchus; the Women dressed like *Baccantes*, the Men like *Satyrs*, and the Boys like *Fauns*. Nothing was to be heard but Pipes and Flutes — nothing seen but roaring Boys with Ivy-bound Spears, and dancing Wenches running all over the Town — The jolly Crew saluted him Bacchus the Soother. He was so to *such* as they: but to Men of Character and Estates, he was the cruellest Scourge that ever came to their Country: for he stript them arbitrarily of all that they had, to lavish it upon the lewd Company that surrounded him. He made over one Gentleman's entire Fortune, (a *Magnesian's* too, but surely no Friend of the *Singer*) to his own Cook, who had done Wonders in dressing a grand Dinner.

But the News of the Victory at *Philippi* and of the Triumvir's Arrival in *Asia*, brought quickly another and higher Rank of Men to receive his Commands. All the *Kings* and *Princes*, either Confederates or Dependants upon Rome, the greater

Part of whose Dominions lay in *Antony's* Department, came to pay their Court, or make their Peace, according as they had taken Side in the War. We hear nothing of what became of old King *Deiotarus* after his Conjunction with *Brutus*. I apprehend he has either fallen in the first Battle, or died before the second; as the Traitor *Amyntas* would hardly have been able to debauch his Troops, and carry them over to *Antony*, had the old King been alive. His Dominions were now shared between the Defenter and his unnatural Grand-child *Castor*; the same who came to accuse him to the Dictator at *Rome*, and by that Means escaped his Father's Fate at *Gorbeius*. *Castor* had *Galatia*, and *Amyntas* *Lycaonia*, for their Principalities. *Mithridates* the *Pergamenian* (born of a *Galatian* Lady) a Bastard they said, of the famous *Mithridates*, and *Julius Cæsar's* Creature, was likewise re-instated in his Tetrarchy and those Parts of *Pontus*, out of which the old Senatorial King had driven him, after the memorable Ides of *March*. But among the other States that sent Deputations to *Antony* in *Bithynia*, there came likewise an Embassy of Jews. Their Errand was to complain of their present Governors, the Brothers *Fasael* and *Herod*, who, they said, exercised a severe Tyranny over the Nation, and left the real Prince and High-Priest *Hyrchanus* nothing but the Name. The high Place which one of these Brothers held first in *Antony* and then in *Cæsar's* Friendship, and the Figure he made in all Affairs in the East, make it proper to retrace his Origin, and relate his early Fortunes.

The little Kingdom of Judea had, for a Tract of Years, and a Succession of High-Priests and Kings, been ruled by the *Asmonean* Family; whose Title to the Royalty was not founded in Blood, but acquired by the greatest Services that Men can do to their Country. For whether through a Defect in the *Jewish* Constitution, in making no Provision for *soldiers*, nor encouraging the *Profession of Arms*, or through the divine Wrath for their Crimes, that Nation, after the Partition of Alexander's Empire among his Captains, had been most miserably harassed between their Neighbours on either Hand, the Kings of *Syria* and *Egypt*. It was against the Captains of the *Syrian* Prince *Antiochus*, called *Epiphanes*, or the *illustrious*, that old *Mathias*, the Son of *Asamoni*, signalized himself (for *Antiochus* had taken *Jerusalem in Person* and plundered the Temple): then his eldest Son *Simon*, but especially the second, *Judas Maccabeus*, (the greatest Captain that *Judea* seems to have produced) continued to oppose the *Syrian* Oppressors, with incredible Valor and Success. For *Antiochus* being in Possession of all the low Country, had a Mind to embody it with his adjacent Dominions, and for that End, to change both the Religion and Manners of the Inhabitants: thinking it would never be a *sound Piece* of his State, while in their Bodies and Way of Life they continued of a Stamp so different from the Rest of his People. But next to the *Egyptians*, he could scarce have pitched upon a more improper Subject than the *tenacious* Jews. By the Sagacity of their divine Law-giver, bred

in all the Wisdom of Egypt, their Religion was interwoven with almost every Action of their Life; and meeting with a more stubborn natural Disposition, and more insusceptible of new Impressions than any Tribe or Nation that we read of, rendered the King's Attempt to *convert* them altogether fruitless. Oppressions, Violence, Executions and Ignominy, were tried upon them in vain; and only served to raise a Spirit, which he nor his Generals were never able *to lay*; and which, in the end, drove him and them quite out of *Judea*; — the usual Success of an Attempt to change the prevailing Religion and Manners of a Nation by any other Means than a *general and voluntary* Conversion of the Body of the People.

As high domestic Distress obliges Men to fly to foreign Protection, *Judas* (whose Denomination, the *Maccabean*, is the Acrostic of his Motto ') was the first Person of his Country, who made the *Jews* acquainted with Rome, (then beginning to cast an Eye towards the *East*) and procured an Act of the Senate, calling them *Friends* and *Allies* of the *Roman* People. After a glorious Life distinguished by many surprising Victories, he fell fighting for his Country, and laid the Foundation of the Splendor of his Race, which lasted through nine successive Princes, until it was extinguished

' *מי כְּמוֹד בְּאֵלִים יְהוָה* who like thee among the Gods Jehovah! He used to give it as the Word in the Day of Battle.

by the younger of the two Brothers, who came now to wait on Antony in *Bithynia*.

Herod, called afterwards the *Great*, was the second Son of a noble Family in *Idumea* (the ancient Edom) then a despised Province of *Judea*, with the Disadvantage too, of his Mother's being an *Arab*. The *Jews* called the *Idumeans* (who were but lately converted) *Mungrils*, and hated them as they did the *Samaritans*, and their other Neighbours. His Father *Antipas* (who, took the politer Name of *Antipater*,) was, for his Courage and Capacity, appointed Governor of his native Province, first by *Alexander*, a brave but cruel Prince, and then by his Queen, who governed as Regent for nine Years, with great Reputation during the Minority of *Hyrchanus* and *Aristobulus* her Sons. *Antipater*, while Governor of that Southern Province, was empowered to treat with the *Arabs* and *Ascalonites*, and the several Nations on its Confines, toward the *Egyptian* Border. He did it so effectually, as not only to maintain the Quiet of his own Government, but by Means of magnificent Presents, and a noble Deportment, acquired the Esteem and Friendship of the great Men of these Countries, which did him great Service in the following Commotions.

For the old Queen was no sooner dead, than the two young Princes quarrelled about the Succession; and after a little bad Success, the quiet and inactive

* When the *Jews* spoke of *Syria*, they called it מְרִשְׁעָה the Kingdom of Wickedness; an Appellation they afterwards applied to their Masters the *Romans*.

Hyrcanus was persuaded to resign his Title to his younger, but more enterprising Brother: He would, I believe, have passed his Days contentedly as a private Man, if *Antipater*, who had attached himself to the Heir, could have done so too. But he gave *Hyrcanus* no Rest after his Resignation: He told him that he walked about loaded with Disgrace and Contempt — that he was the Butt of Ridicule in his Brother's Court, and the very Breath he drew was precarious. Along with these Insinuations, he brought him sometimes one Story, *that they intended to murder him*; then another, *that he himself was to be sacrificed as his faithful Servant* — and lay at him so constantly, that at last he consented to fly to *Hareth* ' (*Aretas*) the bordering King of the *Arabs*, and implore his Protection. But before *Hyrcanus* would agree to the Elopement, *Antipater* made a Journey thither, and brought back with him some Passports, and Assurances of cordial Assistance. They then set out by Night from *Jerusalem*, and made great Stretches to *Petra*, the *Arab's* royal Seat.

Here *Antipater* acted with his usual Vigor; and adding new Presents to his former Munificence, concluded a Treaty to this Effect, ' *That the Arabian Prince should march with all his Forces into Judea, to settle Hyrcanus on the Throne; who, in Return, should restore the Towns conquered from Arabia by*

' *In the Arabic Tongue, it signifies a Plow-man; of the same Import with the great Man's Name who commanded in Britain, and gained the Battle against the Scots at the Grampian Hills; Julius Agricola.*

‘ Alexander *his Father*.’ Hereupon *Hareth* advanced with his best Troops towards *jerusalem* — gained a Victory, and shut up *Aristobulus* first in the Town and then in the Temple; which was a grand and spacious Fortification. Things were in this Posture, when Pompey the Great, on his Return from his Conquest of the *East*, as he entered *Syria*, sent his Lieutenant-General *Emilius Scaurus* before him into *Judea*. Scaurus, indigent and avaricious, readily accepted of a large Bribe from *Aristobulus*, and soon changed the Face of Affairs. He forced *Hareth* to raise his Siege, and march home to *Arabia* under Pain of the *Roman Displeasure*. Not long after, Pompey advanced in Person to *Damascus*, (now, *Scham*) when *Aristobulus* did not fail to attend him, as the Man who could give and take away Crowns and Kingdoms at his Pleasure. To procure a favorable Audience, he sent before him a Vine of Gold as a Present, valued at five hundred Talents, or L. 96,875 *. This Present Pompey at his Return to *Rome*, consecrated to *Jupiter Capitolinus*, and laid it up among other immense Donations in the Capitol. But whether it were the Justice of his Cause, or the artful Management of *Antipater*, who came likewise to *Scham*, it is certain that, notwithstanding the Present, Pompey conceived favorable Impressions of *Hyrchanus*’s Claim. He, however, spoke softly to the Rival-Brothers, ‘ wishing them both to lay aside their Arms and be quiet, until

* If instead of the *Attic* the *Syrian* Talent be meant, it is only L 29,250.

‘ he should come to *Jerusalem*, and after a full Hearing, determine Matters on the Spot.’ This the younger was neither able to observe, nor to take a firm Resolution to the contrary. He could not think of parting with his Royalty — nor of encountering the *Roman* Power. But sometimes betaking himself to a Place of Strength, and preparing for War, and again submitting and coming to *Pompey’s* Camp, he wavered so long, that the Gates of *jerusalem* were at last shut by his Captains against the *Romans*, while he himself was treating, and remained their Prisoner. *Pompey* laid Siege to the Town, took it in three Months, and soon after the *Temple*, whose vast Treasures he spared with his wonted Abstinence and Virtue; not carrying away so much as the great *Golden Table*, nor the *Lustre* or *Candlestick*, which *Titus* took afterwards for the Decoration of his Triumph. But *Pompey* did what the Jews never forgave him, and what, I imagine, they would have redeemed with all the Wealth in the sacred Treasury. He entered into the Recess of the Temple, and had the Curiosity, with a good many of his Officers, to look into the *Aduton* or Holy of Holies, which it was unlawful for any Mortal to view but the High-priest. Next Day he ordered the Temple to be purified for the daily Sacrifice, and appointed *Hyrchanus* High Priest, which, according to the *ancient Constitution*, was the *supreme Dignity* in the Nation: at the same Time, having restored the *Syrian* Towns conquered by the *Asmonean* Princes to their former Inhabitants, he imposed an annual Tribute upon

Judea and hasted to Rome through *Cilicia*, with *Aristobulus* and his Children in Chains, as Part of the Furniture of his Triumph.

This Revolution, which happened while *Cicero* was Consul, (the Year of the *Catiline*-Conspiracy) set *Antipater* at the Head of Affairs in *Judea*. He now saw the Weight of the *Roman Arms*; and had no Need to be told of whom *Hyrcanus* held his Priesthood. He therefore took suitable Care to be well with the succeeding Governors. A Thirst of Gold had made *Scaurus* march into *Arabia* and lay Siege to *Petra*, which he found would prove but an untoward Business. *Antipater*, though he assisted him with Provisions against his old Friends, yet interposed his Mediation, and persuaded *Hareth* to buy his Peace with a round Sum, which was all the *Roman* wanted. With *Gabinus*, the next Governor, *Antipater* fought his own Battles against *Aristobulus*, who had escaped from *Rome*, and against his Son *Alexander*, until his Father was retaken and sent back, and the Son had his Head struck off by *Scipio* at *Antioch*. He entertained the young *Marc Antony* (now the *Triumvir*) in his own House — bore with the Rapacity of *Crassus*, and, after his Defeat in *Parthia*, assisted the brave *Cassius* in defending *Syria*, and bridling the Inroads of that insulting People. But *Julius Cæsar* having a Mind to annul *Pompey's* Decrees and ruin his Friends in the East, not only set *Aristobulus* at Liberty, but gave him two *Roman* Legions to support his Claim to the Throne of *Judea*. His Arrival there,

so supported, must have driven *Antipater* and his Party to the greatest Straits; but happily for them, he died in *Rome*, it was said of Poison given by *Pompey's* Friends; though the Manner of the Fact, and the little Consequence *Judea* could be of to decide the great *Roman Struggle*, make me rather suspect some of *Hyrchanus's Jewish* Partisans as the Authors of such Treachery.

But the Battle of *Pharsalus*, and the Death of *Pompey* not long after, filled *Antipater* with new Apprehensions, and put him under the Necessity of making a difficult Choice. It is upon such Occasions that high Abilities are best discovered: and *Antipater*, like a Man that knew his own Weight, and understood the Juncture when great Friends are to be gained, and Services are most acceptable, made no Delay. He was informed that a Body of Troops which the *Pergamenian Mithridates* was leading to rescue *Cæsar* (plunged by Love in the *Alexandrian War*) were stopped by the Garrison of *Pelusium* (now *Damietta*) and immediately took three thousand of his best Men, joined them at *Ascalon*, laid Siege to *Damietta*, and was the first Man that mounted the Wall. At the ensuing Battle in the Delta, he commanded the Left-Wing, broke the Right of the Enemy, flew to the Relief of *Mithridates* who was giving Way, and was the undoubted Means of that Victory, on which depended all *Cæsar's* Hopes in *Egypt*. This procured him such a Reception from the Dictator as he used to give to gallant Men. He made him Presents of great Value, accompanied with the highest

Expressions of Esteem. Antipater was after this reckoned among his Friends, and employed in the most difficult Services, without once disappointing his Expectations. The War in *Egypt* being ended by a naval Victory, and by the young *Ptolemy* (*Cleopatra's* Brother) being drowned in the *Nile*; *Cæsar* sailed to *Syria*, where 'he confirmed the High-Priesthood to *Hyrcaus*, declared *Antipater* a Denison of *Rome*, free from all Taxes, and Prefect or Administrator of the Kingdom of *Judea*.'

He was once more upon as firm a Footing as Dependency on a Superior permits; and finding his Master *Hyrcaus* still *lumpish* and incapable of Government, he put the Administration in the Hands of his own Sons. *Fasael* the elder, a very brave, but sedate and sweet-tempered Man, was made Governor of *Jerusalem*, and commanded the Militia in that District; while the rich and populous Province of *Galilee* was given to the young *Herod*, of such a Character as *Harry Hotspur* in the *English* History. He had just numbered his fifteenth Year when he entered upon this great Charge, and soon gave Proof of what was to be expected from his riper Age. Having first thoroughly pacified his own Province, he went next, with the Fire natural to Youth, in Quest of the

' *Josephus*, who governed it, tells, that there were two hundred and four Towns and Villages in the lower Province: that it was all a rich Soil, fine Pasture, admirably watered, planted with all Sorts of Fruit and Forest Trees, and incredibly populous. It is now a Desert.

Captain

Captain of a Gang of Banditti, who had over-run all the Confines of *Syria*; and was so happy as to defeat his Troop, and catch the Ring-leader. This both gave him Reputation at home, and procured him the Esteem of *Sextus Cæsar* the Governor of *Syria*¹, with solemn Thanks from all the Towns formerly harassed by the Robbers. Elate with this Success, he began to govern with a high Hand: he struck off his Prisoner's Head without Sentence or Form of Law, and did so many illegal Things, that he was called upon to give an Account of his Conduct, and answer for executing a Man without Trial or Judgment. But he thought fit to contemn the Authority of the *Sanhedrin*², the highest Court of his Country: he appeared indeed — but liker a Prince than a Criminal, surrounded with his Guards and dressed in Purple. However, perceiving they were resolved to proceed against him (for *Hyrchanus*, spirited up by his Enemies, seemed to countenance the Prosecution) he left *Jerusalem* in the Night; and hastening to *Scham*, procured such Forces from *Sextus* (young and forward like himself) that he could cope with *Hyrchanus*, if he had Recourse to Arms. At their Head he marched back towards the Capital, and was with great Difficulty retained by his Father and elder Brother from attacking the High-Priest — So sharply did he resent his having

¹ Κατὰ τῶν τὸν καιρὸν ἤδη τῶν Σύρων, καὶ Ἰδουμαίων, καὶ Φοινίκων πόλεις εἶχον οἱ Ἰσδαίοι. Josephus (Antiq. Book II.) enumerates these Towns to the number of six - and - twenty.

² The Greek Word Συνέδριον, corrupted.

permitted him to be accused or called to his Trial. From this Time he seems to have thought of little less than the supreme Command : for turning his whole Attention to court the *governing People*, he never spared his Country when a *Great Roman* wanted a Sum of Money or a Body of Troops. I have already touched upon his Conduct toward Cassius in that Patriot's impetuous Course over the East. *Herod* had levied his Proportion of the Subsidy long before his Brother, or the neighbouring Governors; and was so agreeable to *Cassius*, that in his Return from the Borders of *Egypt*, after many Marks of Esteem, he assisted him to revenge his Father Antipater's Death, who about that Time had been poisoned by *Malichus*, a specious Rogue of great Art, and much trusted by the simple *Hyrchanus*. *Malichus*, who looked upon *Antipater* as the Person that stood in his Way to Power, took this base Method to destroy a brave and generous Man, remarkable for Capacity and Honor in the Discharge of the greatest Trusts.

The young *Herod* was for immediately taking Arms and declaring open War: but by his Brother *Fasael's* Persuasion, he made Use of *Malichus's* own Arts to ruin him: He seemed to accept of his Justification, and treated him with his usual Familiarity, as if he believed him really innocent. But at the same Time he procured an Order from *Cassius* to the Centurions, who were in Garrison at *Tyre*, to obey *Herod* in whatever he commanded. He soon found Means to give them Notice that *Malichus* was on his Way to *Tyre*, in Order to

steal away his Son, whom *Cassius* had taken as a Security for his Father's good Behaviour. The military Men went out to meet him upon the Shore, and surrounded the faithless Jew, as if to conduct him into Town: But of a sudden they drew their Swords, and put an End to his dark Designs with his Life.

Thus stood *Fasael* and *Herod* before the Battle of *Philippi* — but the Issue of that dismal Day changed the Face of Affairs through all the Empire. The chief Men among the *Jews*, who had long envied the sudden Growth and exorbitant Power of the two upstart Brothers, thought they had now a fair Opportunity to humble them, and wrest the Authority out of their Hands. Among the other Embassies therefore that came to *Antony* from all Parts, the *Jewish* Delegates went to wait upon him in *Bithynia* — intending to represent all the violent Things that the Sons of *Antipater* had been guilty of during their Administration, and particularly to exaggerate their Attachment to *C. Cassius* his Enemy. But they came on a fruitless Errand: *Herod* had been before-hand with them; and by Means of a vast Sum had made the profuse *Antony* deaf to every Thing that could be said to his Prejudice: the Deputies could not so much as obtain an Audience of the *Triumvir*: they were sent home as spiteful Malecontents; while the Reputation of the young Man for Bravery and Spirit was so great, and his Aspect so noble and manly, that *Antony*, who was very sensible of

such Qualities, conceived an Opinion of him that could never afterwards be shaken.

But while he continued at *Ephesus*, indulging himself in Bacchanal frolics, an Embassy, not of a Faction, but from *Hyrcanus* the chief Priest, came to present him in the Name of the whole *Jewish* Nation, with a Crown of Gold, and to petition for the Restitution of some Territories, and the Freedom of their Countrymen sold for Slaves under *Cassius's* Government. They obtained both: But I chuse to give the Edict entire in *Antony's* own Words, as a striking Instance how easy it is to lay fair Colors upon the worst of Causes, and to what a Pitch of Impudence the *Destroyers of their Country* and Authors of the Proscription had arrived. It was addressed to *Hyrcanus*, and struck at the Magistrates of Tyre, the Capital of *Phenicia*, particularly favored by *Cassius*. It ran thus:

MARCUS ANTONIUS, Commander in
Chief to HYRCANUS,

HIGH-PRIEST and GOVERNOR of
JUDEA, Sendeth Greeting;

“IF you are in Health, it is well; I and my Army are so too. *Lyfimachus*, *Joseph*, and *Alexander*, your Ambassadors, being arrived at our Court at *Ephesus*, have both renewed the good Intelligence begun between Us by their first Embally at *Rome*, and carefully acquitted themselves

of their present Commission, in the Declaration and Assurances of the constant Good - Will which *You* and the *Jewish* Nation bear to *Us*. Being therefore fully persuaded by these Assurances, and by your own Behaviour, of the Sincerity of your Affection; and being likewise well informed of your great Piety towards God, and of your suitable Conduct thereto; I will henceforth look upon such Disposition as my own. Know then that *those* who were Enemies to *Us* and to the *People of Rome* having over-run all *Asia*, and having spared neither *Town* nor *Temple* wherever they came, without regarding the Oaths they had solemnly sworn; *We* took Arms, not only in our own Quarrel, but in the general Cause of Mankind; and chastised *the guilty*, both for their Trespases against the Gods, and their Crimes towards Men — Crimes! from which the *Sun* himself seemed to turn away his Face, unwilling to witness the horrid Attempt upon *Cæsar's* Life. But with the Help of Heaven, *We* confounded their wicked and God-daring Designs, favored in *Macedon* (the accustomed Clime to unhallowed Deeds;) and baffled their *half-mad* and *evil-minded* Pretence, proclaimed at *Philippi*; — where though they posted themselves on high Grounds walled in with Mountains almost to the Sea, to command the Entrance to *Asia*, as it were by one single Pass; yet assisted by the *Gods*, that condemned their illegal Enterprize, *We* obtained a final Victory. It was then that *Brutus* betaking himself to the Mountains above *Philippi*, and

being shut up by our Arms, accompanied his Associate, and partook of the same Fate that *Cassius* had undergone before. These two Men being thus punished, we now hope to enjoy the Sweets of Peace, and to relieve the *States of Asia* from the Miseries of War. We wish to communicate the Fruits of the former (which is the Gift of God) to our good *Allies*, and thereby allow the great Body of *Asia* to take Respite, and recover its wonted Vigor, as it were after a severe and lingering Disease. Wherefore, from a due Respect to your Person, and intending to benefit the Nation, I will consult your Interests, and have, for that Purpose, published an Edict through the Cities, ‘*That such of your People, either Free-men or Slaves, as were publicly sold by C. Cassius, or by those commanding under him, shall be immediately set at Liberty; and that you peaceably enjoy whatever Donations or Grants you received from me or from Dolabella.*’ I forbid the *Tyrians* to have Recourse to Force of Arms, and ordain them to restore whatever *Lands* or *Forts* they possess, that belonged to the Nation of the *Jews*. The Crown of Gold which your Ambassadors presented in your Name, I cheerfully accepted.

Farewel.”

This *Edict*, of a Piece with that dictated in Time of Dinner by the young *Cæsar* for the Proscription, is a Blemish to human Nature; as it shows that its native *Rectitude* can be destroyed, and that Men intoxicated with Power can call Good

Evil — and *Evil* Good. Here the highest Barbarities and most flagrant Injustice are sanctified with the fair Names of *Piety* and *Mildness*; and the most genuine Virtue and Heroism branded as *Madness* and *Villany*. I have little Doubt of its being genuine, as *Josephus* seems to have extracted many *Acts* and *Letters* from public Records, and as the Style of it particularly suits that affected by *Antony*. While *Cornificius*, *Brutus*, and *Messala*, studied the correct *Attic* Manner, which weighed its Periods, and joined Elegance to Perspicuity; *Antony* found that the loose florid *Asiatic* Flow (invented by *Hegesianax* the *Magnesian*) gave more Scope to his Fancy, and less Labor to his Judgment. Its irregular Flights and disjointed Sentences left the Hearers sometimes at a Loss for the strict Sense; and in *this* very Draught there are Instances³ of the Truth and Justice of the young *Cæsar's* Criticism; *That his Colleague spoke and wrote rather to make People stare, than understand his Meaning*⁴.

Before he went upon his *Ephesian* Frolic, *Antony* took his Way from *Bithynia* through the Heart

³ Καὶ τὸ ἀπαρὸς ἡμῶν ἥδ' οὐκ ἔστι τοῦ θεοσεβῆς κατανόησις, Ἰδίον Ἠγασσάμεν. Which is so loose as to be susceptible of two other Meanings besides that one given in the above Translation. Perhaps instead of ἡμῶν and ἰδίον, we should read ὑμῶν and ἰδίαν.

⁴ M. Antonium ut infanum increpat (Cæsar) quasi ea scribentem, quæ mirentur potius homines, quam intelligant.

Suet. in Octav.

of the Province to *Pergamo*, the Capital of the *Attalic* Kings, whither he had called a Convention of the *Asiatic* States. They composed one great Body: and though they had not the Power of imposing Taxes like our Parliament, yet when the *Romans* received these Provinces from *Attalus*, they had treated them mildly, and had left them the *Method* of levying the required Sum like the States in *Flanders*, and of assigning the *Quota* of every Town, like the Burrows in *North-Britain*. They had been fleeced for several Years during the Distractions raised by *Cæsar's* Ambition; and Brutus's Inclination, to have spared them to the utmost of his Power, could not prevent their being drained both of Money and Provisions, by supporting the two great Armies under him and *Cassius*. When the Deputies of the several Provinces (who are mentioned in our apostolical History under the Appellation of *Chiefs of Asia**) were met at *Pergamo*, the Triumvir opened their Assembly with a Speech that will better paint the public Misery than any Account I could give of it.

"I need not acquaint you, *Gentlemen*" said he that when your King *Attalus*, by his latter Will, left you to be governed by the *Romans*, we soon put you in a better Condition than you had enjoyed under your *native Prince*. We immediately abolished the Taxes you had been accustomed to pay to your Kings; and permitted

* Acts xix. § 31.

you to live in that easy affluent State, while we continued ourselves in domestic Tranquillity. But that Tranquillity having been broke by factious Men, and the Empire embroiled in War, we found ourselves under a Necessity of demanding Tribute from our Subjects; which, however, was not imposed according to what every Man was reckoned worth; so as to raise a sure annual Sum to ourselves; but we required only a certain small Proportion of the *yearly Produce* of your Lands, taking our Chance with you of the Plenty or Scarcity of the *Seasons*. This Revenue being farmed from the *Senate* by our *Publicans*, they began to distress you, and to demand from you much more than was their Due, when *Caius Cæsar* put a Stop to their Exactions; and both remitted to you *one third* of the Arrears you had run into, and empowered you for the future to receive the Tithes from the Land-laborers yourselves.

Yet so it was, that some of our *Worthy Citizens* pretended to call the Man who thus relieved you a *Tyrant* — and to *them*, the Murderers of your Benefactor, *You Gentlemen*, contributed large Sums, in Opposition to *Us*, who took Arms to avenge him. However, *just Fate* having decided the War, not as you wished, — but according to *the Merits of the Cause*; were we now to treat you as the Allies of our Enemies, we would inflict a suitable Punishment: But, since we incline to believe that it was more through Compulsion than Malice that you took Part with them, we will at present forbear all Severities, and only

acquaint you, ‘ *That we must have Lands, Cities and Money, to distribute as Premiums to the victorious Army.*’ It consists of eight-and-twenty *Legions*, which, with their Attendants, will make *one hundred and seventy thousand Men*; besides Horsemen, Pioneers, and other Followers. From their *Numbers*, you may easily compute the *Greatness* of our *Wants*. As for the *Lands* and *Cities*, the young *Cesar* is gone to assign them in *Italy* — if you would know the plain Truth, in one Word, *is gone to dispeople Italy*, and plant his Soldiers in Place of the former Possessors — To save *You* therefore from being expelled your Towns, stript of your Lands and Houses, and banished from the Temples and Tombs of your Ancestors; *We* have only rated you in *Money* — not in all you are worth, which it would be impossible you should pay, but in so moderate a Share as I am persuaded, when you hear it, you will think extremely reasonable. In two Years Time you levied, and gave to our Enemies the Subsidies of ten Years: *We* will therefore be contented with the same Sum, provided it be paid up in one Year: for I need not say that our *Wants* are *pressing*, and will bear no Delay: But I will tell such of you as have not a due Sense of the Favor we now show you, That the Fine imposed upon you is far from an adequate Punishment to the Offence.”

Antony had scarce ended, when the Deputies threw themselves down on the Ground, and with Marks of the greatest Distress represented their

utter Inability to raise such a Sum—they deserved, they said, rather to be *pitied* than *fined* for the exorbitant Tax that had been lately extorted from them, having been forced by the Terror of military Execution to melt down their household-Utensils, and their Women's Ornaments, to coin the Money required by the Collectors; so that now they had no Resource, no, not wherewith to buy Bread to their Families. These Representations were of little Avail: The Veterans must be satisfied: And the utmost the Deputies could obtain was the Abatement of *one* in *ten* Subsidies, and another Year's space to raise it. Thus the Miseries entailed upon the Empire by *Julius Cæsar*, forced the Province of Asia to pay in *four*, the Taxes usually raised in *nineteen* Years. It brought these flourishing Countries very low: they were obliged to unfurnish their Houses, strip their Temples, and sell the Decorations of their Forums, to raise the Sum demanded; while it raised Pity and Indignation to see honorable Families, that had lived in Splendor, reduced to mean Circumstances, and loose worthless Fellows who administered to the Triumvir's Pleasures, strutting in their Spoils.

I must make my Reader acquainted with a notable Order, that made a grand Figure at Antony's Court, and accompanied him in his whole Progress through the East. Their History is curious, and we have nothing resembling it in modern Times. The great Towns all along the rich Coast of Asia were much addicted to Gaiety

and public Diversions : Their Inhabitants, after the Loss of their Liberty, were so turned to Luxury and Amusements, that a great Part of their Life was spent in the *Theatres* — in holding *grand Assemblies*, in celebrating *Games* and *Festivals* to the Gods, in *nocturnal Revels* in the Temples and adjacent Groves, and in all Sorts of *Mirth* and *Mummery*. The Performers at these Entertainments, including in the first Place all Players and Persons belonging to the *Stage*, then Musicians of every Sort, *Fiddlers*, *Singers*, *Harpers*, *Pipers*; next all Show men, *Vaulters*, *Boxers*, *Tumblers*, *Dancers*, *Jugglers*, *Mimics*, with their under-Operators—all these, I say, were incorporated into one great Body under the Title of the Artificers of *Bacchus*; and assembled in vast Multitudes to their yearly Feast; when they held, in the style of modern *Masonry*, a grand Lodge, in Honor of their *mirth-giving Deity*. Their first Settlement was in the ancient *Teios*, now *Susar*, one of the pleasant *Ionian Towns*, and the native Place of the wise *Anacreon* *. A Sedition drove them thence to *Ephesus*; after which *Attalus* assigned them *Myonnesus* (the Mouse-Island) a Town so called,

* Socrates, as an Antidote to Envy, pretended he knew nothing, of himself: Even in *Love-matters*, which was his Fort, if I have any Skill, says he, ὅλον ὅτι τινῶν, ἀκίκοα; ἢ παρὰ Σαπφῶς τῆς καλῆς, ἢ Ἀνακρέοντος τῷ Σοφῶν; I have certainly learned it of the beauteous Sappho, or of the wise Anacreon, Πλατῶν Φαίδρος. The high Strain of *Morals* in some of his Odes, and his Contempt of Money and Grandeur, well deserves this, perhaps unexpected, Epithet.

standing on a high Peninsula over against *Teios*. Here they began to fortify themselves against the Party that had driven them from that Place, who on the other Hand were so afraid of the *Bacchic Corporation*, that they sent an Embassy to Rome, begging protection against a hostile Fortrefs, rearing as it were upon their Nose; and the Senate to prevent farther Mischief, removed the scenical Train to *Lebedus* (now *Lacerea*) whose thin Inhabitants readily received them; but seem not to have been much better stocked with People by the Accession of the itinerant Players — since *Horace* found *Lebedus* as empty a Village as the once royal Seats of *Royston* and *St. Andrews* are at this Day. Once a-Year, it would be a Scene of infinite Revelling and Entertainment; but when such a Company parted, and spread themselves all over the *Ionian* Cities, no Wonder they should infect them with those lewd Dances and Postures that were thought a Reproach to the young Ladies in *Rome*'. These Strollers were now come to their Kingdom; and were enjoying golden Days, caressed by *Antony*, and insulting their Betters, with Impunity. The Triumvir gave himself wholly up to Debauchery and Idle Amusements. While he was under any Restraint, either from higher Authority, or from the Pressure of his own Affairs, he applied close to Business, and pushed through Difficulties with great Constancy and Spirit: but now, when he had sur-

' See Vol. III. Page 65.

mounted every Obstacle, and was Master of the better Part of the Empire, he minded nothing that was serious, but plunged into Luxury and Pleasure. Along with the Kings who came to attend him with their Presents, some Queens came too with theirs, and were the welcomer of the two. *Plutarch* says they strove to outshine one another in Beauty and rich Gifts, and plainly tells that they were debauched by *Antony* *. That Author names no Body: but *Appian*, who may be believed in such Cases, lets us know that he cast *Ariarathes*' Claim to *Cappadocia*, I suppose a Son or Nephew of the unhappy Prince surprised by the young *Cicero*, but that he raised a royal Youth *Sisinnus* to the Throne of that Kingdom, because his Mother *Glaphyra*, a young Widow, was an extreme pretty Woman. They took no Care to hide their Commerce: *Antony* was above all Regards to Decency; and the Lady, like *Madam Keruël* †, was proud of being Mistress to the *Triumvir*. Their Affair, came to the haughty *Fulvia*'s Ears at *Rome*; and produced much Mirth and much Mischief, which we will soon have Occasion to relate.

In the Road from *Cappadocia* to *Syria* lay the piratical Country *Cilicia*. The chief Town, *Tarsus*, because of its Disaffection to the Republic, had

* Καὶ βασιλεῖς ἐπὶ θύρας ἐφοίτων, καὶ βασιλέων γυναῖκες, ἀμιλλώμεναι δωρεῶν πρὸς ἀλλήλους καὶ κάλλεσιν, ἐφθείροντο πρὸς αὐτόν. Αὐτῶν.

† Voyez les dernières Lettres de Madame la Marquise de Sevigny.

been severely handled by *Cassius's* People, and thereby merited a Visit from the *Cæsarean* Chief. Though he was wholly immersed in Pleasure, yet two great Affairs now and then called for a transient Attention: first to content his *Veterans*, and for that End to raise vast Sums from all the tributary Kingdoms; and then to repress the *Parthians* who were ravaging the Provinces on this Side the *Euphrates*. This was *Julius Cæsar's* last Design; and having a Show of public Good, and wiping off the Dishonor of the *Roman* Arms by the Defeat of *Crassus*, was still kept in a distant Kind of View by the *Triumvirs*. Antony therefore warned the Princes of his Jurisdiction, and the Friends and Allies of the *Roman* People (formerly an awful Name) to get ready their auxiliary Troops; and as the Profusion of his living permitted him to lay up no Money, he took Opportunities to pick Quarrels with some Kings and States whom he forced to buy their Peace with exorbitant Sums.

Some such Thing as this had been intended against a Princess who at that Time governed one of the richest Kingdoms in the World. It was the famous *Cleopatra*, whose Lover, *Julius*, had settled her sole Queen of *Egypt*, and enriched her with Presents of immense, and indeed incredible Value, over and above the hereditary Wealth of the luxurious *Ptolomean* Family. She was cited to appear before the *Roman* *Triumvir* at *Tarsus*, to give an Account of her Conduct during the late War; and particularly to justify herself for

having sent Money and Provisions to C. Cassius a *Traitor* (that was the *new Style*): from Respect however to a crowned Head, and to a Princess who had been *distinguished* by the late *Cæsar*, instead of an ordinary Herald, Q. Dellius was dispatched with the Message, the Man who deserted from *Cassius* the Night before the Battle of *Philippi*, and who from a Similitude of Inclinations was now become one of *Antony's* intimate Friends.

A fitter Person could not have been pitched upon to carry it. He was a *professed Gallant*; the Confident of his new Master's Pleasures, and perfectly acquainted with his *Foible*, wherever a fair Lady was concerned. When he came to the *Egyptian Court*, he found the Queen in the Height of Life and Vigor. She was, at first View, no dazzling Beauty; but in Conversation, when her winning Manners and the insinuating Tone of her Voice accompanied the Charms of her Face and Person, she was irresistible¹. She had the uncommon Art, which a Woman of Wit ascribed to a late Royal Mistress, of *so adjusting her Looks to her Words, that they went directly to the Heart*².

¹ Ἄλλως τε γὰρ περικαλλιστάτη γυναικῶν ἑγένετο, καὶ τότε τῆς ὥρας ἀκμῇ πολὺ διέπρεπε· τὸ τε φέγμα ἀσειότατον εἶχε, καὶ προσομιλῆσαι παντὶ τῷ διὰ χαρίτων ἠπίστατο· ὥς λαμπρὰ τε ἰδεῖν καὶ ἀκροβῆναι ἔστα, καὶ ἔτι πάντα τινὰ καὶ Δυσσεῶτα καὶ Αἰθιοπικώτερον ἐξεργάσασθαι δυναμένη.

Διων. βιβ. μβ.

² Madame Desnoyers, parlant de Madame de Maintenon, disoit, *Ses yeux & son esprit sont si bien d'accord, que tout ce qu'elle dit va droit au Cœur.*

With

With this she had such a Glow of Health, so luscious an Air, and bewitching Vivacity in her Motions, that a four Writer says, the most insensible to Love by their Temper and Years were not safe from her Allurements. In a Word, by comparing their Pictures and Description, *Cleopatra* seems to have been in Person, Features, and complexion, almost such a Woman as the celebrated *Hortensia Mancini*, who was long the Admiration of *Europe*, under the Title of the Dutchess of Mazarin'. Delliuss, at his first Audience, plainly saw *how Matters would go*; and like an accomplished Courtier, instead of delivering an imperious Message, as to a dependant Princess, forgot he was a *Roman*, and humbled himself as to his Sovereign. With all the Address he was Master of, he applied himself to gain her Favor, as the Person, who he foresaw, would soon have Antony, and *all his Share of the Empire*, at her Disposal. He therefore told her, ' That she must indeed resolve to make a small Voyage across the Sea to *Cilicia* to appear before the *Roman Triumvir*; but with a Smile, forbid her Majesty to be apprehensive of the least Hardship from so humane a Leader and so sweet-tempered a

' Elle a le son de la Voix si touchant qu'on ne sauroit Pentendre parler sans Emotion: Son Teint a un éclat, si naturel, si vif, & si doux, que Je ne pense pas que personne se soit jamais avisé en la regardant, de trouver à redire, qu'il ne soit pas de la dernière Blanchœur.

Charact. de M. la D. de Mazarin.

E

‘ Man as *Marc Antony*. He begged Leave to assure
‘ her, that his Master had ever been very *tender-*
‘ *hearted to the Ladies*, and could never do a
‘ harsh Thing in his Life when a *fair Face* was
‘ pleading against it: that her Majesty’s high
‘ Merit and irresistible Charms could not fail of
‘ finding easy Access to so sensible a Heart; and
‘ make him look upon an Opportunity to oblige
‘ and serve so glorious a Woman as the sweetest
‘ Fruit of his Victories.’

The Queen listened to *Dellius* with great Attention, and, with no less inward Satisfaction, *believed* him. She was now no Novice in Love. The young *Cn. Pompey* (eldest Son of Pompey the *Great*), who accompanied *Gabinus* to *Egypt*, had first initiated her, when she was scarce fifteen; and a Man much more capable of giving Lessons of every Kind, *Julius Cæsar*, had fully instructed her in the Mysteries of the Art, when she was one-and-twenty. That experienced Lover had found such uncommon Beauties in her Person, and such a Charm in her Conversation, that he doted upon her beyond any Princess he ever served. He lived with her in *Alexandria* much longer than his Affairs could permit, and then made a celebrated Pleasure-Voyage in a wondrous Galley built with State-rooms and Bed-chambers like a Palace, so far up the *Nile*, that his devoted Army, marching upon the Banks to guard the Lovers, refused to follow him any farther. This was a Proof of a violent Passion in *Cæsar*; who, though he loved Pleasure, seldom sacrificed his

Interest to attain it. Attentive to Ambition's Call, he made his Amours but a *secondary* Concern; and used to break through all the Toils of Love at the Voice of Glory. But now *Cleopatra* so enchanted him, that, to the infinite Detriment of his Affairs, and in direct Opposition to his known Character, he neglected to improve his mighty Victory at *Pharsalus*, and risque all the Fruits of it, to reap those of *another Nature*. Had he, upon the first News of Pompey's Death, returned immediately to Rome, and managed with his wonted Art, he would probably have won over the Remains of the Republic, and prevented their coming again to a Head either in *Spain* or *Africa*. They would possibly have all come in and submitted except *Cato*, *Favonius*, *Domitius*, and a few Patriots of the same Spirit. But now pretending he was detained in Egypt by the *Etesian Winds**, and having called the two Pretenders to the Crown, the Brother and the Sister, before him, under Color of determining, as *Consul*, the Controversies of Kings, he first brought on the *Alexandrian War* (as there was no Doubt what Side the Judge would favor)

* Ipse enim Cæsar necessario *Etesius* tenebatur, qui *Alexandria* navigantibus sunt adversissimi venti: interim controversias Regum ad Pop. Rom. (whom he extremely honored) & ad Se, quod esset Consul, pertinere existimans, ostendit sibi placere, Regem *Ptolomæum*, & sororem *Cleopatram* exercitus dimittere, & de controversiis jure apud Se, potius quam armis inter se disceptare.

De B. C. Lib. §. 88.

and then, letting himself and his Handful of Troops be cooped up in a Corner of that populous City, he at once risked his Life and Reputation, and by his long Absence gave Rise to the *Pontic*, the *African*, and the *Spanish* Calamities. That this was Fact, and no refined Speculation, appears from a Letter written by *Cicero* to *Cassius*, wherein he tells him, 'That *they* (the Friends of Liberty) could never have imagined, until they saw it happen, that, after the *Pharfalian* Victory, Cæsar would have allowed himself to be entangled in the tedious *Alexandrian* War; — that they all believed his usual Celerity would have put an End at once to the *fatal Struggle*; and that the Chiefs of the Republic that were in *Africa* would have submitted like those in *Asia* and *Greece*; but now the Interval of a Year had induced some to hope for a Change of Fortune, and for Victory in their Turn, and brought others even to contemn *being vanquished*'.

Cleopatra's first Introduction to *Julius* discovered a happy Genius for Intrigue. She found it tedious to wait a *legal Decision* of her Difference with her Brother, and fancied if she could contrive to appear before Cæsar *herself*, she might possibly make the Judge her Friend. This was not easily done: She was strictly guarded, and had many Eyes upon her Motions; whom she effectually eluded by going into a Gondola when it was dark with one Friend, and when she came to the Palace-

Stairs, getting herself rolled up in a great Carpet, and carried into *Cæsar's* Apartment as a Piece of necessary Furniture. The Ingenuity of this Contrivance first struck him, and then the tempting Figure of a young Beauty that bore in her Face and Manners the Wishes of her Heart, made the amorous *Cæsar* quickly her Slave. It was pretended that the *Julian* Family drew its Origin from *Julus*, the Son of *Eneas*, and Grand-child of *Venus*; and as *Cæsar's* Inclinations did not bely that Descent, he paid a particular Veneration to the *Paphian Goddess*. *Venus Armata*, *Love* and *War*, was the Word he frequently gave to his Army; and having after his Victories reared a magnificent Temple to Parent-*Venus**, at the Dedication of it, he placed an exquisite Statue of *Cleopatra* just by the Side of the Goddess.

Under *such* a Tutor, a Lady by Nature formed for Pleasure, and who loved it as her Life, could not miss to *improve*. She was become an Adept in the Passion, and versed in all its Refinements. When therefore she reflected on her early Adventures, and the great Men she had captivated in the Dawn of Life, and heard *Dellius* describe the melting Disposition of his Master, she made no Doubt but now, when her Beauty was

warmed and unfolded into stronger Charms,

that Marc Antony was destined for her Conquest.

* *Veneri Genetrici.*

The Preparations she made were not very like a timorous Delinquent, but extremely suitable to her Character and Designs. She gave herself no Trouble in contriving *Reasons* to justify her Conduct to the first Magistrate of *Rome*; nor did she provide Intercessors among his Friends to plead her Cause before a Judge who had her absolutely in his Power: her chief Concern was to invent *Ornaments* that might heighten the Lustre of her Charms, and add a Splendor to the native Allurements of her Person. It is not easy to describe the Contrivance of an *ordinary* Woman, to set herself off to Advantage, or enumerate the delicate Helps she borrows to recommend her Face and Form; But when a great luxurious Queen sets her Wits to invent, and employs her Power to purchase Baits of Pleasure, *what Wonders does she not perform?* Art and Nature vied in *Cleopatra's* Dress and Equipage. The fine *Egyptian* Lawns, the rich *Tyrian* Dyes, the *Assyrian* Odors, the Balsams of *Judea* and Jewels of the *East* all combined with the *Alexandrian* - *Elegance* to brighten her Appearance, perfume her Baths, soften her Air, and make herself and Train look like more than Mortals.

Antony waited her Coming in *Tarsus*, the Capital almost of *Cilicia*; a Town so addicted to Julius, that the Inhabitants renouncing the City's ancient Name, styled it *Juliopolis* or *Cæsarbury*. From the Thinness of their *Air*, *Water*, and *Soil*, they were very *mercurial* and *sprightly*; which went so far as to mark their Character with *Levity*, and make them just the *Gascons* of *Greece* fond — of

flashy Wit, passably impudent, and prone to push their Fortunes abroad. For this Purpose they generally applied themselves to Letters, in which some few of them made a true and solid Progress; but the Generality, affecting the Character of clever Fellows, admired nothing so much as an *extemporary Talent of haranguing and rhyming upon any given Subject*; and the Man who excelled in it, were he ever so worthless in other Respects, was sure to become popular and powerful. A strong Instance of this was now in the Town: One *Boethus*, a bad Man, and a worse Poet, was extremely gracious with the Populace by his Faculty of *holding forth*, and raising coarse Mirth among the Multitude: but he became in a Manner *chief Citizen* by Means of a wretched Poem which he wrote and presented to Antony upon his Victory at *Philippi*.

To reward their *Cesarianism*, and comfort them for their Sufferings in their Cause, the Triumvir not only granted them an Immunity from all Taxes, and liberated every *Tarsian* that had been sold for a Slave, but promised to raise and endow a Public Gymnasium, in their Town. It was the next Thing to the *Erection* of an *University*, with the Addition of Academies for all Sorts of Exercises. This new *Erection* he was to Honor with being *Chancellor* of it himself, and gave the actual Government of it to his paltry Poet *Boethus*, *Vice-Chancellor* in his Absence.

In this Town, as I said, he waited the Arrival of the *Egyptian Queen*, who made no Haste, either

to obey the Summons by *Dellius* or to answer the many Letters sent by her own and the Triumvir's Friends to hasten her coming. She practised *Ovid's* Precept to inhance the Value of her Voyage by a little Delay', and took full Time to order her Equipage to her own Contentment. Five or six Tenders carried her Retinue, her Kitchen, her Baths, her Theatre, her Wardrobe, with all the Furniture necessary for a royal Palace: but her Majesty's own *Royal Galley* was such a Ship as till that Day had never floated on the Ocean. The Sails were of fine Purple, the Ropes of Silk, the Masts and Oars plated with Silver, and the Bow and Fore-castle so overlaid with Gold, as to dazzle the Beholders by the Reflection of the Sun. But the *Dome* or *Canopy* raised upon the Quarter-deck was the Master-piece. It was of the richest Brocade, supported by Pillars of exquisite Workmanship, and open on all Sides. Under it stood a Couch of massy Gold sumptuously covered, on which lay the Queen, stretched at Ease, in the Habit and Form of the Goddess of Love. In this Attitude, her Galley entered the Mouth of the *Cydnus*, the piercing cold Stream that runs through *Tarsus*, bathing in which had almost cost *Alexander* his Life. Little Boys, dressed like *Cupids*,

— — *Mora semper amantes*

Incitat; exiguum si modo tempus habet. —

*Sera veni; positaque decens incede Lucernâ;
Grata Morâ venies; maxima Lena Mora est.*

De Arte Am. Lib. III.

fluttered about the Queen ; and her Maids of Honor, in the Dress of *Nereids* or Sea-Nymphs, were furling the Sails, handling the Ropes, or pretending to manage the Helm. The richest Odors perfumed the Gales all round ; while alternate Symphonies of Music, heard in the Air without knowing whence they came, directed the Stroke of the Oars to keep Time to their Cadence. The News of this resplendent Spectacle being carried to Town, the Inhabitants came pouring down on both Sides, and clothed the Banks as on a Festival of the Gods — when learning who it was, the *Tarfian* Wit handed it about, *That the Goddess Venus was come to revel with Bacchus, for the Public-Good of all Asia.*

Antony happened to be sitting in Judgment in the *Forum* when the Whisper reached the surrounding Crowd ; and in a little Time he was left upon the Tribunal without other Attendants than his *Lictors*. To show however his Regard to a *Queen* (for he had many a *King* attending in his Antichamber) he sent to invite her to dine with him — But she answering that it was more becoming that he should pay the first Visit to a Lady, he gave Way, and, as a Mark of Frankness and Gallantry, went to feast with the newly arrived Queen. He was amazed at the Magnificence and Order of his Reception — especially the infinite Number of Lights that blazed out all of a sudden, disposed in Circles, Squares, and many a curious Figure, afforded a surprising Show. But they were all obscured by the Appearance of the Queen herself

— It was such, that though the Passion which *Antony* conceived for her proved his final Ruin, yet I cannot help pitying him, and thinking, that of all the Faults he ever committed, *this* was the most excusable. Not that I pretend to justify, or even to alleviate the Crimes and Follies he was guilty of to gratify her; but I should not have much wondered if *such* a *Woman* had captivated the Heart of a Man of greater Reserve than *Marc Antony*. Besides the uncommon Charms of her Face and Person, *Cleopatra* had infinite Wit, — Capacity, — Address, — Taste — and an inexhausted Invention for *Frolic* and *Adventure*. She could assume any Character from a great *Queen* to a *Sailor* or *Tradesman's Wife*; and having from some vulgar Camp - Jokes quickly perceived *Antony's* Turn, she took up that Manner, and actually outdid him in the rude *Mirth* of a boisterous *Soldier*. According to the shallow Maxims of mistaken Pleasure, she was formed to be the worst *Wife* and most bewitching *Mistress* that ever was born.

Among her other Accomplishments, she had two pretty rare ones in a youthful *Queen*. Her Predecessors of the *Ptolomean* Race, though Kings of *Egypt* and a great Part of *Ethiopia*, spoke no Language but *Greek*; and some of them even forgot their Mother - Tongue, the *Macedonian* Dialect. But *Cleopatra* learned the Languages of all the Nations round about her Dominions, as if she had been born to govern them; and had them so much at Command, that she very seldom used an Interpreter to any *Foreigner* that came to her

Court. She gave Audience herself; and from her own Mouth gave Answers to the *Ethiopians*, *Troglodytes*, *Hebrews*, *Arabs*, *Syrians*, *Medes*, *Parthians*, and other distant Nations — a Thing almost incredible — and a Proof, I don't know whether of greater Acuteness or Application! But to lessen the Miracle, I suppose she has perfectly possessed two original Languages, *Aramean* and *Greek*; and has had a Tincture of a third, the *Pontic* or *Armenian* Tongue. The second was her native Speech, which she spoke in all its Styles with the greatest Propriety. The last had tintured the *Parthian*, *Median*, and *Pontic* Dialects; as to this Day it makes such a Part of the *modern Persian* as the *Arabic* does of the *Spanish*, or as the *French* does of the *English* Tongue. But the first (the *Aramean*) appears to have been her chief Study, as it was the Mother of the *Egyptian*, and of all the bordering Dialects abovementioned, which were but Branches of this mighty Stem that overspread the most of *Asia*, and *Africa* with its Offspring. I need not tell those who are acquainted with any two of the ancient Oriental Languages of the great Affinity of their Dialects, or with what facility a Proficient in one runs through many of the Rest,

et nota fertur regione viarum;

but I will adduce a curious and convincing Proof of it to those who are not.

The famous *Jewish* Historian *Joseph* had composed his History of the Siege of *Jerusalem* by *Ti-*

tus, and of the War preceding it under *Vespasian*, originally *της πατριωι γλωσση*, in his Mother-Tongue; that is, in the *corrupt Syriac* then spoken by the Jews, to which the *Jerusalem Talmud* or *Book of Instruction* still extant, is the nearest. This Work he with great Labor afterwards translated into *Greek*, for this remarkable Reason: *I thought it Pity*, said he, *that by the Means of my Writings, the Parthians, and Babylonians, and remotest Arabians, together with our Countrymen beyond the Euphrates, and those of Adiabene, should be exactly informed of the Rise, Progress, and Issue of the War, while the Greeks and Romans, except those who served in it, remained ignorant of the Truth! The Parthians, therefore, the Babylonians and remote Arabs, and those of Adiabene (now Churdistan) beyond the Tigris, could with a little Pains all understand Joseph's History, written in a corrupt Dialect of the Syriac: and for the same Reason, Cleopatra, if she were well acquainted with one Idiom of the Aramean, could, with no great Trouble, understand and answer the Ethiopians, Arabs, Hebrews, Syrians, Parthians, and intermixed Nations, each in their own Tongue. It is a parallel Case with the famous Mithridates, who spoke, they said, the Languages of two-and-twenty Nations; and who, I believe, did really possess three Mother-Tongues with their respective Dialects, that is Sarmatian or Getic, in other Words, German or High-Dutch, the Speech of his native Kingdom of Pontus, with all its Varieties among the Scythian or Tartar Tribes that in-*

habited from the *Danube* along the *Euxine* and *Caspian Seas*^{*}; then the *Aramean*, including the *Dialects* just enumerated; and lastly the *Greek*, in which he could compare with the greatest Orators.

The other wonderful Accomplishment in a young Princess, was a wide and curious Knowledge of *natural History*. She knew the Natures and Qualities of *Animals*, *Plants*, and *Minerals*; hardly had any rare Production of Earth or Water escaped her Curiosity. Nor did she content herself with mere Speculation; but examined their Virtues, tried their Compositions, and made the Use of them that might be naturally expected from a *fine Lady*. She invented several *Cosmetics*, or beautifying Washes, and Prescriptions for Ailments incident to the Sex. She even wrote upon these Subjects, and her Works are quoted with Approbation by *Galen*^{*}, *Paul of Egina*, and other Physicians. What a Genius

^{*} So late as the year MDL. the Posterity of the ancient *Getes* or *Goths* inhabiting *Przecop* or the *Crimea* were speaking *high Dutch*. A noble *Venetian* Officer *Giosafat Barbaro*, a Companion of the famous *Scanderbeg*, excelling in Arms as his Brother *Hermolao Barbaro* did in Letters, was sent by the *Venetian State* on an Embassy to *Tana* at the Mouth of the *Don*. 'Above *Caffa* (the ancient *Theodosia*) says he in the Account of his Embassy writ in *Italian*, the *Goths* inhabit; and after them the *Alans* (now *Ulans*). *The Goths speak High Dutch; for a German that I had in my Retinue easily understood what they said.*

, Περὶ Συνδ. Φαρμ. τοπικ. Βιβ. Α. κεφ. α. κ. η. 'Αυτοῦ. Βιβ. Δ. κεφ. η.

must it have been, that, amid the two most dissipating Things in the World, a *Run of Pleasure*, and the *Cares of a Kingdom*, could acquire such a Mastery in Language, and such a Reach in Science?

No Wonder then, that Antony, always an easy Prey to the *Fair*, should be struck at first Sight; and though full forty Years of Age, should feel a Passion like a much younger Man. The Queen, who immediately perceived it, was not long of assuming *the Mistress*; and, instead of apologizing for any Moneys or Provisions that had been extorted from her Subjects, claimed high Merit for having refused to obey two threatening Messages from *Cassius* — for having sent the four Legions left in *Egypt* to *Dolabella*, and for going to Sea in Person with a powerful Fleet to join the Triumvirs (in Contempt of the superior Navy under *Statius Murcus*,) when she was shipwreck'd, and hardly escaped with Life. The Claim was easily admitted from such a Mouth, and proper Rewards devised to recompense it. But first, according to the inhuman Maxims of the Eastern Courts, she was to be secured in the Throne of *Egypt*, by the Death of her nearest Relations. Her unhappy Sister *Arfinoe*; a Princess likewise of great Beauty and Spirit, had moved much Compassion in *Rome*, when Julius instead of making her *Queen of Cyprus*, according to her Father's Will, and as he himself at first proposed, had led her captive, as an Ornament of his *Egyptian* Triumph. Being set at Liberty after his Death, she, and her younger Brother *Ptolomy*, (*Cleopatra's* second nominal Hus-

band) had fled to *Asia*, and taken Refuge in the Sanctuary of the Temple of *Diana* at *Ephesus*, where *Megabyzus*¹, the great Pontiff, had received her with the Honors due to a *Queen*. Upon the News of *Antony's* Approach with the Army, they had removed from thence to another Temple of *Diana*, *Leucophryne*, at *Miletus*. At *Cleopatra's* Instigation, *Antony* now commanded both Brother and Sister to be dragged from the Altar, and put to Death. He likewise ordered the High-priest's Head to be struck off, for having received *Arfinœ* with Royal Honors: And the venerable Pontiff would certainly have suffered for his Humanity to a distressed Princess, if the *Ephesians*, in Terror for the Head of their Church, had not humbly sued, — not to the Triumvir, but to *Cleopatra*, to pardon his innocent Mistake, and spare the old Man's Life.

How long the Lovers lived together at *Tarsus*, I cannot tell. *Antony* had the remaining Provinces and Kingdoms of *Asia* to visit, and to lay under

¹ The Sun and Moon, the most ancient Gods, named *Isis* and *Osiris* in *Egypt*, were called *Apollo* and *Diana* in *Greece* and *Italy*. The *Ephesian* *Diana* is just the *Egyptian* *Isis*; and her chief Priest was clothed in the same Manner, in a resplendent white Robe of *Egyptian* Cotton. Thence his Name, *Megabyzus*, which we learn from *Strabo*, was assumed by every High Priest of *Ephesus*, as the Popes assume a new Name, or as the Kings of *Egypt* were all called *Pharaoh*, and those of *Rome* *Cesar*. *Megabyzus* seems to be accommodated to the *Greek* Pronunciation from *Magad-Biitz*, *The Splendor of Brightness*; taken, no Doubt, from the Appearance of the Planet.

heavy Contributions for the Support of his Veterans; and *Cleopatra* sailed home to *Alexandria*, to make Preparations for her new Lover's Reception. For I make no Doubt, but they had appointed to spend the Winter together in *Egypt*.

From *Cilicia* the *Triumvir* continued his Progress through the Rest of the Provinces and Kingdoms of *Asia*. His Presence, instead of bringing Order and Tranquillity, threw them all in Confusion. *C. Cassius*, no Friend to the Sway of a promiscuous Multitude, had picked out the best Men in the *Syrian-States*, and put the Governments in *their* Hands. *These* it was now *Antony's* Business to banish or behead under the Name of *Tyrants*; and to load the remaining People with the most grievous Taxes that ever had been imposed by any Governor. Those who escaped generally took Refuge in the Court of the *Parthian* King; and contributed not a little, with another Breach of the Law of Nations, to bring on the next unhappy *Parthian* War.

No Sums of Money raised by ordinary Levies were sufficient to support *Antony's* personal Expence, and much less to satisfy the Cravings of the veteran Army. His *Horsemen*, particularly, thought they had received no Premiums equal to their Merits, and were beginning to cabal and threaten a Mutiny: for, *illegal* Services, besides the public Waste, entail Misery and Vexation on their *Authors*. To stop their Mouths, *Antony* found no readier Way, than to put them upon plundering a rich and populous City, in the Skirts
of

of Syria, upon the Confines of the *Parthian* Empire. It was the famous *Palmyra*, founded, they say, by Solomon, who better deserved the Name of *Magnificent* than his modern Namesake². He called it *Thadmor*, (*The Wonder*) in the *Desert*, as indeed it is; being a pleasant Spot, admirably watered in the Midst of a great sandy Wilderness. The *Syrians* and *Arabs* call it still *Thadamora*; but the *Greeks* term it *Palmyra* from the Groves of Palms: It was demolished by the *Romans*, when it was the celebrated *Zenobia's* Royal Seat. The Inhabitants were a commercial People, enjoying, by their Situation, the same Advantages that *Cairo* and *Venice* enjoyed before the Discovery of the *Cape of Good-Hope*. They were the Brokers between the Eastern and Western World. The *Persian*, *Indian*, *Assyrian* and *Chinese* Goods, came to them partly by Caravans, and partly by the *Phrath*, and were by them resold with infinite Profit to the *Egyptian*, *Grecian*, and *Roman* Merchants. They became rich and flourishing, and were therefore marked out as a delicious Morsel to the *Cesarean* Troopers. It was pretended, that being just one Day's Journey from the West Bank of the *Euphrates*, they played Booty with the *Parthians* in their Wars with *Rome*; but the real Crime was, their being too opulent, and too

² Soliman the Magnificent, contemporary with Charles V. of Spain, Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England: — the four greatest Princes that have appeared together in modern Times.

tempting an Object of Plunder. The Design against them was not carried so closely, but they received Intelligence of it before the *Horsemen* began to march, and made proper Preparations for their Reception. They would not venture to stand a Siege, lest the Legions should come to assist the Cavalry: but having conveyed all their valuable Effects beyond the River to the *Parthian* Side, the Horsemen, at their Approach, found nothing but an empty Town. They pursued however on the Tract, until they came to the Bank of the *Phrath*, when they saw the Inhabitants of *Palmyra* under Arms on the other Side, ready to dispute the Passage, if attempted, with some thousands of best the *Bowmen* in the World, drawn up on either Wing, to support them. This Sight cooled their Courage: they marched back empty the Road they had come; and confirmed the Opinion which the Invasion of *Crassus* had left in these Eastern Countries, *That if the Romans were not themselves the most rapacious and faithless of Nations, they were sometimes under Leaders who made them act as if they were.*

But while the Cavalry were on this shameful Expedition, Antony had come as far as *Antioch* on the *Orontes*. It was the Capital of *Syria*; and for Extent and Magnificence, vied with *Seleucia* on the *Euphrates*, or *Alexandria* on the *Nile*. But the celebrated *Daphne*, a boasted Retirement, like an enchanted Palace, was five Miles up the River. It was so called from a *Laurel-Grove*, or rather a great Park, of ten Miles in Circumference; and

was thought to be the wholesomest, sweetest Spot in the known World¹. In the Middle of it, stood a noble Temple of *Apollo* and *Diana*, which was an inviolable Sanctuary: It was wonderfully watered, with Springs bursting out here and there, and the Skirts of it washed by Branches of the *Orontes*: It had become famous over the World, by being the usual Place of celebrating the Festivals held by the *Antiochians* and all their Neighbours, in Honor of their tutelar Deities. Let us imagine the best Company of all the great Cities of *Syria* and *Phenicia* gathered together in these delicious Shades; the Fair displaying their Charms, and the Rich their Magnificence; and we will have an Idea of an Assembly that would have eclipsed the *Feast of Versailles*^{*}; and outshone the *Ridottos* at *Vaux - Hall*.

In this little Paradise Antony was lodged, (the Resort of Company having raised a considerable Village, like *Bath*, or the *German Spaw*) when a second Deputation from the *Jewish* Malecontents

¹ The great Orator Libanius had composed a Panegyric upon the Daphne, which is supremely admired by his Patron, the acute Julian. In that Prince's *Persian Expedition*, he came to Daphne, whose Beauty, he says, nothing could match but the *Syrian Paradise*. As for that, continues he, "Ὅσση καὶ Πηλὶα καὶ ταῖς Ὀλύμπιε κερυθαῖς, καὶ τοῖς θεοτάτοις Τέμπεσιν ἀγίων ἐπ' ἰσῆς, ἢ καὶ προτιμῶν ἀπάντων ὁμᾶ τὴν Δαφνὴν οὐκ ἂν ἀισχυροῖμιν." Ιηλίου. Λιβαν.

Vid. Am. Marcellin. Lib. xx. & xxii.

^{*} Given by Lewis. the 18th of July, MDCLVIII. Descriptions of it were sent to the *French* Ministers, to be published in all the *European* Courts.

came to crave Redress of Grievances, and Relief from the Oppressions of *Fasaël* and *Herod*. They were a hundred of the most powerful Men in the Nation, and carried with them some of the ablest Lawyers and best Speakers of their Country. In the Interval, *Herod*, the younger Brother, had cast his Eyes upon a young Princess, whose Beauty though yet in the Bud, being scarce fourteen; promised in Time the richest Bloom. She was a Grand-daughter of *Aristobulus* who died of Poison at *Rome*, and therefore a Grand-niece of *Hyrcanus* the High-Priest. Her Father *Alexander* had lost his Head by the Command of *Scipio*. *Herod* was indeed already married to a Lady of one of the first Families in *Jerusalem*, called *Doris*, who had likewise born him a Son: But the Sight of this young Beauty, and the Consideration of her Descent from the *Asmonean* Race, made him use the Privilege of his Country, — divorce his first Wife, and with *Hyrcanus*' consent, marry his Grand-niece; only deferring Consummation till she should come of Age. On this Occasion therefore he prevailed upon the High-Priest to take a Journey with him to *Antioch*, in Order to wait upon the *Triumvir in Person*, and to assist (*Herod*) to dispel the Calumnies of their Accusers.

The Deputies were Men of too great Weight to be refused an Audience as formerly: A Day was appointed for a solemn Hearing of both Parties, when the *Jewish* Pleaders impeached the two Brothers with great Bitterness, and laid many Acts of Power and many Breaches of the Law to

their Charge. But *Herod* had been so happy as to prevail with the excellent *Messala Corvinus*, formerly *Cassius's* great Friend and now in high Esteem with *Antony*, to be his Advocate at this ticklish Juncture. *Messala* spoke with his usual Strength and Elegance, while *Hircanus* stood close by him, because of his new Relation to the accused Governor. When both Parties were fully heard, *Antony* turned to the High-Priest, and, in Face of the Council and Deputies, desired him to declare, *Whether, he believed that Fasaël and Herod, or their Accusers there present, would best acquit themselves of the Administration?* And *Hircanus*, as we may suppose, having declared in Favor of the Brothers, the Triumvir instantly created them *Tetrarchs of Judea*. At this the Deputies began to storm; and expressed themselves so arrogantly, that *Antony* ordered fifteen of them to be seized and put in Chains. He would have struck off their Heads, but for the Intercession of *Hircanus* and *Herod*, and drove the Rest with Ignominy from the Tribunal.

I cannot pretend to follow him in his Progress through all the other Provinces: Let me only tell, that from *Antioch* he passed through *Celosyria*, viewed the rich Vales of *Scham*, the old *Damascus*, paid a Visit to the native Soil of his trusty *Ithyreans* (the Bowmen that beset the Roman-

¹ *Ithyraeos, homines omnium gentium maxime barbaros, cum sagittis deducis in Forum.*

Philip. II.

Senate when he was Consul); and then turning down toward the Coast, he came to *Phenicia*, and stopped in the greatest trading City of the old World, the ancient *Tyre*. While he continued here exacting Tributes, and confiscating the Estates of *Cassius's* Friends, an Instance appeared of that *stubborn Temper* that distinguished the *Jews* (now just in his Neighbourhood) which has few Parallels. Not at all daunted by the harsh Reception, or Confinement of their Fellows, there came a Crowd out of *Jerusalem*, above a thousand, and marched in a Body to *Tyre*; exclaiming against the Brothers, and calling aloud for Justice from the *Triumvir*. Antony, being informed of their Numbers and Errand, sent an Order to the Governor of *Tyre* to march out and disperse them. *Herod* had a small Party lying without the Town, and along with *Hircanus*, went to meet their Countrymen, and try'd to persuade them to return home. It was lost Labor: they were obstinate, and made a Show of Resistance against the *Tyrian* Governor; who, calling for the Assistance of *Herod's* Men, fell fiercely upon them, killed and wounded many of them, and drove the Rest back to *Judea*. Thus had *Fasaël* and *Herod* the Government put into their Hands, under the title of *Tetrarchs*; while *Hircanus* had only the Name and the Pomp of the Priesthood. He was on the same Footing as the insignificant Kings of *France* of the *Merovingian* Race, who were used as Pageants while the *Maires* of the Palace possessed the real Power.

While at *Tyre*, Antony did two cruel Things, that showed he was a Slave to *Cleopatra's* Passions as well as his own. The fair and rich Island of *Cyprus* was become an *Appendage* to the Kingdom of *Egypt*; and was usually bequeathed by the *Egyptian* Kings as a Principality to their younger Children. The mean-spirited Prince who poisoned himself, at the Approach of *M. Portius Cato* was *Ptolomy* the Musician's younger Brother, and consequently *Cleopatra's* Uncle. The unhappy Pair murdered at *Miletus* had therefore been left King and Queen of the vacant Throne of *Cyprus*; and during their Minority, their Tutor *Serapio* had been intrusted with the Administration. He was faithful to his Trust, and being therefore guilty of Treason in *Cleopatra's* Eyes, had, after the Execution of the royal Infants, taken Sanctuary in the grand Temple of the Sun at *Tyre*, whom the *Phenicians* worshipped under the Name of *Hercules*. Him Antony now commanded to be torn from the Altar, under Pretence that he had joined with *Cassius*; but at the same Time delivered him over to *Cleopatra*, who, it seems, was to avenge the *Roman* Injuries.

Her eldest Brother was supposed to have been drowned in the *Nile*, in the naval Engagement

The Geographer *Strabo* says that *Cyprus* was reduced to a Province by *Cato*; and that *Antony* gave it to *Cleopatra* and her Sister *Arsinoe*. The first may be true; though that Constitution must have been soon rescinded: But the last must be a Mistake — very pardonable among such a Variety of Facts as are interspersed in that great Man's admirable Work.

with *Julius Caesar*: But it was only *Supposition*; as his Body was not found, but only the gold Coat of Mail, which he would probably throw away ere he jumped into the River. However that may have been, a Youth came some Time after in a small Vessel to *Aradus*⁷, (a flourishing *Phenician* City built upon a Rock, almost a Mile in Circumference, and two and a half from the Shore) that called himself *Ptolomy* King of *Egypt*; and as such implored their protection. In all the East there was no such Sanctuary for unhappy Princes or banished great Men as *Aradus*; not from any Religion, but by a singular Privilege of this hospitable Republic. They were originally independent like *Tyre* and *Sidon*; but being with other *Phenician* Cities, forced to accept of the Protection of the *Syrian Kings*, upon a disputed Succession between the Brothers, *Seleucus* surnamed *Calinices*, (the fair Victor) and *Antiochus Hierax* (the Hawk) they agreed to assist the former on this Condition, *That it should be always lawful for them, to receive into their City, and kindly entertain, any Man banished from Syria or elsewhere, without being obliged to deliver him up against his Will; with this sole Restriction, that they should not permit such banished Person to depart from their City without Consent of the Syrian King.*

This Privilege, like all other Pieces of true

⁷ As you write it, either with *Ain* or *Gain* in the Beginning, or with *Dhal* or *Dshal* in the End, it signifies in *Arabic* the Broad or the Bare Rock.

Humanity, turned out to be of the greatest Consequence and public Advantage. For it was no ordinary Offenders that took Shelter at Aradus; but *great Ministers* fallen into Disgrace with their Masters, *great Generals* afraid of their Heads, and other such *Minions of Fortune* as had experienced her Giddiness in the Revolutions of Power. These, meeting with Protection from the highest Perils, and with the kindest Reception, looked upon the *Aradians* as their Saviours and Benefactors; and many of them being restored to Dignity and Favor, as the Wheel of the blind Goddess revolved, remembered their Obligations; and both procured many new Privileges to the City, and a large Dominion on the nearest Part of the Continent. These Advantages they improved with such Industry and Integrity, that they became extremely rich and populous; they built their Houses, with many Flats, like those of *Edinburgh*, and in Abundance of Respects resembled the modern Venetian Republic.

But this sacred Privilege of the *Aradian State* must now fall a Sacrifice to the Security, shall I say, or Revenge of *Cleopatra*! The unhappy Youth, who had lived with them as *Ptolomy* King of *Egypt* almost four years without being convicted of being an Impostor, invoked their Protection in vain. Antony broke through all Bonds human or divine, and commanded the *Aradians* at their Peril to surrender him to the Party sent by *Cleopatra*. These Breaches of Privilege, Profanations of Sanctuaries, Banishment of Magistrates, and

dreadful Exactions from the People, put all the Eastern Provinces in Disorder, indifposed them to the *Roman Government*, and made them ready to lay Hold of the first Opportunity of changing Masters. That Opportunity was neither long of coming; nor did they fail to embrace it. But Antony, as if every Thing had been completely settled, and the public Tranquillity secured, abandoned all Care of the State: he left the several Nations in that swelling tumultuous Temper, and hurried away from *Phenice* down to *Egypt* to indulge his Passion for *Cleopatra*. Let us leave him there to pass the Winter in the *Alexandrian* Dress, forgetting that he was a General or a *Roman*; and take a View of what was passing in Italy after the Death of *Brutus* and the Battle of *Philippi*.

The young *Cæsar* having witnessed, and indeed born a chief Part in the Barbarities exercised on the Prisoners, took his Route towards *Durazzo*, to reward the Veterans, whose Swords had enabled him to trample upon the Laws, and destroy the best Men of his Country. He was in no good State either of Body or Mind: nor was the one more disordered with the Remains of his Dropsy, than the other must have been with conscious Guilt, and the gloomy Scene of fresh Iniquity and Violence that just began to open to his View. His Illness was so exasperated by his Journey through *Macedon* and his Voyage from *Epirus*, that he took his Bed at *Brindisi*, and his Life was despaired of. The News of his, or rather of *Antony's* Victory, at *Philippi*, where the best of Causes

was borne down by brutal Force, filled *Rome* with Consternation; and the Account of Cæsar's Approach with the Veterans struck Terror into every Breast. The Delay occasioned by his Sickness was very variously interpreted. Some stuck not to affirm that he was certainly dead, — and gave Joy to many: others said he was plotting some terrible Mischief to the City, as he had done near *Bologna*; and spread such Dread of his Coming, that many of the Inhabitants began to hide the Things of Value they had left; some to provide a Guard for their Persons; others to take Measures for their Escape, and the greater Number, stupified with Fear, could form no Design, but prepared themselves to suffer the worst that could happen: so that of all the *great* and once *glorious* People of *Rome*, some few staunch *Cæsareans* were the only Persons that could think of the young Tyrant's Approach without trembling. They recollected the bloody Tragedy he had acted that Time twelve-month; and thought the Horror of it would be doubled both in Cruelty and Violence, now that they were absolutely in his Power.

They reckoned very justly as to *Rapacity* and *Injustice*; but as to the Bloodshed, they were disappointed to the better. For about this Time there began to appear some Signs of a Disposition in the young Triumvir that did him great Service now, and proved afterwards the true Foundation of all his Grandeur. It was a happy Inclination to listen to his Friends and follow the Advice of Men wiser than himself. *Salvidienus Rufus* and *M.*

Vispanius Agrippa were directing the Route of the veteran Army, while *Cor. Gallus* and *Cilnius Mecenias* were attending the sickly *Cæsar*. They were aware of the terrified and therefore ticklish State of Men's Minds at *Rome*: and lest *Lepidus* (who might think he had been ill used) should put himself at the Head of a desperate People, they persuaded the Youth to write in mild Terms to the Senate (of which a Shadow still remained), and assure them, 'That he intended to offer no Violence to the City, but to transact all Affairs with Moderation and Clemency.' He so far kept his Word, that the Murders committed during the *Proscription* were restrained: but his Soldiers filled the City with Robberies, and his own Wants put him immediately upon confiscating and selling Estates as before. His Health in the mean Time mended in his native Air; and the new Consuls *P. Servilius Vatia Isauricus*, and *Lucius Antony* (the *Triumvir's* youngest Brother), entered upon their nominal Office: For the old Form was still kept up, though the supreme Magistracy of the Republic was no more than an empty Name. If there were any real power remaining, it was exercised not by those called Consuls, but by the *Virago Fulvia*, who in Effect usurped the Government, and carried every Thing with a high Hand.

After the extinction of Law and Liberty, the *Soldiery* were become the only Source of Greatness. All Methods therefore of ingratiating one's

self with *them* were looked on with a jealous Eye by Competitors for Power. It had been stipulated in the Agreement between *Antony* and *Cæsar*, that the latter should settle the *Veterans* in the Cities and Lands promised to them in *Italy* before they marched against *Cassius* and *Brutus*: But the Privilege of disposing of *so much* Property, and of obliging so formidable a *Body*, seemed to *Antony's* Wife *Fulvia*, to his Brother *Lucius*, and to his Commissary *Manius*, too great an Accession of Strength to the young *Cæsar*: they therefore endeavoured to raise a Clamor against him, as if he meant to defraud *Antony's* Veterans of their Share of the Reward; or at least to select all the fairest Towns and finest Lands for his own Men. They were very industrious, and succeeded so well, that they had almost raised a Mutiny: *Fulvia*, attended by her two Sons, went herself among the Troops, begging them *not to suffer themselves and their General to be wronged in his Absence*; and so enflamed them, that *Cæsar* was glad to yield a Part of his Right, and permit *Antony's* Wife and Brother to acquire the Merit of settling his discharged Soldiers in what Manner they pleased. Having got this Handle, these two Persons, whose *Characters* we need not repeat, turned restless and overbearing: Their forced Union and patched-up Affinity with *Cæsar* easily broke: he sent home *Clodia*, the young Creature he had married, and who had lived with him as his Wife before and after his last Expedition, to her Mother *Fulvia*, untouched (as he swore in

judgment) and a pure Virgin: and they as if by the Triumvir's Order, endeavoured to instigate all the old Officers attached to *Antony* against him on one Hand, and to make him odious to the stripped Inhabitants of *Italy* on the other. He stood on slippery Ground; and found to his Cost, that neither the Laws of Humanity nor those of our Country are to be trampled on with Impunity.

The Troops that composed *Cæsar* and *Antony's* Armies were not enlisted in the Name of the Senate and People of Rome. They had been so at first; when they learned the Exercise of their Arms in the Legions of the Republic: But now they were a Crew of lawless Ruffians, armed indeed like *Roman Soldiers*, but who had sold themselves to the Usurpers, to cut the Throats of their Fellow-Citizens, on Condition they should be enriched by their Spoils. They could of Consequence be kept under little Discipline; having no Tie to their Leaders but *private Gain*, and fighting not against the *Foes*, but the best *Friends* of their native Country. They did not look upon themselves as *under Command*; but as Men courted by their Generals, who stood more in Need of their Service, than *they* did of their Premiums or Pay. *Mutiny* therefore and *Desertion* (unpardonable Crimes in a legal Army) instead of punishment, met now with high Rewards from the illegal Leaders: Nor durst the deserted General complain, or execute the military Law against the Offenders, lest he should disoblige their Fellows who remained: By these Means, the Soldiery

arrived at the highest Pitch of Insolence, and exerted it (most *justly*) against their Corrupters.

The disbanded Veterans, after they had refreshed themselves for some Days, and committed all Sorts of Disorders in Rome, sent a *Deputation* of *Centurions* to wait upon Cæsar, and let him know that the Army expected the Performance of his Engagements in the Payment of the Donative promised before the Campaign. He gave them good Words, and told them he was making Preparations to do it as fast as possible: But they made him understand *it must be distributed without Delay*. His Forfeitures and Levies of Money, however oppressive, came far short of the requisite Sum. He had therefore Recourse to *Sacrilege*; and sent trusty Persons to all the great Temples in and about Rome, to bring him the Contents of the sacred Treasuries. With this Recruit he ordered the Veterans to assemble in the *Campus Martius* (the great Field on the *Tiber*) to receive their Arrears. They would not wait the Morning of the appointed Day; but went in Crowds to the Place, while it was yet dark; when Cæsar not appearing so soon as they expected, they lost Patience, and began to be disorderly. One of the Tribunes, *M. Nonius* thought it *his Duty* to put them in Mind of *theirs*, and told them 'they were not behaving as became *Soldiers* toward their *General*; that Cæsar's ill Health only detained him, which did not permit him to come so early abroad.' At first they poured out some rough Raillery upon the Tribune — called him a

Sycophant, and a pretty Fellow to play the *Valet*; but when he took a higher Tone and began to threaten, they turned furious, threw Stones at him, and drove him into the River, where he was drowned. His Body they drew out, and laid it full in the Way by which Cæsar must come from Rome. Some of his Officers dissuaded his risking his Person among Men in such Fury: but others thinking their Rage would swell upon a Disappointment, and might break out in committing some terrible Mischief, advised him to venture. He did so, and went down, we may suppose, with some Palpitation at his Heart. He turned aside from the Corpse, and passing on to the Tribunal, artfully threw the Blame of Nonius's Death upon a few, — advised them to be more tender of one another for the future; told them, 'he was come not only to pay the promised Donative, but to reward distinguished Bravery, and therefore desired that such of them as had Pretensions to the military Recompence and Honors should give in their Claims, which he would instantly satisfy.' This Mildness and Generosity disarmed the military Men: their Fierceness vanished; — they repented the killing their Tribune, — they were ashamed of their Misbehaviour to their General; and at Length called out to have Nonius's Murderers seized and condignly punished. Cæsar answered, 'That he was not ignorant who they were, but would inflict no other Punishment upon them than their own evil Conscience, and the Condemnation of their
Fellows.'

‘Fellows.’ This Clemency filled them a-new with Admiration, which broke out in loud Huzzaes, that followed him from the Tribunal all the Way to *Rome*.

But when there is no settled Government nor legal Discipline, these Gusts of Love or Anger in an Army are of no Duration. Scarce a Day passed without some Violence offered to the Citizens, or Insult to their own Officers. They came to look upon themselves as Men of prime Dignity in the State. The public Misery did not hinder the People from frequenting the Theatre as usual, and attending the *Spectacles* given by the *Triumvirs* at the Expense of the best Blood of *Rome*. At one of these a common Soldier, finding no Room in the Pit, thought fit to go and seat himself among the *Roman Knights*, who had Benches by themselves, immediately behind the *Patricians*. The Audience hissed — *Cæsar* commanded the Fellow to be taken away — His Companions took it into their Heads he had been ordered to Prison or to Execution; and when the Assembly broke up, they surrounded *Cæsar*, and in great Wrath demanded their Mate. — *Cæsar* knew nothing of him — They said *he lied*, and had certainly *put him to Death* — The military Crowd thickened; their Passion rose higher; and if by the greatest Chance, the Fellow had not happened to appear, they had infallibly pulled the young *Triumvir* in Pieces. — They would not even believe the Man himself, when he assured them, *that he had not been so much as put in*

Custody, but called him *a Dog and a Traitor*, who had been bribed to give up the Rights of the Army. Rome, through their unchecked Licentiousness, was in little better Plight than a Town taken by Storm, and given up to Pillage: for at the same Time, *Sextus Pompey* and *Domitius Enobarbus*, being Masters of the upper and nether Seas, stopped all Import of Corn to the *Tiber* or the *Po*: and the civil War having among other Evils, prevented Tillage in *Italy*, the City was pressed with *Famine*, and began to taste that Part of the Legacy left them by *Julius Cæsar*. In Rage and Despair, the Tradesmen shut up their Shops; the Tribunals were deserted, and the nominal Magistracies were abrogated by the People who told them publicly, ‘*There was no Occasion either for Tradesmen or Magistrates in a famished Town abandoned to military Violence.*’ This was the State of the Head of the Empire.

Things were rather worse throughout Italy. Let us imagine all the Nobility and Gentry in the finest Counties of Great-Britain expelled their Houses and Lands.—Let us imagine the Inhabitants of *York*, *Bristol*, *Glasgow*, *Liverpool*, *Aberdeen*, *Leeds*, *Newcastle*, and of fourteen other great Towns, commanded to evacuate their Dwellings, and quit both their public Territory, and their private Possessions all around, to make Way for old Soldiers, Serjeants, Centurions, and such like

‘*An mare quod supra est memorem, an quod alluit infra?*’
Virg.

Persons, and we will have some Notion of the *Roman* Misery: for the Armies of the Commonwealth, corrupted by their Leaders, did the same Thing to their Constituents, that the *Goths* and *Vandals* and other Barbarians did afterwards in their fiercest Incursions: Both drove out the Inhabitants, and took Possession of their Houses and Lands in their Stead; with this Difference, that such Violence was to be *expected* from *foreign* Invaders, and was imbittered by coming from their Fellow-Citizens and former Servants¹.

The Natives of the *Capital* were, properly speaking, the *Princes of the Empire*; but their Number was constantly supplied, and their declining Body recruited by an Accession of new Citizens from the *Municipia*, or those free Towns throughout *Italy*, whose Inhabitants had acquired the Right and enjoyed the Privilege of *standing Candidates for the Offices and Honors of Rome*. The *Triumviral* Massacre was no Doubt a desperate Wound to the Head of the *Republic*, which yet would have closed in Time, had the *Body* remained sound: But now the Destruction of the free, privileged *Cities* and *States* of the Mother-Country, (each of which was as much an Epitome of Rome, as our flourishing Colonies are of the *British Government* by a King, Lords and Commons) proved the *final Subversion* of the *Roman Constitution*. Liberty, that Soul-raising Principle,

¹ Αντωνιος η Καίσαρ ὀλίγα δεῖν Πασση Ιταλιας τὰς παλαιὰς οἰκήτορας ἐξελασάντες.

had been fled for some Years : and now Property was overthrown in its Turn. Law and Right were banished ; the Empire was turned upside down ; and *Italy*, late the Source of Order and Seat of Magistracy, was filled with Horror and Devastation. All the noble Families (a few *Cæsareans* excepted) were driven out. — The Commons of greatest Worth, and Heirs of ancient Descent, were stripped of their paternal Estates, and exposed to Contempt and Beggary². The Tale is mournful, and the Particulars too many and too various to be separately narrated. Let every *Briton* possessed of an Estate, and every Citizen of a Corporation, lay his Hand upon his Heart, and assure himself it will be his *own Case*, if ever, (which Heaven avert) through private Vice or Party-Rage, we give up our *Palladium*, the British Constitution, and consequently be stripped of our public Liberty. The very *Thought* is shocking: let us try to find some agreeable Circumstance that may recal the Mind from the Horrors of such a Scene ?

Among many more grievous Disasters that happened in the general Desolation, no one is so much known and pitied as the Case of a young Man, not as yet of great Name, whose Father lost his small Manor, and he himself ran after

² ——— *Undique totis*

Usque adeo turbatur Agris —

—— *Veteres migrate Coloni.*

Virgil. *Eclog.* I. IX.

wards some Risque of his Life from the Centurion who had seized it. After this I need scarce name *P. Virgilius Maro*, whose Genius was beginning to produce the *First-fruits* of those Works that have since rendered him immortal. He was known by some ingenious juvenile Things—by his Epitaph on *Crofbow* the Highwayman — on a *Gnat* that waked a Shepherd ready to be stung by a Serpent — by his *Ciris*, his Description of Mount *Etna*, and still more by his early *pastoral* Compositions, some of which are perhaps suppressed. For the greater Part of those remaining bear Marks of his Acquaintance with those great Persons which is thought to have *begun* about this Time.

Afinius Pollio and Cornelius Gallus were two very accomplished Gentlemen; the one a great Friend of *M. Antony*, and the other a Favorite with *Cæsar*. They were both *Poets*, and yet cordial Friends: 'Pollio excelled in the *Dramatic*, and Gallus in the softer *Elegiac* Way. Though brave *Officers*, and as afterwards appeared, *able Statesmen*, they were, contrary to modern Practice, *sensible of the Merit of Genius*, and anxious to protect and cherish it in the young *Maro*. Stript and indigent like thousands of others, he came from *Mantua* to the Capital: and being either

' Afinius Pollio writes to *M. Cicero* from *Spain*, 'That if he had a Mind to read a Play of his, he might ask it from his Intimate Cornelius Gallus.'

Ad Fam. Lib. X. Ep. 30

G 3

already known to *Gallus* by the prior Productions of his Muse, (as I am apt to believe was the Case *) or introduced to him on this wretched Occasion, that Gentleman carried him first to *Mecenas*, now prime Minister, and just entering upon a new erected Office, Governor of Rome, and then both together presented him to the young *Triumvir* †. At their Intercession, Cæsar ordered the Poet to be re-inflated in his Possessions, and the Soldier who had seized them to be provided for elsewhere. True Poetry exempts the most common Events from Oblivion. Amid Multitudes who shared the same Fate, Virgil's Pen has alone eternized the Loss of his Manor, and bestowed Immortality on his Patrons for its Restitution. For it is the powerful Touch of the Muse that either consecrates to Fame, or condemns to Ignominy †.

* Gallus's Passion for the Actress *Cytheris*, and her Elopement to meet *M. Antony*, happened almost three Years before the Expulsion of the landed Gentlemen from their Estates, and of the Citizens from their Towns. Compare *Virgil's* X. Eclogue with Vol. II. p. 46, 47.

‡ *Hic illum vidi Juvenem ———*
Hic mihi Responsum primus dedit ille petenti:
Pascite, ut antè, Boves, Pueri; — submitte
Tauros.

[Nec] *nostro illius labatur pectore Vultus.*

Virgil. Eclog. I

¶ *Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua Carmina, Mævi!*
Atque idem jungat Vulpes, & mulgeat Hircos.

Idem Eclog. III.

He was now near *thirty*; and if the Story concerning his *Silenus* (VI Pastoral) be genuine, he must have already acquired a Character in that Kind of Writing. It is a Piece of deep Philosophy and Learning, adorned with all the Graces of Fable and of simple Nature. It was so much approved when first published, that the celebrated Actress Cytheris (*Gallus's* Flame and *Antony's* Mistress) was called upon to speak it on the Stage for the Entertainment of the People. It was there heard with such Admiration, that the great Judge of all Composition, Tullius Cicero, who happened to be in the Theatre, struck with its Beauty, broke out in an Exclamation,

— *magna Spes altera Romæ* — !

The second Hope of all-subduing Rome !

Learning had but lately made its Way among that martial conquering People. Cicero had brought their *Eloquence* to rival it with the *Grecian*, and with a concealed Compliment to himself (which he did not dislike), he pronounced, that Virgil would raise their *Poetry* to the same Pitch of Excellency. This short but wonderful Drama, containing a Sketch of the Creation of the World, is addressed to Varus, who from this Date of it, and the great Commands it affirms him to have borne, may possibly have been the ancient Consul Cassius Varus, who was murdered in the Fens of *Minturno*, but is more probably the Pretor S. Quintilius

Varus who fell at *Philippi*?. It is scarce probable it should be Alphenus Varus who, though bred a Shoemaker, studied under *Servius Sulpicius*, became eminent in the Law, and was Consul A^o U. C. DCCLIV that is two-and-forty Years after this, when he must have been about seventy, if he had already commanded Armies; neither does that martial Character agree with *Quintilius* of *Cremona*, whom *Horace* celebrates only for his private Virtues, — his Modesty, his Truth, his Candor and inviolate Attachment to his Friends; without the least Insinuation of his having ever moved in a higher Sphere. It is therefore more likely it should be the noble Varus, who took Arms with *M. Brutus* in the Cause of Liberty, and disdained to ask his Life of the Triumvirs. For if this sublime Piece of Mythology was heard and admired by Cicero, it must have been composed near two Years before the Battle of *Philippi*.

It is true that the old Commentators ascribe the Compliments paid in this Pastoral to *Alphenus Varus* the transformed Shoemaker, in which they are followed by the greatest Part of the Moderns: but it is as true, that what they write on this Subject is a Heap of Confusion and Inconsistency; and that the ingenious *Trajano Boccalini* had the best Reason to introduce Virgil ordering his Servants in *Parnassus* to cane his Commentator *Servius*

’ ——— namque super Tibi erunt qui dicere laudes
Vere tuas cupiant, & tristia condere Bella.

Honoratus for demeaning his Sense, corrupting his Story, and making him talk like a Changeling. Lest however my having said, that the young *Maro* was at this Time a Poet of no great Name, should appear strange, let me throw some Light upon the poetic as well as civil Affairs of this Period.

Upon the first Mention of the Poets of the *Augustan* Age, our Imagination immediately presents us with *Virgil* and *Horace* — then with *Tibullus*, *Propertius* and *Ovid* — And great Men they were; sufficient to illustrate any Period of Time; or grace the Reign of any Prince. Yet it is very certain, that if we confine our Views to them, we will have a very scanty and imperfect Conception of the State of Poetry for many Years after the Ruin of the Republic. We scruple not to call *Virgil* the *Prince* of the *Roman Epic Poets* — and so he certainly became; but it was almost twenty Years after the Death of *Cæsar* ere he acquired that Rank. At this Time, in DCCXII, and for several Years after, the two greatest *Roman Poets* were two Men whose Names few People would recollect, and whom many professing Letters will scarce know when named. These were *L. Helvius Cinna* and *Lucius Julius Calidius*. My Authority for the first is the learned and acute *Catullus*: who prophesies, ‘*That Cinna’s Smyrna*, a heroic Poem upon the dismal Story of *Cinaras* and *Myrrha* (whom the old *Grecians* called *Smyrna*) would be an immortal

‘ *Work* ’; and may his Prophecy be fulfilled by its being dug out of the Ruins of *Herculano*, with other more valuable Authors! Next Virgil himself, who joins Cinna with Varius; and professes that his own Productions will always be lame until they merit to be ranked with the Works of these two great Performers’: And lastly Horace, who has taken his Rule of correcting poetic Compositions for nine Years from Cinna’s Practice and Example. He was indeed a Man of good Genius, wide Learning, and indefatigable Application. He ran to an extreme in the last; and so corrected and labored his Poetry, that it became *obscure* to vulgar Readers; so that Virgil

- Smyrna mei Cinnae nonam post denique messem
Quam coepta est, nonamque edita post hiemem —
Smyrnam — incana diu Sæcula pervolvent.

Catullus.

- Nam neque adhuc Varo videor, nec dicere Cinna
Digna, sed argutos inter strepere Anser Olores.

Virgil.

M. Antony seems to have been no happier in his *Roman*, than in his *Greek* Bard. It was one Mr. Gosling, whom *Virgil*, with a single equivocal Term, has made ridiculous, and ranked with *Bavius* and *Mævius* his Companions! Antony had assigned a Piece of Land to his Panegyrist; a Part of the *Falernian* Fields; from whence, said Cicero in the same *double entendre*, Let *M. Antony’s* Goslings be quickly driven away!

- Non Lectore tuis opus est, sed Apolline libris,
Judice te major Cinna Marone fuit.

Martial. ad Crisp.

afterwards rose to have the same Superiority in this Respect over him that the Painter *Apelles* had over his too applicate Rival. *Protogenes*, said he, *is rather a better Painter than I; but he knows not when to lay down his Pencil — which I do.* But for all that, *Cinna's* Work was so much read and admired, that an Explication of its hidden Beauties raised a Character for Learning and Taste to its Author. *L. Crassitius*, a Native of *Tarento*, seems to have been some Way connected with the Consul *C. Pansa* that fell at *Modena*, having assumed that Sirname after the Consul's Death: He was employed when young about the Stage in assisting the *Mimographers*; as you would say, Writers for the *Italian Theatre*; or Authors of the *petites Pieces* acted after Tragedies in *France*. Afterwards he opened a School for reading *Heroic Poetry*, and in this capacity he published his ingenious and learned *Commentary* upon *Cinna's* elaborate Poem. It was received with such Applause as to produce the following Verses:

*SMYRNA, the beauteous self-concealing Maid,
To PANSAs piercing Eye her Form display'd:
No more, ye Dunces! court her to your Arms,
The Man she marries, who has known her Charms².*

² Uni Crassitio se credere Smyrna probavit:

Definite indocti conjugio hanc petere.

Soli Crassitio se dixit nubere velle:

Intima cui soli nota sua extiterint.

Sueton. De illust. Gram.

As for Calidius, his Eminence in *Poetry* is acknowledged by the great Master of Thought and Language, *Tullius Cicero*, who has characterized him in his *Brutus*: *Velleius Paterculus* puts him on a Level with that same *Brutus*, with *Cælius*, and with *Calvus*: but his being the *supreme Favorite of the Muses* is formally asserted by the same learned Judge to whom *Catullus* addressed his miscellaneous Poems. It is *Cornelius Nepos* I mean, who declares in his *Life of Atticus*, that after the Death of *Lucretius* and *Calvus*, he could with great Truth affirm, ‘*that L. Calidius was by far the most elegant Poet that Age had produced, and a no less worthy Man.*’ A Passage however in *Eusebius’s Chronicle* leaves it dubious, whether the Orator were the same Man with the Poet. ‘*M. Calidius* says he, having acquired the Reputation of a great Speaker, sided afterwards with the *Cæsean* Party, and got the Government of the nearer *Gaul*, where he died in the Town of *Piacenza*.’ It is difficult to ascertain Things minutely at this Distance of Time: nor dare we venture to rank this Article among the other Inaccuracies of the laborious Bishop’. It is true, while the Republic flourished, all the great Men who had a Genius for *Poetry* were under a Necessity of studying *Oratory* at the same Time, if they meant to make any Figure in the State. They are Sister-Arts, conjoined by Nature, that reciprocally support and brighten one another. *Cicero, Cæsar,*

’ See *Jos. Scaliger. Animadvers. in Euseb.*

Calvus, *Brutus*, and *Pollio*, were all Poets for *Pleasure*, while they cultivated Rhetoric as the necessary Instrument of Government. It is likewise certain that this celebrated Poet, *Calidius*, survived the *Proscription*; that his Estate was confiscated, and his Name actually put into the Roll of condemned Persons (principally upon Account of his fertile Possessions in *Africa*) by *Antony's* Master of Artillery *T. Volumnius*: but he was happily extricated by *Amicus's* Means, who had a great Friendship for him, and no less Interest with the Triumvir's Favorite. Whether therefore it were the Man of Eloquence, or perhaps his Nephew*, *Nepos* pronounces him Prince of the *Roman Poets* after the Death of *Lucretius* and *Calvus*: a Rank, to which it should seem, neither *Virgil* nor even *Varius* could as yet aspire.

But, not long after the first Recovery of his Land, a new Calamity befel the young Poet. Among the other Cities of *Lombardy*, the Inhabitants of *Cremona* had distinguished themselves by their Zeal for Liberty and the Republic; and being therefore marked out for Destruction, were now to be delivered up a Prey to the *Veterans*. Their City and Lands being however too scanty to receive the destined Body, that Deficiency was

* If there be no Error in the *Prenomen* as it stands in *Cornelius Nepos*, they were certainly different Men. The Poet is there called *Lucius*; whereas the Orator is called *Marcus* both by *Cicero* and by *Cæsar*, who mentions him in the Beginning of his Memoirs of the civil War, as a moderate Man.

ordered to be supplied by seizing the contiguous *Mantuan Farms*. *Arrius* a rude Centurion again invaded Virgil's Manor; who imagining he had an undoubted Right to keep Possession in Virtue of his new Grant', began to make Resistance, and refuse Entrance to the armed Invader'. The Contest was unequal, and had like to have had dismal Consequences. The enraged Ruffian drew his Sword, flew at the poor Poet with the cruel Intention of putting him to Death: and had he not been nimble, and jumped into the *Mincio*, the Stream he has since made famous, we had for ever lost the Works of *Maro*'. In this new Distress, he had again Recourse to his former Patrons. *Gallus*, *Varius*, and *Pollio*, had by this Time been conjunctly appointed *Triumvirs* (not for resettling the Common-wealth like their Masters) but *Commissioners for dividing the Lands to the Veterans*. I say *conjunctly*, because *Pollio* being particularly attached to *M. Antony*, had the Command of his Share of the Veterans in *Italy*; and, I suppose, has been named with *Fulvia's* Permission, by *L. Antony* the new Consul, to take Care of their Interests in Conjunction with the Commissioners

⁵ Audieras; & fama fuit; sed Carmina tantum
Nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum
Chaonias dicunt, Aquilâ veniente, Columbas.

⁶ This *second* Adventure (not sufficiently distinguished from the first) sets the XI. Pastoral in the clearest light.

⁷ Heu! cadit inquemquam tantum Scelus? heu! tua nobis
Penè simul tecum solatia rapta, Menalca!

from the young *Cæsar*. They were all well disposed to favor *Virgil*, and saw in his youthful Productions the noble Genius that would one Day do Honor to his Country. An Order was issued, that *Arrius* should be removed; and, once more, the Poet was re-instated in his paternal Fields. He then produced those sweet select Pieces we so justly admire under the Name of *Eclogues*: For, after the first Flashes of Fancy natural to a new-flown Muse, he had soared high, and attempted a Poem upon the Race of Kings that had reigned in Alba before the Foundation of *Rome*. It was a Subject fruitful in Stories, of Battles, Enchantments, and Prodigies; not unlike that of *Ariosto*, excepting its Knight-Errantry*. But finding the Names both of *Persons* and *Places* unmusical and harsh, the Materials beyond his Reach, and of a different Cast from the *Manners* he had seen; he was discouraged, threw up his Design, and with other *Helps* and *Views* undertook a Kind of Writing more adapted to his Life and Studies. He had been bred *in the Country*, and was accustomed to rural Objects: was sent young to School at *Cremona*, and from thence to *Naples*; which being

* *Ariosto* appears another *Homer* for Invention: His Tales are endless, and his Adventures infinitely varied. They astonished the *Cardinal*, who asked *Dove diavolo*, Messer Ludovico, avete preso tante *Coglionerie*? Here is an Answer from a good Hand. *Espejo de Cavallerias, del verdadero Historiador Turpin: Libro que tiene parte de la Invençion del famoso Matteo Boyardo, donde Ariosto texiò la Tela de su Poema.*

originally a *Grecian* Colony, and retaining much of the Manners and Language of its *Athenian* Founders⁹, gave him the first Taste of that elegant Literature so artfully interspersed through his Works. At the Request of Pollio, (which does Honor to his Judgment) *Virgil* now applied himself particularly to *Pastoral Compositions*¹, and considering the stubborn Tongue in which he wrote, has succeeded to a Miracle. Take any one of his smoothest Lines, such as

*Nascere — præque diem veniens æge, Lucifer,
almum —*

and weigh the Words one by one, or range them in a different Order; and the most ordinary Ear will feel their Harshness and perceive the Power of *Rhythmus* and Art of the Poet. To attain this Sweetness of Versification, he borrowed without scruple from the *Grecian* Writers. First he set up the *Sicilian* Poetry as it charms in *Theocritus* for his Pattern, and has in most of his Pastorals translated him almost literally. Where that is not the Case, he has employed all the founding easy-

⁹ Νεαπολις Κυμάρων· ἕτερον δὲ καὶ Χαλκιδεῖς ἐπώχνησαν, καὶ Πιθηκασείων τινὲς ἀγωγῆς καὶ Ἀθηναίων. — Πλεῖστα δὲ τῆς ἑλληνικῆς ἰχθυῖς ἐνταῦθα σωζέται, Γυμνασίαι τε, καὶ ΕΦηβιακά, καὶ Φράτρια.

Στραβων. Βιβ. Ε.

¹ Pollio amat nostram, quamvis sit rustica, Musam:
Pierides, vitulam lectori pascite vestro.

Ecl. III.
pronounced

pronounced Names * both of Persons and Places from the *Doric Dialect* of his Original; such as *Phyllis*, *Amaryllis*, and *Galatea* — *Daphnis*, *Dametas*, and *Palemon*; these and a hundred more of the same Stamp, run smoothly off the Tongue, enliven the Diction, and unloose the Fetters of the old iron-bound *Roman Verse* *.

An ingenious Company of *Greek* and *Roman* Gentlemen had the Pastorals of *Theocritus* and the Eclogues of *Virgil* laid upon the Table after Dinner; and amused themselves with comparing the *Roman Copy* with the *Grecian Original*: ‘ We found, says one of them *, that, in rendering the shining Sentences and delicate Strokes of his Author, *Virgil* had not chose to translate Word for Word; but had with great Discretion picked out what could be most happily expressed in *Latin*, and left the Rest untouched.’ What he has left out is wonderfully sweet in the *Greek*; but it neither *could* nor *should* have been translated. In the adduced Instance, those who can compare the Translation with the Original, will perhaps be surpris’d to see that what is so wonderfully sweet in the *Greek* is, the endearing Address, the pretty *caressing Names* interchanged

Graius Ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui. Horat.

For instance,

Est locus, Hesperian, quem mortales perbibant. Enn. apud Macrobi. and his own Proverb, *Aurum de Stercore Ennii.* Virg.

* A. Gellius. Noct. Att. Lib. ix. cap. 9.

VOL. IV.

H

by the *Sicilian Swains*; or the *playful familiar* ones given their favorite *Ram*; but which the Severity of the *Roman Manners*, and the consequent Stiffness of their Language made it improper or impossible to translate'. 'In some Places indeed, continues the Gentleman, they found he had supplied these Omissions with something equally or even more sweet and graceful; in others, that he had *missed* or spoiled the simple Majesty of his Original' and as *Valerius Probus* observed, 'had *misapplied* Metaphors that were used with the greatest Propriety by their Inventors.' A Detail of these Imitations would fill a Volume; and will come more properly under Consideration in the History of his larger Works. It is at present sufficient to know that Virgil did the same Thing to *Theocritus* which *Sannazzaro* has since done to Virgil, or which Messieurs *Boileau* and *Pope* have done to his Friend *Horace*. The learned *Italian* has transformed the *Eclogues* into Ha-

Τίτυρ' ἔμιν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένε! βόσκει τὰς αἰγὰς
Καὶ ποτὶ τὰν κρᾶναν ἄγε Τίτυρε καὶ τὸν ἐνὸρχαν
Τὸν Λιεύκον Κνάκωνα Φυλάσσεο, μὴ τὸ κορυψῇ.

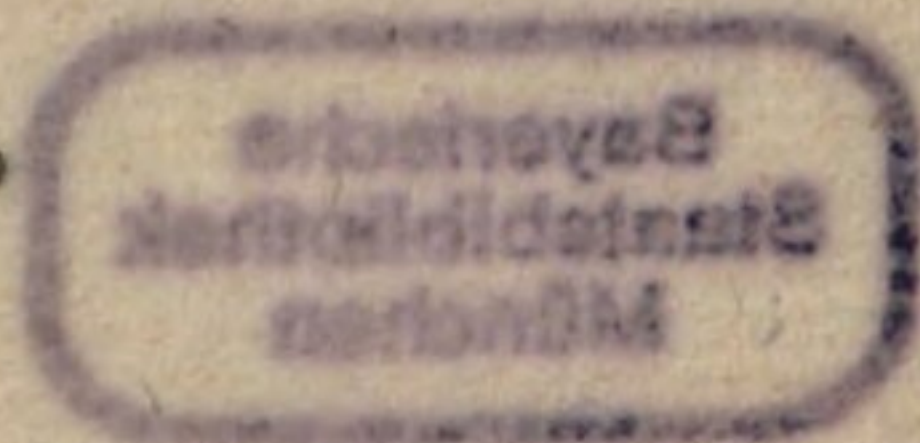
Θεόκριτος.

Tityre, dum redeo, brevis est via, pasce capellas,
Et potum pastas age, Tityre; & inter agendum
Occursare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

A. Gell. Noct. Att. Lib. xiii. cap. 25.

Si fastidium facere non timerem, ingentia poteram
Volumina de his, quæ (Virgilius) à penitissima Græcorum
doctrina transtulisset, implere.

Macrobian. Sat. V. in fine.



lieutics; that is to say, has taken the Phrase, Style, and Incidents of the *Roman* Pastorals, and applied them to the Life and Adventures of *Fishermen*; and the *French* and *English* Poets have taken the Characters and Sentiments of the *Roman Satyrist*, and applied them to *modern Life* and *Manners* of which they were perfect Masters.

But though these pastoral Pieces be but *Copies*, and delineate Nature as it were *at second Hand*; they are as justly the Objects of Admiration, as *Giulio Romano's* Copies from *Rafael* are in Painting. It was in Truth a grand Attainment, and shows great Mastery and Taste, to *mollify his Mother-Tongue*, and bring so stiff and unpliant a Speech, hatched and reared among *Shields* and *Spears*, to express *Sicilian Sweetness* or *Doric Simplicity*, — to paint that Ease of Mind, that Flow of Fancy and Language, that twines about the *Shepherd's Crook*, and flies both from the *Sceptre* and the *Sword*. He chose to inscribe these little Pieces in a *Greek Term*, *Bucolics*, and made them serve three different Purposes.

First, to sooth the Soldier and the Courtier with rural Images — with Pictures of *the Days of Innocence*; that might draw their Eyes from the horrid Scenes of Barbarity which they daily beheld acting. Then the pastoral *Dialogue* in its alter-

Fortunate Senex! hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.
Hinc tibi, quæ semper vicino ab limite fepes
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta Salicti
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro. Ecl. I.

nate Stanzas gave him fair Opportunities both to paint his own Distress in the Characters of Shepherds' without Offence, and to pay unstrained Compliment to his Protectors². Lastly, under the *allegorical Names* of Nymphs and Swains, he might touch upon the *Parties* that then tore the State, which it was not safe in any other Shape to mention, nor draw their mischievous Consequences in their proper Colors². These Views, particularly the second, made him without Doubt depart from the Simplicity of Nature, and, as he acknowledges himself³, take up a Strain far above the *Pastoral*: but their elegant Execution, and the deep Art with which he has covered his Labor and Learning, make us extremely willing to excuse the Trespas and acquiesce in the Sentence

En, unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis & Tugurî congestum cespite culmen,
Post aliquot, mea regna, videns, mirabor aristas.
Ecl. I.

Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una Sororum;
Utque viro Phoebi chorus affurrexerit omnis.
Ecl. VI.

— — Totis usque adeo turbatur agris.
Impius hæc tam culta novalia *Miles* habebit?
Barbarus has segetes — ? En quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros ? —
Ecl. I.

Sicelides Musæ! paulo *majora* canamus:
Non omnes *arbusta* juvant, humilesque *Myrica*:
Si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ,
Ecl. IV.

of a candid Critic, that Virgil's *Pollio*, his *Silenus*, his *Gallus*, and perhaps his *Daphnis*, are by no Means genuine *Pastorals*, but Something Better.

Mean-while the expelled Families through *Italy* flocked in Multitudes, a piteous Spectacle, to Rome. They were stripped of every Thing. For, not contented with their Houses and Lands, the Veterans had seized their Household-Furniture, their Slaves, their Cattle, and in a Word all their Moveables. They now implored the unavailing Protection of the few leading Men that remained in the Senate. No body would hear, or promise to help them except the new Consul, *Antony's* younger Brother.

As this is the chief Scene of his Life, it is proper we should know what Sort of Man he really was; and that is not easily come at, as no Person appears in History under two more different Characters than L. Antony. He is painted as a noble, unshaken, disinterested Patriot; a Protector of the Oppressed, and an Enemy to illegal Power. He is painted on the other Hand, as a violent, lawless Ruffian, capable of every Excess of Debauch and Cruelty, having all his Brother's Vices, without any of the Virtues that sometimes appeared in the Triumvir. I believe both Characters are exaggerated, but especially the first. That he was violent is certain, and no less lewd. When but young, the Shows of the Gladiators had raised in him such an Impatience to fight, that he got one of his Companions to arm like a *Thracian*, and try a Bout with him at Back-Sword. The Gla-

diators used to be Prisoners of War, or more commonly sturdy Malefactors and Slaves, condemned to fight for the Diversion of the People. — It was infamous for any Gentleman to affect their Manners, and a young Patrician's taking up the butchering Trade was a Scandal to his Family. *Lucius*, wild as he was, would not venture upon such a Frolic at home: The Adventure happened at *Mylassa*, a *Carian* Town, where the Combatants began in Play; but as they warmed, they forgot their Friendship; the Contest turned serious, they fought in Passion, *Lucius* laid his unhappy Antagonist dead at his Feet, and received a Gash himself, of which he bore the Mark while he lived*.

When he was acting as Lieutenant-General in the End of his Brother's Consulship, the Revolution happened in the Troops from *Macedon*, that shook the Courage of the elder Brother. So great a Body as the *Martian* and *Fourth* Legions deserting to *Cæsar*, made *M. Antony* apprehend the whole Army would abandon him, and therefore

* L. vero Antonium non ita appellavi *Gladiatorem*, ut interdum etiam *M. Antonius* *Gladiator* appellari solet; sed ut appellant ii, qui plane ac Latine loquuntur. *Myrmillo* in *Asia* depugnavit; cum ornasset *Threcedicis comitem* & *familiarem* suum illum miserum, fugientem jugulavit: luculentam tamen ipse plagam accepit, ut declarat cicatrix.

Philippic. VII.

Nuper quidem *Lucius* dicitur, ad *Tibur*, ut opinor, cum ei labare *M. Antonius* videretur, mortem fratri esse minatus.

Ibid. VI.

entertain Thoughts of making up Matters with the Senate, and dropping the Prosecution of the War against *Decimus Brutus*. He was at *Tivoli* in this wavering State, where happening to let drop some Expressions of Irresolution in his Brother's hearing, the violent *Lucius* laid his Hand on his Sword, and swore *he would be his Death, if he gave up the Cause*. These and other such Stories, together with his Behaviour at the miserable Sack of *Parma*, make me conclude *Lucius Antony* to have been very brave in Person, brutal in his Pleasures, profuse in Plenty, of immoderate Ambition, and almost such another as the *Triumvir*.

Being now Consul, blown up with the Thoughts of his Brother's Power, and instigated by the restless *Fulvia*; he began openly to profess himself *the Protector of the ejected Citizens*, to promise them his utmost Influence toward re-establishing them in their Estates; and they, *to stand by him to the last Drop of their Blood*. This sat him at the Head of a very numerous, but naked Body of Men, and as he wished, inflamed the Hatred and Clamor against *Cæsar*. The Youth was (not undeservedly) between two Fires: the expelled Nobles and Commons bore him a mortal Grudge; the insatiate Soldiers obtained not half their Expectations, and ascribed it to the Avarice or Pusillanimity of their General. He did once intend to have seized *all the Senators' Lands*, and divided them among the Veterans: he even moved it in the Senate, and had the Face to ask the Fathers, *out of what other Fund it was possible for him to*

pay the Donative he had promised to the Troops before the last Campaign? But upon second Thoughts and better Advice he forbore, and lost the Hearts of his Mercenaries by so doing; at the same Time that, by the furious driving of Fulvia and the Consul, he saw there was a Necessity to prepare for War.

In these Broils, as in most intestine Quarrels, they pretend that Love had a double Share. M. Antony's Affair with *Glaphyra*, the beauteous *Cappadocian* Queen, had made a great Noise in Rome. It had reached his Wife's Ears, and raised such a Storm in her Breast as might be expected from so haughty a Woman. The young *Cæsar* was newly recovered from his tedious Illness, was extremely handsome in his Person, and in the Bloom of Life. Whether partly to revenge her Husband's Infidelity, and partly to satisfy her own Passion, she really made *Advances* to the young Triumvir, I will not take upon me to affirm. She had been thrice married — was not very lovely — with a Tumor in one of her Cheeks that must have greatly hurt her Looks'. Certain it is, that *Cæsar*, to make them both ridiculous, gave it out, that she had called upon him to assist her to take a Revenge *in Kind* upon his Colleague, and because he declined to do her that good Office, she

⁵ Antonii Uxorem Fulviam, cui altera Bucca inflatior erat, acumen stili tentare dixit, S. Clodius: nec eo minus, immo vel magis ob hoc, Antonio gratus.

Suet. de illust. Rhet.

had in Fury declared open War. He even made himself and his Friends *merry* with the Adventure, and wrote a witty wanton Epigram upon it, which *Martial* has transmitted to our Times as an Excuse for his own Productions of the same Nature.

This was scarce hushed, when a new Fit of Jealousy added more Fuel to the Fire. The Appearance of the Egyptian Queen had effaced *Glaphyra*, and made her Reign of short Continuance: Had that second Amour passed over in the same transient Manner, it might possibly have had less dangerous Consequences: But when *Fulvia* came to learn that her rambling Spouse was actually gone to *Egypt* to pass the Winter with *Cleopatra* at *Alexandria*, she lost all Patience. *M. Manius Rufus* was intrusted with *Antony's* affairs in *Italy*, principally through *Fulvia's* Interest, to whom he paid a most assiduous Court. Being consulted upon this cruel Affair, he told his Patroness, ' That she could not expect *Antony* would leave
' his Department of the Empire, or even abandon his new Mistress, while Tranquillity reigned at *Rome*. But if a Rupture could be brought
' about between him and *Cæsar*, the Necessity
' of his Affairs would quickly force him to forsake *Egypt*, and return to his Duty in *Italy*.
She entered into those Views, and along with *L. Antony*, gave it confidently out, that the Resistance they made to the young *Cæsar's* Usurpations was by *M. Antony* the Triumvir's express Orders: that he did by no Means approve the Devastation of his Country by the Expulsion of its

lawful Possessors — that the Prices of the newly forfeited Estates were sufficient to acquit their Promises to the Soldiery — or if there were any Deficiency, it might be more than supplied out of the Spoils of *Asia*, and the vast Sums arising from the new Levies: But that the insatiate *Cæsar* grasped *at all*, and under Pretence of providing for the Veterans, wanted to seize the whole Property of *Italy* into his own Hands. They would therefore listen to no Terms offered by the young Man and his Friends — but required all the Commanders under Antony, *Pollio*, *Plancus*, and *Ventidius*, to take Arms, and rendezvous at *Preneſte*.

These Gentlemen were not quite satisfied that this War was of *M. Antony's* raising, or that it was carried on by his Direction. Two of them contented themselves with drawing their Men together, and standing upon the Defensive; but the polite *Plancus* obey'd the Lady, and led his Troops to the appointed Place. And now *Italy*, the chief of Nations, became a new Scene of Confusion and Blood: for the wretched Inhabitants of the Towns, that had been driven from their Dwellings like so many Sheep, having got a *Leader*, and being supported, as they believed, by the Authority of a *Triumvir*, began every where to make Resistance. They durst not face the armed Invaders in a Body; but wherever they found them straggling, they knocked them on the Head; and even in Towns they killed them with Arrows from Windows, and Stones from House-Tops.

The Veterans in a Rage set them on Flame, and filled the Cities and Villages with Murder and Burnings.

The best Things, when corrupted, acquire, they say, the most malignant Qualities. No Nation had ever enjoyed a higher Run of Liberty and legal Government than the Romans: and no Nation ever underwent more dreadful Pangs in their Transformation into Slaves. They bought their Race of Tyrants at the Price of the most intense Misery that ever a People suffered; for of a free Republic, Rome was changed, if I may use the Term, into a *Stratocracy*, or a mere *military Government*. The *Will* of the worst and most brutal of Mankind was come in Place of *Law*; their Desire was a final Sentence, and their Mutiny its Sanction. An ill-balanced Sway between the Demands of the Soldiers and the precarious Authority of their Leaders (who durst not control the Tools of their Usurpation) was the only feeble Check upon the Ravagers of the Empire. In Effect it was always the Army trained and poisoned by Julius Cæsar that ruined all Designs for the public Liberty, and at last, to speak in their own Style, cut the Throat of the *Roman Commonwealth*. After the Proscription, and after the fatal Defeat of the great Men who fought at *Philippi*, the *Soldiery* took their full Swing in Rapine, and now openly grasped the Government in their polluted Hands. The sturdy *Tribunes* came in Place of the murdered Nobility; the sanguinary *Centurions* supplied the Equestrian Order,

and the *Banditti* that filled the Battalions, assumed the Powers of the Roman People. So it has, and so it will always happen in every Nation where an overgrown Army can absorb the civil Power. Let me give two Instances that will set this imminent Danger in the clearest Light.

The *Macedonian Phalanx*, led by Alexander, had over-run the vast *Persian* Empire. After his Death they caballed; and instead of obeying, presumed to dictate to their Generals. Their Licentiousness increased with their military Fame; particularly the celebrated Life-Guards, the *Argyraspides* or *Silver-shield* Regiment, were guilty of such atrocious Cruelties and Perfidy, that they became universally detested, and were at last decoyed by their own Officers into the *Hyrceanian* Deserts, there to perish like wild Beasts. They behaved, says an Eye-Witness of the *Roman* Miseries, just as *our* Veterans are doing now; who, it is to be feared, will ruin every Thing, and by their Extravagance and Riot, bring Perdition upon those for whom they fought, as well as upon their Adversaries. For if any one will read the Accounts of the *Macedonian* Veterans, he will find them so much of a Piece with the present Behaviour of *our own*, that the Distance of Time between the Events is the only Mark by which to distinguish them.

The fertile Kingdom of Egypt was easily wrested from the later lazy Emperors by the conquering Caliphs. Their Successors finding the effeminate Race of the Natives unfit for War, bought

up all the Youths they could procure from the *hardy Northern Nations* in Order to train them for their Army. These Youths got the Name of *Mammaluks*, because in the *Arabian Language* *Mam'luc* signifies a *purchased Slave*. The *Egyptians* or naturalized *Greeks* (who were the Body of the Nation) tilled, or to say it better, *sowed* the Ground overflowed by the Nile, and paid the Taxes: the few *Saracens* about the Sultan were Ministers of State, while the *purchased Youths* alone exercised the *military Trade*. What was the Consequence — ? In a Course of not many Years, they grew too great for the *civil Power*; and upon a Failure of the Succession, seized the Government, elected a Sultan or *Lord* out of their own Body, and kept the Kingdom for about three hundred Years, till they were totally extirpated by the terrible Selim the fiercest of the *Turkish Ravagers*. I need not recapitulate what happened in our own Country in MDCXLIX. when the Army first garbled, and then dissolved the Parliament that had raised them: but will venture to lay it down as a Maxim, *That in whatever Nation the military Power is distinct from the civil, and so far overtops it as to be able to force an independent Subsistence, that State is not far from its Dissolution*. For there will never be wanting some bold, crafty Leader, like Oliver Cromwell, to seize the Opportunity, and spirit up the Swordsmen against the legal Government.

For this Evil there are but two Remedies: either the Defence of the Nation must be committed to

a *well-trained Militia*; as in the virtuous Ages of *Sparta* and *Rome*; or the civil and military Leading must be lodged in the *same Hands*, as in our incomparable *British Constitution*. For the Man who knows the Value of legal Power, and is fully secured in it by the Laws, will hardly be brought to draw a dangerous Sword (whose Edge may turn on himself) to acquire a Pre-eminence already enjoyed. This then was the grand Error, if not the wilful Crime committed by the corrupt *Roman* Populace; first the allowing the civil and military Power to be *separated*, by assigning double Pay to a standing Army⁶; and then accumulating Command upon Command to their present Favorite, until the Army grew too big for the *Common-wealth*. The same Error is now committing in many Nations in Europe; for how wise soever those Princes may be deemed by short-sighted Politicians who are turning the greater Part of their Subjects to a *military Life*, let them be assured *they are providing Desolation to their Kingdoms, and Distraction to their Successors*. For these same overgrown Bodies, which they are maintaining at an enormous Expence, to the Ruin of their Provinces and Oppression of their People, will one Day, in some Convulsion of State, either tear *theirs* to Pieces, if they divide; — or dispose of the *Succession*, if they keep together. Some of the greatest and richest Kingdoms of the World are

⁶ Stipendium in perpetuum duplicavit (Cæsar).

Suet. Tra.

at this very Period of Time lamentable Instances of this infallible Truth.

Could we therefore in Britain effectually shut the Temple of *Janus*, and be secured in a lasting Peace, I should eagerly accede to their Opinion who are for disbanding the Army, and trusting to a home-bred Militia⁷: But as that neither is, nor, while we have *Trade*, *Colonies*, and perfidious *Neighbours*, can be the Case; I both rejoice to think that it is commanded by the supreme civil Magistrate, and to see so many Persons of high Rank, and so many Gentlemen of Birth and Fortune filling the Posts of chief Trust. In this Light the Army becomes the Bulwark of the Laws; and being, in Cases of foreign Danger or domestic Broils, our *immediate Resource*, it cannot be too *closely connected*, nor too *intimately incorporated*, with the Body of the State. Far therefore from finding Fault with military Men taking Part in the *Legislature*, as some, perhaps well-meaning People, do, I cannot help thinking that their *civil Capacity* is our greatest Safety. For if an Officer of the Army, who has the Honor to sit in either of those august Houses (on whose Equals the Sun shines not) know his own Interest and have a due Sense of his *Dignity*, as a Senator of *Great-Britain*, he will look down with Disdain on the highest commissioned Slave of absolute Power, and contemn his Tinsel and Trappings

⁷ Discourses on the Danger of a Standing Army by Mr. Trenchard.

as so many *Blazons* of *Tyranny*. Nor can I on this Occasion avoid expressing the Joy justly arising in the Breast of every Lover of his Country at the Sight of the present Condition of the *British Army*. It is in high Order, because under strict Discipline, and that Discipline enforced by the Authority and Example of a Royal Leader, bred in the Field, and enured to Action. To resettle Orders and introduce a salutary Observance of Rules among a great Body of Men, as it is of the last Consequence, can be no easy Operation. Steadiness and Magnanimity can only do it to Purpose.

If the young Hero, the *Emilian Scipio*, who repaired the *Roman Honor* at *Numantia*, by retrieving the lost Discipline of their Army, had not *disregarded* a low Popularity, he would have left every Field-Officer his Train of Waggon, every Subaltern his Sumpter-Mules, every Soldier a Baggage-man or two, besides the two thousand Whores he drove out of the Camp: but along with that Popularity, he would probably have had the Fate of his Predecessor *Hostilius Mancinus*, who for making a scandalous Peace was delivered up to the *Numantians* in Chains. *Strict Order* and *personal Duty* have been the constant Characteristics of victorious Troops. I remember a merry Answer of the *Alexandrian* Soldiery (whose Tongues were sharper than their Swords) to their new General *Archelaus*. *Berenice*, *Cleopatra's* eldest Sister, had been crowned Queen of *Egypt*, when the *Alexandrians* drove out her Father, *Ptolomy the Musician*, for
Cruelty

Cruelty and Avarice. She first married *Seleucus*, of the royal Line of *Syria*; and finding him good for little, put him to Death; and espoused *Archelaus* a *Cappadocian* Prince, as a more active Partner of her Bed and Crown. A *Gabinus* then Governor of *Syria*, in Hopes of a vast Bribe (which he got), was marching, contrary to the Orders of the Roman Senate, to refettle the old King on his Throne. He had advanced without Opposition as far as *Damietta*; beyond which he was met by *Archelaus* and his *Alexandrians*. In the Neighbourhood of a *Roman* Enemy, the Prince thought it prudent to fortify his Camp; and ordered his Soldiers to open a Trench, and raise a Wall within it. — They told him, ‘No — they had not been accustomed to such dirty Work; but if he thought it absolutely necessary, he might employ Day-Laborers to do it, and pay them out of the military Chest.’ *Gabinus* divided his Forces, fell upon them next Day on both Sides, and cut the most of them to Pieces; and the old Oppressor, being restored to his Kingdom, put the unhappy eldest Daughter and all who had followed her to Death, that he might glut *Gabinus* with their Spoils.

The noble and useful Works executing by military Hands in North-Britain; Roads, Bridges, Forts, — Morasses drained, and Mountains cut through, clear our Troops of all suspicion of Effeminacy; as their Behaviour during the late War, maintained the Character of the *British* Valor. At the same Time it is a *British* Wish, that both more independent Gentlemen would go into our

VOL. IV. I

Army (though with Pleasure I acknowlegde there are not a few), and that those already in the Service would more acquaint themselves, at their Leisure-hours, with the *Laws* and *Constitution* of the Nation whom they serve — with that Constitution for which they are ready to spill their dearest Blood, and which protects them in the *Rights* of *Britons* in Return; — which raises them above the Mercenaries of neighbouring Kings, gives them Liberty, the most glorious of all Causes, in which to draw a Sword — the Cause always attended with *Honor*, and for the most Part with Victory. Let me, on so concerning a Point, suggest, that the *truly* Great, the Men who are the Admiration of Posterity, have always *joined* the *military* with the *civil* Character. Even in modern Times, some of our ablest Generals and Admirals have been eminent Statesmen and admirable Scholars *. A *mere* Soldier is a *mere* Destroyer. High *Humanity* and a *Sense* of Right must temper and ennoble a Quality which is else possessed in greater Perfection by a Lion or a Bear. It is only when Bravery is enlightened by *Knowledge* and directed to the *Public Good*, that it becomes the amiable Endowment that wins the Heart and consecrates to Fame. Among the Heroes of Antiquity (who had but one Head and two Hands like ourselves), the General of the Army was frequently the greatest *Lawyer*, always

* Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Hampden, John de Wit, du Plessis Mornay, Spinola, la Noue, Catinat, &c.

the chief *Politician*, in the Nation. The all-accomplish'd *Cato*, commonly called the *Censor*, excelled his Contemporaries in three Capacities. He was the best General, the greatest Politician and ablest Pleader, of his Age; to which you may add, the best *Historian*, the best *Economist*, the best *Farmer*, and best *Physician*.

In general, modern Life runs, I am afraid, in too confined a *Traët*, which renders our Manners too uniform, cramps our Genius, and leaves many a Talent lying in Rust that would brighten by Employment. The Sciences are connected, because *Nature* is so. We cannot excel, while our Views are narrow — while we tread in the trite vulgar *Path* of one Trade. We must dare to ascend the Steep of Science, and look quite round us, if we mean to find the Way to Eminence. For our Country's sake therefore, whose Welfare is my ardent Wish, and whose Glory is my Pride, I would be glad to see our national Interests, foreign and domestic, become more the Study of our military Men — that, as they are our Safeguard in War, they might do us Honor in Time of Peace, and be depended upon in those civil Broils, which, I suspect, are inseparable from genuine Liberty. Not a few of them I know to be pretty classical Scholars — a Step farther to our *History*, to our *Connexions*, to our Constitution, would agreeably fill their vacant Hours, and form, not only the fine Gentleman, but the noble Patriot that results from the too rare Combination of the military with the civil Character.

And since I am got into this Tract of reasoning, may I venture to turn the Tables, and respectfully put the Question, Why do the Gentlemen of learned Professions confine themselves *so much* to one of them, as to appear next to Children in *Action*; or indeed in any Way of Life but their own? Let me not be misunderstood; I do not propose that our Judges and Bishops should throw aside their Gowns to attend Musters, and learn to handle a Musquet — at the same Time that I should highly honor those, who on a grand Emergency, such as we had in the End of MDCCLXV. could, like the *truly* eminent Prelate, act with Dignity in another Character. What I ask is, *Whether the Gentlemen in the learned Professions by confining themselves to their Books and Routine of Business, acquire not a narrow monkish Cast, which disqualifies them for the active Scenes of Life — ?* If Learning of any Sort just serve to gain a Livelihood, or even to acquire Wealth, it does no more than some of the meanest mechanic Trades. How many *Butchers*, how many *Brokers*, how many *Bankers*, do we see daily making rich? Their *Trades* do that, or more, for them, than many a plodding Bookworm's does for him. Are they therefore more *accomplished* Men? are they better qualified for the *Conduct* of Life, — for bearing the Vicissitudes of Fortune, and acquitting themselves of those manly Duties in which *a Man of Knowledge ought to excel*. Learning, I insist upon it, must be connected with Life — must qualify its Possessor for *Action*; else it

is just so much Lumber, serving at best as an idle Amusement, and too often the Object of deserved Ridicule. But as all *Habits*, especially the *active*, ought to be early acquired, it is to the *British Youth* that I would recommend along with their Studies at home, *to look much abroad*: not to plunge into the Gaiety and Fopperies of the idle (though they should *see* those too), but to view a Variety of Objects — *Towns, Fields, Forts, Harbours, Magazines*, and especially to converse with *Men of all Characters, Professions and Trades*; to inform themselves of their *Lives, Manners, and Connexions*: nor would it be much amiss, if the young Student have Address and Agility of Body, that he made Trial of it, and essayed to wield the Weapons or handle the Tools of the several Callings he is inspecting. Why for Instance, should Letters disqualify a Man to take up a Foil, mount in the great Saddle, or rein *in* the hunting Horse? I mention slight Accomplishments to point out the Way to greater. The ingenious Mechanic, the Workers in Stone and Metals, and Improvers in Trade, Agriculture, and Navigation, ought to be searched out and conversed with, no less than the Professors of speculative Science.

In this Respect I would with Pleasure do justice to the Memory of a very great though *singular* Sort of a Man. Dr. Berkeley, better known as a Philosopher, and intended Founder of an University in the *Bermudas*, or Summer-Islands, than as Bishop of *Cloyne* in *Ireland*. An Inclination to carry me out on that Expedition, as one of the

young Professors on his new Foundation, having brought us often together, I scarce remember to have conversed with him on *that Art*, liberal or mechanic, of which he knew not more than the ordinary Practitioners. With the widest Views, he descended into a minute Detail, and begrudged neither Pains nor Expense for the Means of Information. He travelled through a great Part of Sicily *on Foot*; clambered over the Mountains and crept into the Caverns to investigate into its natural History, and discover the Causes of its *Volcanoes*: and I have known him sit for Hours in Forges and Foundries to inspect their successive Operations. I enter not into his *Peculiarities*, either religious or personal: but admire the extensive Genius of the Man, and think it a Loss to the Western World that his noble and exalted Plan of an American University was not carried into Execution. Many such Spirits in our Country would quickly make *Learning* wear another Face, as the Methods which I have presumed to suggest, of blending the *active* with the *contemplative* Life, would enliven and polish both; and produce such Models of Men as Xenophon, or Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Veterans at *Rome* having been perniciously *separated* into a distinct Body from the State, and taught through a long Course of Corruption to follow their *Leader* and despise the *Laws*, became as a devouring Monster that gnaws out the Bowels of its Parent. The Struggle however with the glorious Men who fell in the Patriot-Cause had

been so fierce and bloody, — their own Number so much thinned, and their Wounds scarce closed, that they were better pleased to drive out the *unarmed* Inhabitants of *Lombardy* than again to fall a fighting with their Fellows upon every new Disgust between their Chieftains. To prevent therefore, if possible, Things from coming to an open Rupture between Fulvia and Cæsar, they formally assumed the Power of judging of the Merits of the Cause, and erected themselves into a Sort of *supreme Tribunal*, being at once a *military* and *civil Government*.

Upon the first News of the Misunderstanding, and of the subsequent Commotions, the *Antonian-Officers* had held a separate Congress at *Teano*, one of the most delightful Spots in *Italy**, where having taken Cognizance of the Pretensions of either Party, they gravely prescribed the following Terms of Peace to *L. Antony* and the young *Cæsar*. —

* The Bay of *Baia* was esteemed the most healthful and pleasant in all *Italy*: Next to it, *Toano* had the Vogue, and was proportionably replenished with Pleasure-Houses, to which the Great Men retired during the Summer-Heats.

Nullus in orbe Sinus Baiis præluet amœnis,
Si dixit dives, Lacus & Mare sentit amorem
Festinantis heri; cui si vitiosa libido
Fecerit auspiciū, cras ferramenta Teanum
Tolletis, fabri.

Hor.

I 4

I. That the Consuls should not be impeded the Exercise of their Office by the Triumvirs.

II. That no Lands should, under any Pretence, be assigned to *other* Troops than to those who had carried Arms at *Philippi*: But.

III. That the Moneys arising from the Estates already forfeited^r, and the Prices of those yet to be exposed to Sale, should be equally divided between the Veterans in *Antony's* Colonies, and the other *Triumviral* Troops in *Italy*.

IV. That neither Party should make any *new Levies* of Men; but that two of the *Antonian* Legions should serve under *Cæsar* in the War against *Sextus Pompey*.

V That *Antony's* Generals, who lay in *Piemont*, *Pollio* and *Ventidius*, who had possessed the *Val d'Aoste* with their Troops, should grant free Passage to *Salvidienus Rufus* to and from *Catalonia*, as he was to take on him the Command of six Legions lying in that Province.

VI. That the Consul should disband his newly enlisted *Body-Guards* of four Legions, and exercise his Office in peaceful Manner for the remaining Part of the Year.

To these Terms *Lucius* subscribed in Presence of the General-Officers at *Teano*: but no sooner had he returned to *Præneste* and conversed with *Fulvia* than the Agreement broke off, and both

^r The Estates of the *Pompeys*, *Catos*, *Scipios*, *Syllas* and *Cinna* — of the *Metelli*, *Domitii*, *Lentuli*, *Bruti*, *Cassii*, and all the Friends of Liberty and Rome.

Parties began to prepare for War with greater Rancor than before: Only while the Treaty was in Agitation, and the *Antonian* Leaders in Suspense, the pushing *Salvidienus* found Means to clear the Passage of the *Alps*, and join the Army in *Catalonia*.

At this Conjunction the young *Cæsar* began to see the Precipice to whose Brink his Ambition had led him, and from which his Cruelty and Rapine threatened to hurl him headlong down. He was odious through all *Italy*, not without a Dash of Contempt for his Cowardice: neither his Officers nor Soldiers could compare with *Antony's* for Numbers, Bravery, or Experience in War. *Lucius* had levied his Guard of four Legions (perhaps twenty thousand Men) immediately upon his entering on the Consulship—But a great veteran Body of fifty thousand lay in the *Milaneſe*, under the old Fox, *Fufius Calenus*, a trusty *Antonian*. *Cæſar* had only four Legions cantoned about *Capua*, beſides his *Pretorian* Guards: the Reſt of his undiſbanded Army he had ſent to ſubſiſt in the nearer *Spain*, from whence *Salvidienus* was now advancing by forced Marches — They were about thirty five thousand: no Match for *Antony's* Army, even though *Pollio* and *Ventidius* ſhould have remained neuter, which there was not the leaſt Reaſon to ſuppoſe they would do. He was in great Agonies: and next to the *Mutinies* of his own Veterans, and the Bog at *Philippi*, I do not know but this may have been the moſt gloomy and vexatious Period he had yet paſſed

of his Life. *Antony* and *he* were perfectly acquainted — each knew the other to be *wicked* and *worthless*, and could therefore have no mutual Confidence, farther than immediate Interest led them. *Cæsar* was not sure but a letter might be genuine which was industriously spread by *Manius* and *Fulvia*, as from *M. Antony*; authorizing them, if *Cæsar* would not listen to reasonable Terms, to defend his and their own Dignity by Force of Arms. He was always in a dreadful Situation: All Italy, great and small, conspiring against him under the Leading of a *daring* Consul — the young *Pompey* threatening daily an Invasion from *Sicily*; — *Antony's* experienced Generals commanding great Bodies, and possessed of all the Eastern Coast, hemming in his scattered Forces, and *Fulvia*, like a Fury, animating the whole. Full of Perplexity and Anguish, — would he in his after-writ Memoirs have ingenuously confessed what a Storm was now in his Breast; — would he have painted the Horrors that rose to his View, the Lashes of keen Remorse for the brave Men he had murdered, and all the Villanies he had wantonly committed, we would have seen him *condignly* chastised, and had a proof of the terrible Connexion between Vice and Misery.

In this deep Distress he had Recourse to a Measure the farthest from his Nature, and to which he would have been the most averse upon any other Occasion. It was to sue for Peace to his bitterest Enemy *S. Pompey*; whom he personally hated and dreaded, as the remaining Head

of the Republicans, who might some Time call him to an Account for all his Rapine and Cruelty. In the Beginning of the Confusions occasioned by the Overthrow of Property and the Preparations for War, *Julia*, *Antony's* Mother, had fled over to *Sicily*,—was kindly received, and with a splendid Convoy, (commanded by *Scribonius Libo*, *Pompey's* Father-in-law, and *Sentius Saturninus*,) was sent beyond Sea to her Son the *Triumvir*. They had Instructions to sound him, *how he stood affected to Cæsar*; and to propose a League between him and *Pompey*, to humble the Youth who was at open War with his Wife and Brother. To this *Antony* made a cautious Reply; *That he was extremely obliged to S. Pompey for the Humanity he had shown to his Mother, and would lay hold of the very first Opportunity of returning the Favor; that there were certain Conditions of Agreement settled between him and his Colleague: If these were broke through, and he were forced into a War, he would willingly accept of the proffered Alliance with S. Pompey: But if they were observed, and the Peace continued, he would use his best Offices to bring about a Reconciliation between Pompey and the young Cæsar.*

But the very News of a proposed Coalition between *Antony* and the *Admiral* filled the Youth with mortal Apprehensions. The *Antonian* Legions and *Pompey's* Navy must overwhelm him, who could hardly stand the Torrent of Hate, backed with Consular Power that threatened his guilty Head; not to mention the female Vengeance that

purfued him with redoubled Fury. To ward off the impending Blow, though the greateft Beauties and higheft Matches in the Empire were propofed to him, he wrote to his prime Minifter Cilnius Mecenas immediately to repair to *Sicily*, and in his Name to enter into a Contract of Marriage with a Widow-Lady who had been twice married to elderly Men, and bore Children to one of them. I do not find that the Bride was either remarkably handsome or deformed: But her chief Quality was the being Aunt to *S. Pompey's* Wife, and a Favorite-Sifter of *Scribonius Libo* his Father-in-law. Though they eafily faw the Propofal to be purely political, as perhaps *Cæfar* might fcarce have fpoken to the Lady in his Life; yet it was too great and advantageous a Match to be refufed by the Friends, and too agreeable to be rejected by the experienced *Scribonia*. By her Means, *Cæfar* hoped either to mediate a Peace with *S. Pompey*, or at leaft to have a Handle to prevent his confpiring with Antony, to work his Ruin.

But the Storm raifed by *Fulvia* and the Conful, thickening every Day, called for an immediate Remedy. For it was not only the Inhabitants of the adjudged Towns, difpoffeffed by the Veterans, that put themfelves under the Conful's Protection, but almoft the whole *Italian Cities*, dreading the like Violence, took Arms as it were with one Accord; and having either driven out the Intruders, or put them to Death in the Struggle, they firft fecured their own Walls, and then fent the fupernumerary Troops that

could be spared from the Garrison, to join *L. Antony*. Their Rage fell particularly upon those Parties of Veterans whom *Cæsar* had put in Possession of *Church-Lands*, and had assigned their Quarters in the *Temples* to eat up the Revenues of the Priests. They fell upon these, as sacrilegious Ruffians, drove them out of the Places of Worship all over the Country, and sent them stripped and wounded in their Turn to make their Complaint to their General. In this Extremity he had but one sole Resource — which was to gain over *M. Antony's Veterans* to join with his own, and make *his Cause* that of the Army: For this Purpose he must persuade them, that it was to defend *their Rights*, and to confirm *their Settlement*, that he was forced to come to Blows with the turbulent Consul. He set about it with great Address and apparent Moderation — He told the *Antonian Tribunes*, ‘ that he had no
‘ personal Interest in the Quarrel with *L. Antony*
‘ — that it was to secure *them* (the Veterans) in
‘ their new Acquisitions, and procure *them* the
‘ quiet Enjoyment of the Reward of their Bravery
‘ and Toils, that he was threatened with this
‘ unaccountable War. That their General *M.*
‘ *Antony* had equal Concern, in making good
‘ the Divisions of Lands, and in the Protection
‘ of his Troops, as *he*; and was therefore
‘ sure this sudden Revocation of the promised
‘ Premiums, was without his Consent, as the
‘ Denunciation of War was without his Participa-
‘ tion. That, however it were, he submitted the

‘ whole Matter to *their* Determination, and would
 ‘ acquiesce in the Terms, and conform himself to
 ‘ the Conduct, which they should be pleased to
 ‘ prescribe.’ This being sent about, in a Kind
 of circular Letter, through all the *Antonian*
 Colonies, the Officers, who found themselves
 highly honored, and deeply interested, appointed
 a Day for their assembling at Rome.

When it came, instead of applying to either
Consul or *Pretor* to call a Senate, or to any
Tribune to call an Assembly of the People, as if
 they had been the *legal Powers of the State*, they
 formally repaired to the Capitol, and constituted
 themselves a Sort of Legislature. The pernicious
 Laws and destructive Commissions obtained
 through Bribery or Violence from the venal
Tribes, by such Men as *P. Clodius* or *Julius*
Cæsar, however treasonable in themselves, still
 acknowledged the supreme Power of the Roman
 People; as what was done in the Heat of *armed*
Fury, when Law is silent, did not abrogate the
civil Constitution. But now the essential Powers
 of the Republic were virtually annulled, the legal
 solemn Forms of transacting Business, by a Bill
 brought into the Senate², or a Motion made by
 a Magistrate to the Commons³, were publicly
 superseded, and a Convention of Veterans (O
 shame!) became the once godlike Senate and
 People of Rome.

² Referre ad Senatum.

³ Agere cum Populo.

They proceeded however with Abundance of Formality. The first Thing they did was to recognise their own *Authority*, and sustain themselves *Judges competent* between the Consul and the Triumvir; taking at the same Time an Oath, by Way of Precaution, *to force the recusant Party to a Compliance*. Then they called for a Copy of the Convention or Agreement which M. Antony and the young Cæsar had entered into after the Battle of *Philippi*, and had mutually signed and interchanged before their Separation. It was publicly read, and the military Meeting passed an Act, *ratifying and approving* it in all its Articles. Next they issued a Summons or Call to the discordant Parties, Lucius and Cæsar, to appear before them upon a certain Day at Gabii, now *Osteria del Finocchio* * (a Village between *Preneſte* and *Rome*), there severally to plead their Cause, and receive the final Decision; and ordered a Copy of this their Procedure to be engraved on a Tablet of Brass (as if it had been a Law), and deposited in the Temple of *Vesta*.

Cæsar, overjoyed that he had got them to undertake the Cause, and that they had approved his Articles of Agreement with Antony, pretended the most perfect Deference to their Orders — As did at first Lucius the Consul: But after some Consultations held with the inveterate *Fulvia*, who gave this Convention of the veteran Officers the witty and opprobrious Title of *Senatum*

* The Clover - Inn.

*caligatum**, the Senate of Brogues, from a particular Sort of Shoe worn by the *Roman* Soldiers; he made or seized a Pretence of an Ambuscade being laid by *Cæsar's* Cavalry, to destroy him on the Way to *Gabii*, and appeared not on the appointed Day. The Veterans passed Sentence against *him* and *Fulvia*, — declared their taking up Arms *injurious* and *turbulent* and a manifest Infringement of the Terms agreed upon by the *Triumvirs*: they therefore entered into an Engagement to support the Division of the Lands made by *Cæsar*, and to stand by him to the last. They then broke up, and marching to their several Cantons, made Haste to recal their scattered Men, fill up their Companies, and prepared for War with their wonted Violence. Italy was long since quite drained of Money — the public Revenue pre-occupied, and private Patrimonies exhausted. At his Return from *Thrace*, *Cæsar* had intermeddled with the *Temple-Treasures*, and had left little to those who should come after him. That *little* was now seized, and what was reckoned the last

* The *Caliga* was a sort of strong open Shoe, worn by the Common Soldier, made fast about the Ankle with Thongs, and the Sole of it driven full of small sharp Nails, to keep the Foot firm while they fought. These Nails proved the Death of *Julian* the bravest Centurion in all *Titus's* Army (who had done Wonders at the Siege of *Jerusalem*), by slipping upon a Pavement. Τα γὰρ ὑποδήματα πεπασμένα πυκνοῖς καὶ ὑξέσιν ἡλοῖς ἔχων, ὥσπερ τῶν ἄλλων στρατιωτῶν ἕκαστος, κατὰ λιθοστρώτε τρέχων, ὑπολισθαίνες.

Ἰωσηπ. Αλως. 5. κεφ. 2.
and

and worst Impiety, the Objects of the most solemn Adoration, the very *Statues* of the Gods, that would melt down, were pulled from their Pedestals by the Soldiers Hands, and converted into Coin for their Pay. This happened not only in all the celebrated Temples within their Reach up and down *Italy*, but in Rome itself, where the sacred Shrines were rifled, and the admired Works of the greatest Artists, — Statues, Vases, and curious Donations, were hurled into the Furnace, like ordinary Bullion.

But though *Cæsar* had obtained the great Point, he ceased not to raise Envy and Hatred against his Enemies among the *Citizens* as well as the Soldiery. His Colleague *Lepidus* and the other Consul *Servilius*, inactive and quiet Men, were easily influenced to disapprove of new Commotions; and he so pathetically harangued the remaining Senators, and represented the Miseries of a new civil War in such terrible Colors (happy for Rome had he thought so two Years before), that a Deputation of them went to *Palestrina*, to endeavour to bring about a Reconciliation. They were heard by *Fulvia* and *Lucius* in Council—and after a short Consultation, were answered by the Commissary *Manius Rufus* in the following Terms — “That the sole Use which *M. Antony* the “*Triumvir* was making of his Power, was to “levy Money for payment of his Forces upon “the foreign Provinces: But that *Cæsar* was “endeavouring by his Largeesses both to alienate “the Army from his Colleague, and to pre-occupy

“ the strongest Places of *Italy*, the Seat of Empire.
“ That under a false Pretence of making *Lombardy*
“ a free Province, in Consequence of a Promise
“ of *Julius* his Father, he cunningly possessed that
“ rich Country, which by the *Stipulation* so much
“ insisted on, belonged to *Antony*: that instead
“ of *eighteen* (or five-and twenty) *Cities* promised
“ to the Veterans, he was ejecting the Inhabitants
“ of almost all the *Italian Towns* — and instead
“ of the *eight-and-twenty* Legions that were to be
“ provided for, he was planting *four-and-thirty*
“ *Legions* in *Italy*; that is, almost *thirty thousand*
“ Men more than were agreed on. — That he
“ made Use too of the Pretext of the War with
“ *Pompey* for spoiling the *Temples* of their *Trea-*
“ *sures*, and sacrilegious Seizure of the *Statues* of
“ the *Gods* — in which yet, though *Rome* was
“ starving, there was not a Blow struck; but that
“ Money was employed to debauch the Troops
“ from their Allegiance to *M. Antony*. That if
“ he sincerely meant to live in peace, and act
“ fairly, let him come and give *Account* of his
“ Transactions since his Return, and hereafter let
“ him undertake nothing but *in Concert* with those
“ intrusted with his *Colleague's* Concerns. If he
“ did so, they would show they had the real
“ Affection for their Country which was only
“ professed by the usurping *Cesar*. ”

This Answer, amounting to an Abrogation of the *Triumviral* Power, and consequently to a Declaration of War, cut off all farther Intercourse, and ranged all Parties on the two opposite Sides,

either of the *ejected Citizens*, or the *new-planted* *Soldiery*. The remaining *Senators*, *Knights* and surviving *Nobility* all joined themselves with *Lucius*, who not only professed himself the Patron of the oppressed and despoiled *Italians*, but an open Enemy to the *Triumvirate*. The Death of *Julius Caesar* was now, he said, fully avenged; and the *Common-wealth* had sufficiently suffered in that woful Quarrel. It was Time to give it a little Respite, to lay down that enormous Power, and return to the happy ancient Form of the old Republic. As for his dear Brother the *Triumvir*, he made no Doubt of being able to persuade him to renounce that illegal Dignity, and accept of a lawful Consulship in its Room: but if he refused, his fraternal Attachment, how strong or tender soever, he vowed, should give Way to Love to his Country and their ancient Constitution. Along with these Professions of *Patriotism*, he made others nothing inferior of *Duty* and *Affection* to his elder Brother — He went so far as to assume a new Name expressive of that Affection, and called himself *L. Antonius Pietas*. The Son of the noble *Metellus*, who with unshaken Constancy had preferred Banishment to taking an unjust Oath arbitrarily imposed by the People, justly gained the Name of *Metellus Pius* (the dutiful) by accompanying his Father into Exile. And now *Lucius* designed himself *Antonius Duty*; and struck a consular Coin, yet extant, with the *Triumvir's* Head, as far in Years, on one Side, and round it *M. Antonius imp. III. Vir.*

r. p. c. On the Reverse, *Fortune* appears with her *Cornucopia* in one Hand, and her *Helm* in the other; — a *Stork*, the Emblem of natural Affection, at her Foot, and the Legend, now very intelligible, *Pietas Cos.* as if you would say, *struck when Duty (or Brotherly-Love) was Consul*. This Piece of Affectation served two Purposes; first to soften his Brother's Anger if he should be offended at his raising a new War; and then to gain Credit among the Officers to his own and *Fulvia's* Declaration, *That they undertook nothing but by the Triumvir's Orders and Approbation.* For it was not to be supposed that so loving and dutiful a younger Brother would dare to take Arms against his Elder's Colleague, without first knowing his Pleasure.

He has been fond of the Device: for there are other two Coins (which we call improperly Medals) with the following Inscriptions. I. M. *Antony's* Head. M. Ant. imp. aug. iii. Vir. r. p. c. M. *Nerva* proq. p. On the Reverse, the Head of *Lucius L. Antonius* Cos. II. Exhibits the same Figures and Legends as that described above, save that the Female holds in her Hand a blazing *Altar* instead of a Ship's Rudder. Διὰ γὰρ, says *Dion*, τὴν πρὸς τὸν ἀδελφὸν εὐσεβείαν, ἢ ἐπωνυμίαν ἑαυτῷ Πιέταν ἐπέθετο. This Name assumed by *L. Antony* assures us of the real Import of the Epithet bestowed on *Virgil's* Hero. Pius *Æneas* does not signify the *pious Eneas*, nor, insignem pietate virum, a *Man remarkable for Religion*, as both *English* and *French* Translators have rendered it; but the Dutiful *Eneas*, remarkable for his *Affection* to his aged Parent whom he snatched out of the Flames.

Mean-time, the War broke out in many Places at once, as the old Inhabitans and the *Cæsarean* Intruders happened to be nearly matched in the controverted Towns; and Italy, the Seat of Peace and Pleasure, was in the same, or a worse Plight than it had ever been, since it was over-run by *Hannibal* and the *Carthaginians*. It would be tedious to describe the Struggles that happened in the several Cities and Provinces between particular Parties: but the Risque which *Cæsar's* chief Strength ran of being destroyed is worth our Attention.

Pollio and *Ventidius* lay in *Piemont*, as was said, and commanded the Passage over the *Alps*. By the first Articles of Agreement between *Lucius* and *Cæsar*, that Passage was to be opened to *Salvidienus* and the Legions from *Spain*. But pushing as he was, the Rear of his Army had scarce passed the Streight when the two Lieutenant-Generals, getting Notice the Treaty was blown up, pursued him so hotly, that they overtook and almost enclosed him between their Armies before he could reach the Banks of the *Po*. The Consul at the same Time advancing with his numerous though raw Army, *Salvidienus* had been undone, if *M. Agrippa*, the next in Character of *Cæsar's* Officers, had not suddenly marched and sat down before *Milan*. The preserving this Town was absolutely necessary to enable *Lucius* to keep any footing in *Lombardy*. He was forced to let *Salvidienus* escape, and go to the Relief of *Milan*: *Salvidienus* being disengaged, refreshed his Men, and marched to disengage *Agrippa* in his Turn. Their

Troops were constantly increasing by the Concourse of *expelled Veterans*: and being other Sort of Soldiers than those who composed the Consular Army, *Lucius* was not able to keep the Field, but marching through *Tuscany* took his Way towards *Rome*. Had *Pollio* and *Ventidius* acted with their wonted Vigor, it is probable that *Lucius* would have made a longer Stand, and brought the Decision to a general Battle: But they were certainly doubtful of the Intentions of their Commander in chief; and therefore both kept separate Camps — acted coldly — and permitted Things between *Lucius* and *Cæsar* to take their Course.

The latter had recommended the Care of the City to his Colleague *Lepidus*, and to *Servilius* the other Consul; neither of them very vigilant Officers. *Lucius* sent small Parties under different Disguises to *Rome*, with a private Mark by which to know one another; and advancing unexpectedly at the Head of three Cohorts, he routed a Body of Cavalry sent out by *Lepidus* to oppose him; and finding his disguised Soldiers had seized upon a Gate, he overcame the Resistance made by the surprised Triumvir, and with little Trouble made himself Master of the Capital.

It was, alas! no great Acquisition: *Rome*, from being the Head of the World, and sitting Arbiter of Peace and War, was become of little Avail even to cast the Balance in Favor of the Party that possessed it. The Consul called an Assembly of the thin Roman People, and made a most popular Speech: ‘ He set forth all the Violence and Cruelty

‘ committed by *Lepidus* and *Cæsar* in their Trium-
‘ virate, for which the Time was now come, he
‘ hoped that they should meet with their due Reward
‘ —that the Power of the *Triumvirs* having grown
‘ into a greater Tyranny than the *Decemvirate*, ought
‘ to be abolished; to which his Brother M. An-
‘ tony was ready to contribute by laying down
‘ the illegal Office, and taking up the supreme
‘ lawful Dignity in its Place.’ The unhappy Ci-
tizens heard him with delusive Joy — saluted him
Imperator or *Commander in chief* — voted him the
Conduct of the War against the *Triumvirs* — to
which he immediately marched out (*paludatus*)
in military State, accompanied now with an illus-
trious Body of Senators and Knights, who thought
him fairly embarked in their Country’s Cause,
and sincere in its Prosecution. Indeed, had their
military Skill been equal to their *Courage* and
Numbers, or had the other Lieutenant-Generals
been equally zealous, it is probable that *Cæsar*
and *Lepidus* would have made such an Exit as
Clodius or *Cataline*. *Fulvia*’s Violence seemed to
be redoubled: she threw aside the Woman and
assumed the General: She appeared always in pub-
lic with her Sword girt above her Robe — gave
out the Word; and frequently calling the Legions
together, harangued to them from the Tribunal.
On these Occasions there was no Sort of Scandal
which she did not pour out against the young
Cæsar; and was so far joined in it by *Lucius*, that
in an Edict published at this Time he accused him
of the most infamous and unmanly of all Crimes,

that he was his Grand Uncle's Catamite-Boy, and had prostituted himself to A. Hirtius, the late Consul in Spain, for the Sum of three hundred thousand Sesterces (about L. 2400) — that he still retained his effeminate Manners, and singed his Legs (exposed by the Roman Dress) with burning Nutshells, to make the Hair spring the softer.

Be that as it will, the young Man was within a very little of debauching two of *Lucius's* best Legions that lay at *Alba*, who were only retained in their Duty by a great Donative and greater Promises. He then marched with his own four against the *Norcians*, who had, with good Reason, expelled his Veterans, and repossessed their own City'. There was an Out-guard posted before the Gates, which *Cæsar* attacked and broke; but making an Attempt upon the Town itself, where *Titifienus Gallus* commanded; he was repulsed with Loss, and forced to turn towards *Setina*. Perhaps it has been in Revenge of this Affront, that he afterwards laid a more successful Siege to *Titifienus's* Daughter, whom I take to be the Lady classed by *M. Antony* under the Name of *Titifenia*, among his other Mistresses. While he lay before *Setina*, where he was making but slow Progress; *Lepidus* brought him the News of his Expulsion from *Rome* by the Consul. He was superior to *Lucius* in Force, and hoped to catch him at a Disadvantage. But his Departure from *Setina* was so precipitate, that *C. Furnius*, who

' Sueton. in Octavio. § 69.

commanded the Garrison, marched eagerly after him to attack his Rear. At that Instant, the Chance of War brought up *Salvidienus*, who making a fierce and unexpected Attack upon Setina, took his Sword in Hand, and, as if he had been fighting with *Gauls* or *Scythians*, rased and burnt it to the Ground.

When the Consul and illustrious Company of Senators in his Train, set out from *Rome*, his Intentions were to march into *Lombardy*, and make that rich Country, replenished with *Antonian* Veterans, and swarming with *Gauls* and *Swiss*, the Seat of the War; but being hemmed in by *Agrippa* on one Side and *Salvidienus* on the other, with the young *Cæsar* in his Rear, he did not think it prudent to hazard a Battle with his motly Troops against the Veteran Legions; and therefore in crossing the higher Parts of *Tuscany*, sat suddenly down under the Walls of the strong-situated Town of *Perugia*, and fortified his Camp as the brave *Decimus Brutus* had done in the *Modenese*. He was quickly beset on all Sides, and at last quite shut up by *Cæsar* and his Lieutenants with three Camps.

Perugia, still a considerable Town, stands on the Side of a Hill, about a hundred miles from *Rome*. The Grounds are high all around it, being straggling Skirts of the *Apennines*, except on the South-east, that a Plain declines gently towards the *Tiber*. As the Summer was now far advanced, having been spent in the Negotiations and Preparatives already related; both the

Largeness of the Place, the neighbouring mountainous Country, and the vicinity of the River, seemed to make it a proper Winter-Quarter for the Reception of an Army: But to frustrate these Views, and to cut off all Communication with the adjacent Country, *Cæsar's* Generals began to surround the Town with an immense Trench and Rampart. Lucius apprehensive of the Consequences, sent Message after Message to Ventidius, in whose Fidelity he chiefly trusted, pressing him to march to his Relief and raise the Blockade; and at last dispatched Manius in Person for the same Purpose: at the same Time *Fulvia* wrote in the warmest Terms to *Asinius Pollio*, to *Fonteius Capito*, and above all to *Fufius Calenus*, and his Son, begging them not to be idle Spectators of the Consul's Ruin. But of all these, *Plancus* alone took immediately the Field, and putting himself at the Head of the *Fulvian* Troops, he intercepted a *Cæsarean* Legion on its March to Rome, which he cut almost to Pieces; while *Titisius* with four thousand Horse was surprising the little Towns and wasting the Provinces of *Cæsar's* Party, in Order to draw him from the Blockade. At last *Pollio* and *Ventidius* likewise decamped, and made as though they meant to march to relieve the Consul. But such by this Time was *Cæsar's* Strength that he was able to leave his Trenches sufficiently guarded, and march with *Agrippa* at the Head of a grand Detachment, not afraid of looking the *Antonian* Leaders in the Face. It seems they had no Stomach to fighting; being still in Suspense as to the

Triumvir's Pleasure, and none of them willing to serve under the other: like the *French* Generals, who gave up their *Batons* rather than serve under *M de Turenne*. This prevented their Conjunction; so that without coming to Blows with *Cæsar* and *Agrippa*, they severally seized upon commodious and strong Situations for Winter Encampments; *Pollio* on *Ravenna*, *Ventidius* on *Rimini*, and *Plancus* on *Spoletto*. *Lucius* was left to shift for himself, and *Cæsar* returned to press the Siege with his whole Army. He widened the Trench round *Perugia* to thirty Foot, raised the Vallum, and planted fifteen hundred Towers of Wood at the Distance of sixty Feet asunder: the Parapet was fortified with a Palisade pointing downward: and the whole Fortifications were double; equally strong towards the Fields to prevent Attacks, as towards the Town to repress a Sally. It was an immense Work — besides two long Arms leading from the Extremities of his Camp down through the Plain to the *Tiber* to prevent the Import of Provisions that might be sent by Water. Nor was there any Labor lost, or any Part of so vast a Work unnecessary. *Lucius* was a bold daring Officer; and though his Troops were no Match for Veteran Legions, he had the remaining Flower of *Italy* in his Camp, and did amazing Things during this memorable Siege. The last Night of the old Year, imagining the Besiegers would be making merry, and the Watch slackened, he made a violent Attack upon the great Port, with an Intention to break quite through, and join his

other Forces that were scattered in different Parts of the Country: but the Legion lying nearest, and in a little *Cæsar* himself with the Life-Guards coming up, he was with great Difficulty beat back into the Town. As he had been stopped short in his Way to *Milan*, and shut up unexpectedly in *Perugia*; neither he nor the Townsmen had made Preparations for standing a Siege. Famine therefore, a terrible Evil, began to be felt soon after the Circumvallation was completed, and threatened him and them with the most dismal of all Deaths. The News of this seemed at last to rouse *Ventidius* and the *Antonian* Leaders. They marched in a Body across the *Apennines* towards *Tuscany*, and forced their Way over the Belly of the small *Cæsarean* Parties that opposed their Passage. *Cæsar* was alarmed. *Salvidienus* and *Agrippa* were again detached with eight of the best Legions to watch their Motions. At their Approach the *Antonians* first halted, and then turning to the left, took Possession of *Foligno*, a little Town in a Hollow at the Foot of the Hills, about twenty Miles East of *Perugia*. Here they held a Council of War. *Ventidius* and *Pollio* declared for pushing on, and hazarding a Battle. *Plancus* said they must both march and fight at the Hazard of being attacked by *Salvidienus* and *Agrippa* behind, and by *Cæsar* before, and gave his Opinion that they should secure themselves and wait the Event. *Plancus* prevailed with Men not over-zealous in the Cause, and they only lighted Fires on the Hills to signify their Arrival to the Besieged. The Sight of these

gave a temporary Joy — but did not in the least allay the growing Famine. Lucius however, to profit of the Absence of so many Legions, desired his Men to refresh themselves with Rest all Day, and be ready with their Arms against the Evening-twilight. He then made, if I may so say, an universal Sally, and with great Fury stormed the Rampart at the same Instant quite round the Town. The Action was obstinate and bloody, especially where a Body of Gladiators belonging to the Consul attacked. *Cæsar's* Veterans excelled at the more distant and artful Weapons — But these Desperadoes rushed upon Wounds, and made terrible Havoc where they could break in and wield their Sword. They fought from Evening until Break of Day, without being able to master the Works or pierce through to their Allies. Finding therefore that nothing could be done by fighting, the growing Scarcity forced the Consul upon a Measure of dreadful and distressing Cruelty. At his Return to Town, he ordered a strict Account to be taken of all the remaining Provisions — no Part of which should from that Time be allowed to the Slaves. At the most moderate Computation, *they* may be reckoned equal in Number to the *free-born*. The Guards at the same Time had Orders not to suffer one of them to desert, that the Enemy might not be informed of the City's Distress. This produced a most piteous Spectacle. Great Numbers of the starving Wretches fell down dead on the Streets, or expired while they were chewing Grass or scratching for

wild Roots under the Walls. To such Pitches of Inhumanity does Ambition drive its Slaves —! The common Soldiers, though fed themselves, in a few Days could not bear the Sight; nor perform the horrid Task of throwing the putrid Carcasses daily into Ditches to prevent a Pestilence. They came crowding about the General, asking to be led against the Enemy, and vowed either to conquer or die on the Spot. This was to his Wish. He made vast Preparations of all Sorts of Iron and Wooden Machinery, fit for scaling a Wall, filling a Trench, laying Bridges over Moats, covering Chevaux de Frise, — with Rolling-Turrets to fight from, and throw Passage-Planks to the Top of a Rampart. Thus accoutred he marched by Day-break, and attacked the Works in many Places with inexpressible Fury. In Spite of all the Resistance of the Veterans, they filled up the Ditch, covered the Spikes with Hurdles, advanced their Turrets, threw their Planks to the Parapet, and contemning Wounds and Death, in a Body mounted the Wall. And now they had certainly carried their Point and raised the Siege, or at least broke through to their Allies, if a fresh Legion, encamped without the Works, had not come running to relieve their beaten Companions. The Battle renewed with fresh Violence: The *Antonians* upon the Wall and Passage-Planks stood exposed on three Sides — Darts and Shot from the Turrets poured upon them, at the same Time that the fresh Legion charged them in Front, and with main Force tumbled them backward into the

Ditch — then the Machinery was pulled to Pieces; those that had fallen on the Rampart were stripped, and their naked Bodies tossed down in Derision upon their Companions, who were still on their Arms at the Foot of the Wall. This Affront they could not bear. In Rage and Despair they seized some Scaling-Ladders, (all other Instruments of Attack being destroyed) and began to rush upon certain Death, till Lucius pitying them, ordered the Trumpet to sound a Retreat.

After this, the Guards of the Besiegers were doubled, easy Ascents practised on the Sides of the outer Rampart to admit the Legions in Case of another Attack, and the Famine in *Perugia* arrived at the most dismal Height. Lucius and the great Body of Nobility that had taken Arms with him as in their Country's Cause, thought every Thing preferable to lying at the Triumvir's Mercy. But *intense* Want is inexorable. After several Parleys about Conditions of Surrender, the Consul resolved to go down in Person and put himself without Terms in his Enemies Power. Cæsar was amazed when he was told that Lucius Antony was approaching in his General's-Habit, without a Herald, and only accompanied with two Lictors, and a few unarmed Friends. He made Haste to meet him in the same Equipage. As they approached, Lucius stopp'd his Retinue, and with only his Lictors quickened his Pace, to enter *Cæsar's* Works, and put himself in his Hands. The Youth, who was very quick, immediately perceived his Intention, and hastened to meet him beyond the

Trench that he might still be free to do as he pleased. After mutual Salutations, they proceeded together within the Works, where *Lucius* is said to have addressed the Youth in this Manner:

“ Had I, *Sir*, been engaged in War with a *Stranger*, I should have looked upon a Defeat, and still more a Surrender, as highly dishonorable: nor would it have been difficult for me to have obtained a *Salvo* for that Dishonor from my own Right-hand. But as it is with a Fellow-Citizen of my own Rank, and in the Cause of my Country, I am not ashamed to own myself vanquished. Yet do not imagine, that I am to deprecate any Fate or Usage you may think proper to give me; having come voluntarily into your Camp on Purpose to submit to it; if I may at the same Time obtain a Pardon for those brave Men that are with me, which, I hope to convince you, will be as much for your Interest to give, as theirs to receive. Separate, *Sir*, their Cause from mine: I was the real Cause of the War, and on *me* only can your Wrath justly fall. You cannot suppose that I am weak enough to come hither to reproach you, or be rude; but, I hope, you will bear with my telling you *plain Truth*.

When I entered upon this War, my View was not to pull you down that I might mount in your Place: — No; it was to retrieve, and to re-establish the *Constitution* of our Country, which you yourself must acknowledge to be destroyed by the *Triumvirate*. You *did* acknowledge it at first to be an illegal Power, by calling it a *necessary* Dignity,

Dignity, to be assumed only *for a Time*. Brutus and Cassius were still at the Head of great Armies, from whom you could expect no Terms. But when *they*, the Chiefs of the Party, were removed, and the feeble Remains of it kept only in Arms for Fear of you, the Triumvirs (the Time of whose Power was passing); I thought it best to return to our *ancient Form of Government*, and restore the supreme Authority to the Senate and People of *Rome*. In prosecuting this Design, I preferred my Country's Interest to my Brother's, whom I hoped to persuade to a voluntary Resignation: I was fond to bring about this Revolution during my own Consulship; in which, had you taken Part, or rather had you led the Way, you would likewise have reaped all the Glory. But when I found that no Persuasion could procure your Concurrence, I resolved to go to Town, and either as a Friend, as a Fellow-Citizen, or as *Consul* extort it by Force. This, Sir, is the true Source of the War; which neither *Manius* nor *Fulvia* could have raised, nor the *Settlement of the Veterans*, nor the *Expulsion of the Italians*, in both which I bore my Share. These you well know to be Contrivances of your own, in Order to allure the *Veterans* to your Party, by whose Assistance you are now Victor. You made them believe that I intended to ruin them unless they took Arms in Self-defence. In the Height of a Struggle such Fetches are allowable: but a nobler Conduct is expected from a Conqueror. If you are an *Enemy to your Country*, deal with me as yours, who am sincerely

Friend, and whose Hands were only tied by Famine from doing it well-meant Service. In this Way of thinking, Sir, I was — I still am — and professing to be so, I commit my Person to your good Pleasure. But as for *my noble Friends* and the whole *Army* under my Command, could you, Sir, receive sound Advice from an Enemy? don't wreck upon *them* the Vengeance due to *me*; nor forget that you are *a Man*, obnoxious to the Reverses of Fortune like others — Cut not off the Resources of your own Safety and Power, by sealing with the Blood of thousands the inhuman Decree, *that there is no Mercy for the vanquished*. These very Men may yet draw their Swords in your Cause; and, to save *yours*, may often venture their *own Lives*. But if all Advice from an Enemy be suspicious, I think it not below me on this Head, to humble myself, and *earnestly beseech* you not to let my Faults or Fortunes prejudge the eminent Men that have followed them; their Guilt was *mine*, and let all their Punishment fall upon *me*. For this Purpose I came down *alone*, that I might plead their Cause *out of their hearing*, and offer myself as a Sacrifice in their Place."

Whether this artful Speech, put into the Mouth of *Lucius* by *Appian*, be quite genuine, is hard to determine. I am apt to suspect that the Patriotism of it is too pure, and the Sentiments too heroic, to tally with the Violence and Immorality of his Manners. The young *Cæsar*, who knew him well, and the regard due to him upon Account of his Brother, answered in few Words — 'That

‘ when he saw him coming down without a
‘ *Herald*, he made Haste to meet him without
‘ the Trenches, in Order to leave him still at
‘ Liberty to consult his own Interest after their
‘ Conversation : but that now by surrendering
‘ himself and his Army thus *at Discretion*, he took
‘ that Guilt upon himself in Fact, which he arti-
‘ ficially endeavoured by Words to throw upon
‘ him: though in this very Surrender he conti-
‘ nued to injure him, as, by his Confession, he
‘ intended to do from the Beginning; as it de-
‘ prived him of the Rights of Victory, which he
‘ had reserved to himself in former Parleys: where-
‘ as now his Hands were in a Manner bound
‘ up, and he must consider rather what was fit
‘ for himself to do, than what he and his Follow-
‘ ers deserved to suffer. That however he would
‘ be sorry to frustrate the Expectations that had
‘ brought him to take such a Step, and hoped to
‘ appear not unworthy of so great Confidence
‘ and Generosity.’

Lucius then returned to *Perugia*, and immedi-
ately sent down the Tribune in waiting, to receive
the *Word* from the young *Cæsar*, and obey him
thenceforth as his General. Accordingly the Roll
of the remaining Numbers of the Consular Troops
was brought to him, and he ordered both Ar-
mies to keep as usual their distinct Guards that
Night. — —

Next Day, a Tribunal was erected before the
chief Gate of the City, and an Altar reared, on
which *Cæsar*, crowned with Laurel, in Sign of

Victory, was offering a grand Sacrifice, while his Army drew up on both Sides in Battle-array. By and by the unhappy vanquished Squadrons began to file down to the Plain, having still their Arms, but equipped as for a March. When within hearing, they saluted *Cæsar-Imperator* or *Commander in chief*, — halted at an appointed Place, and drew up separately as they were directed; the *Antonian* Veterans by themselves, and the *new-raised* Legions likewise apart. Then *Cæsar* and his Officers mounted the Tribunal, and first commanded them to lay down their Arms where they stood. It was done. Next he commanded the *Veterans* to come near the Tribunal; whether to pardon them, or reproach them, or to order them to be cut to Pieces by his Pretorians, is uncertain — but certain it is, that his own Men, their former Camp-Companions, could not bear the Sight: but breaking their Files, and leaving their Posts, they ran to their old Friends, and clasping them in their Arms, with incessant Cries and Tears they begged of *Cæsar* to forgive them. All Passions are infectious, and Pity not the least. The same Compassion touched the other *Cæsareans* towards the *new-raised* Troops — The whole Army broke loose, and so mingled with the *Antonians*, that there was no Distinction of Parties, nor End of their crying — *Pardon! Pardon!* In this Temper of his Troops, *Cæsar*, however cruel, would not have found Tools to execute a bloody Purpose. He made Signs for Silence — and in the hearing of both Armies addressing his own, *My*

Soldiers, said he, *you have on all Occasions so behaved yourselves to Me, that I can refuse you nothing. I have little to say to the new-raised Men, who were perhaps enlisted by Force: but these your old Companions, who served with you many a Campaign, and gained many a Victory; I would have gladly asked, through what Fault of mine, or the Refusal of what Favor, or the Expectation of what Reward, they thought fit to change Sides, and take up Arms against you and me? — and with your Permission, I will still put that Question to them —* An universal Cry of Pardon! Pardon! was the only Answer returned by the Legions. ‘Well’ — said the Youth, since you will have it so, ‘they shall be pardoned — let them only behave like You for the Time to come.’ A Shout of Joy then rent the Air from both Armies; and could the young Tyrant’s Heart have been melted to Humanity, the moving Spectacle of so many Faces brightened with Rapture, and the Acclamations of intense Gratitude poured into his Ears, might have made him taste a Bliss far above the Licence of Victory. But he was not yet humanized, nor stripped of the fierceness that enabled him to dictate the Edict of the *Proscription* in Sport. The *Antonians* were ordered to encamp on the Spot where they laid down their Arms — and then a Message was sent to *Lucius Antony* the late *Consul*, to come down from *Perugia* with the Body of Nobility and *Knights* that had taken Arms with him and composed his Council of War. They descended in the Habit befitting their present

low Condition : a miserable and moving Sight ! There were in that illustrious unhappy Train upwards of thirty *Senators* and five hundred *Knights*, many of them Men of approved Worth and high Dignity in the Common-wealth. When they approached the Tribunal, they saluted the haughty Victor ; and were immediately separated, and taken into private Custody by *Tribunes* and *Centurions*, until farther Orders. The surviving *Perugians*, stretching forth their Hands from the Wall, and crying for Mercy, were ordered to send down their Magistrates and common Council, who were taken into Custody in like Manner ; and then *Cæsar* rose from his Tribunal, having passed the first Day of his Victory in a Manner that seemed to deserve it.

But the next rose the blackest that *Rome* had seen since the bloody Morn after *Philippi* ; and has left a Blot of Cruelty upon his Memory whose Guilt is shared by no Partner.

It was a Day of Execution — a Day of Misery and Horror both in the Camp and City. *Cæsar* again mounted his Tribunal, and first commanded the Magistrates and common Council of *Perugia* to be brought forth and put to Death in his Sight. Then a select Number of *Senators*, the best Men, and best affected to their Country, together with four hundred Knights of chief Note were set apart for a terrible Purpose: the greater Part of the Remainder were immediately put to the Sword in the Youth's Presence, who answered those that begged for Mercy, or endeavoured to excuse themselves, briefly—*Death* was

the *Word*. This his bloody Nature was well known, and was not *trusted* by some of the *Great Men* embarked in this unhappy War. Immediately after the Surrender by *Lucius*, they took the *Roman Remedy* for all Evils, and with their own Hands put an End to their Lives. The Sack of the Town was intended by *Cæsar* as a Reward to his Soldiers: But the Person of prime Dignity in that City *Cestius Macedonicus*, having amassed his Furniture into a Pile, he mounted, fell on his Sword, and ordered it to be set on Fire. The March-Winds blew high — the Flames spread; and the ancient and populous *Perugia*, one of the famous *twelve Tuscan Settlements*, was laid in Ashes.

And now the *Ides of March* were approaching; the Day on which *Julius Cæsar*, the Oppressor of the Common-wealth, had suffered as a *Tyrant* in the Senate-House. When they came, a vast *Altar* was raised as it were to his *Manes*, or, in the fashionable Style, to his new-made Divinity. Then the illustrious Persons whom *Lucius Antony* had delivered over Prisoners without Terms, were brought forth, and not *simply slaughtered* as at *Philippi*; but in the Sight of a Youth of three-and-twenty, a venerable Company of Senators, and four hundred noble Knights, were carried to the accursed Altar: on it they were laid like so many Beasts of Sacrifice, and had their Throats cut by the Veterans. This atrocious Mixture of Cruelty and Insult made People suspect that the young Triumvir, instead of smothering the first Commotions, had under-hand fomented the War.

to give the remaining Friends of Liberty a Handle to take Arms under *Lucius*, that he might have a new one to murder and confiscate as before. But I believe this to be a groundless Suggestion: the Youth had great Reason to be apprehensive of this War in the Beginning, and just indulged his own savage sanguinary Temper in the End of it. For no private Friendship nor personal Obligations could soften him. Among the great unhappy Senators that suffered on this Occasion, was *T. Canutius* the Patriot-Tribune, who, through some particular Attachment (when the young Man came first from *Apollonia*) produced him to the *Comitia* or grand Assembly of the People in Spite of the then Consul, his present Colleague and former Enemy, who wanted to crush and destroy him. In short, the Victory at *Perugia* was prosecuted just in the Spirit of the *Proscription*, and excepting some few Persons connected with his chief Officers, all the other Prisoners of Note were in some Shape or other given up to the Sword. It is true he was once in imminent Danger during the Siege. He was doing Sacrifice between his Works and the Wall, when a Body of the desperate Gladiators sallied suddenly out, and had very near enveloped him and his Company. With the utmost difficulty he prevented their getting between him and the Trench, and escaped with Life into his own Works. But the Risques run by great Men, or even Wounds received by an *Agésilas* or a *Philip*, never provoked them to exercise Cruelty upon the vanquished. In all History, I can scarce recollect a blacker Deed,

or an Instance of greater Barbarity committed in cold Blood, than the *Perugian-Altar*. It was more in the Style and Temper of some *Eastern Savage* or *Tartar-Chieftain*, than of a Youth bred in the *Grecian Elegance*, or *Roman Humanity*. It is a Stain that will never wipe off, but will mark him for a *blood-thirsty vindictive Usurper*, while Clemency can raise, or Cruelty depress, the Characters of Men.

The Defeat of Lucius Antony was attended with various Scenes of Misery all over *Italy*. It determined the Fate of all the subordinate Parties that had been every where formed in his Favor. He himself was dismissed by *Cæsar*; no Doubt in Consideration of the Power and Influence of the *Triumvir*. What became of him at last I know not: the total Silence in which his Name is buried, makes me apt to believe that he has not long survived the Disgrace of his Miscarriage, but has died soon after of Shame and Discontent in *Spain*, whither he was sent Lieutenant-General in Show, and Prisoner in Reality. *Fulvia* received the News with Imprecations against Gods and Men — She soon found *Palestrina* could not protect her; and like to burst with Rage, was forced to forsake *Italy*, where she hoped to domineer, and escorted by three thousand Horsemen of *Ventidius* and *Pollio's*, took her weary Way through the *Apennines* to the Coast, in Order to embark on a Voyage to her Spouse, from whom she had Reason to expect a very cold Reception.

I do not think it was possible for a Woman to

meet with a deeper Mortification than this Flight from a youthful Victor, who had not only slighted her Love (if he spoke Truth), but wounded her Honor in the tenderest Part. The insulting *Epigram*, which I make no Doubt she has seen, concludes with a cutting Insinuation, that *the Man who touched her, bid fair to lose his Manhood*. To an ordinary Female this was unpardonable — What must it be to a Lady of the highest Pride and Jealousy? She was of the first Nobility; — though not very happy in her immediate Progenitors; her Father's stuttering and Stupidity nick-named him *Bambalio*, and her Mother's Father, *Sempronius Tuditanus*, was next to a Mad-man. But the Gracefulness of her Person, her high Spirit and great Fortune (being an Heiress) had procured her successively the Addresses of the three Men in *Rome* of the most daring Courage and highest Ambition. That they were at the same Time the most abandoned Characters, is true — but that did not hinder their succeeding with *Fulvia*. She was married first to *P. Clodius Pulcher* the infamous Tribune, to whom she bore the young Lady lately sent back (like a Queen of *Spain*) by her ungracious Son-in-law. The slighted Girl took the Affront so heavily that she died soon after, and must have redoubled the Mother's Rage against the Author of her Child's Death. She was next married to the Fire-brand of the civil War, *C. Curio*, the eloquent Prostitute, who sold himself to *Cæsar*; and perished with his Army in *Africa* — and after-

wards, if I am not mistaken, was *twice* married to *M. Antony*. It appears strange—; but I cannot, on any other Supposition, reconcile the following Facts.

In DCCV, under the Consulship of *C. Claudius Marcellus* and *C. Cornelius Lentulus*, happened the Battle of *Pharsalia*, in which *Antony* had commanded the Left-Wing of the *Cesareans*. At his Return from *Theffaly* with the Army, *Cytheris* went to welcome him at *Brindisi*. Their Amour was at its Height; and they made their second shameful Progress through *Italy*, riding sometimes in a Chariot drawn by Lions. *C. Curio* was killed that same Year in *Africa*, and left *Fulvia* again a Widow. Three Years thereafter (in DCCVIII), the dreadful Battle of *Munda* was fought, when *Cæsar*, despairing of the Event, intended to kill himself, that he might not fall into his Enemies' Hands. *Antony* had been left in *Italy*, having almost broke with him for demanding the Price of *Pompey the Great's* Palace and Furniture, which he had bought the Year before when exposed by *Cæsar* to public Auction. He was a Candidate for the Consulship, and made a Progress through the Countries and free Cities of *Gaul* as far as *Narbonne*, to bespeak their Favor against the Day of Election. In his Return to *Rome*, he drove furiously through *Italy*, as if upon some pressing Affair; and by four in the Afternoon arrived at *Red-stones*, a Village about twelve Miles from Town. There he sat, and took his Glafs till it was dark, wrote a fond passionate Letter to his *Wife*, and having

muffled himself up in a great Coat, took a Post-Chaise, and alighted with his Letter at his own House late in the Evening. He knocked hard — was asked who he was —? answered — ‘*a Courier from M. Antony with Letters for his Lady* — He was instantly admitted — delivered his Letter, and slept aside into a Corner, while she was reading — until ‘*the Protestations of Passion — the Assurances of having for ever given up with the Actress, and Vows of eternal Fidelity,*’ filled her Heart with Joy and her Eyes with Tears. He then threw off his Disguise, sprang suddenly to her, and clasping her in his Arms, seemed resolved to keep his Word. This happened in *August* or *September* DCCVIII.

Now it is certain that he was married to *Antonia* his Cousin-German, and that same Year divorced her under Pretence of her intriguing with *Dolabella*, as he cruelly said in open Senate the first Day of the ensuing, viz. DCCIX: But it is likewise certain, that he had, before this Divorce, patched up Matters with *Fulvia*, and secured with her what *Cicero* calls *conditionem falsam*, or a *feigned and counterfeit Match*’.

From the Orator’s Way’ of telling the Frolic

‘*Filiam (Patruī) sororem tuam (patruelem) ejecisti, falsa conditione quæsitā, & ante prospecta.*

Phillip. II.

‘*O hominem nequam! — ergo, ut te catamirum, nec opinato cum ostendisses, præter spem mulier adspiceret, idcirco Urbem terrore nocturno, Italiam multorum dierum metu perturbasti? Et domi quidem causam amoris habuisti; foris etiam turpiorem.*

Ibid.

of surprising his Spouse, I suspect it has not been to the mild and virtuous *Antonia*, but to *Fulvia*, that *Antony* played this Trick—perhaps as a Proof of Passion after Reconcilement. Be that as it will, the Suspicion of his former Marriage with *Fulvia* is founded on this: The Youth sent up to the Capitol the 11th Day of *March* DCCIX, as an Hostage to *Brutus* and *Cassius*, is called in Derision by *Tully* *Puerum nobilem, M. Bambalionis nepotem*—‘a Boy of noble Blood, *Marcus Bambalio*’s Grand-Child.’ He had divorced his Cousin in the End of DCCVIII. *Fulvia* could scarce have brought him a Son by the Beginning of *March* next Year; or if she had, the Infant must have been a few Weeks old, unfit to be sent with its Nurse to the Capitol. This same Youth received the manly Gown with great Pomp at *Alexandria* after the Battle of *Actium*; that is, had reached his seventeenth Year in DCCXXIII, which necessarily brings his Birth to DCCVII, the Year before *Antony*’s Marriage with his Cousin-German. Besides, it is not at all probable that *such* a Woman, and so rich a Match as *Fulvia*, would remain a young Widow from *Curio*’s Death till the End of the civil War; that is, upwards of three Years. The taking back a Wife after Divorce was not forbid by the *Roman* Law. It might be obnoxious to the *Censorial* Severity, if done upon unwarrantable Motives; otherwise it is authorized by *M. Cato*’s Example. But both the public Manners and private Morals of the *Romans* were at this Time extremely corrupt; and in nothing more than in

Marriage and Gallantry. Love was banished from the one, and Decency from the other. *Fulvia* therefore, the haughty *Fulvia*, so often courted by the first Men of the State — so often a Bride to those of the highest Merit with the Ladies — so often Mistress of *Rome* and of the *Empire*, to be now contemned, insulted, and driven by a scornful Youth out of *Italy* to (at best) a cold Husband, was a terrible though just Recompence of her Crimes.

Of the *Antonian* Generals, *Plancus* only accompanied her in her Flight. He had left two Legions at *Camerino*, with whom *Agrippa* came up, and by Threats and Promises brought them over to his Master. *Plancus's* Character as a Soldier was much clouded, and indeed decreased from the Day he had treacherously abandoned *Decimus Brutus*, and betrayed the Cause of the Commonwealth. The Rest of his Army now abandoned him and went over to *Ventidius*; while he embarked with *Fulvia* on a Squadron of five Gallies brought from *Macedon* to *Brindisi*, to convey an unwelcome Wife to *M. Antony*. The other Generals, upon the News of the Surrender, decamped from *Foligno*, and marched back through the Hills to the *Adriatic* Shore; but not without Danger and Difficulty, being closely pursued and harassed by great Detachments of the *Cæsareans*. *Pollio* regained his old Quarters at *Ravenna* with seven Legions; and the other Leaders intrenched themselves in the little Towns along the Shore, where the Communication was open by Sea, and where

Succours could arrive either from the opposite Coast, or from their next Neighbours in Case of a Siege. *Lucius's* other Allies, not in Friendship with the Triumvirs, escaped, some to *Enobarbus*, and some to *Pompey* in *Sicily*.

The South Parts of *Italy* were in no better Condition than *Tuscany* and the *Milanese*. Among the young Nobility, no one had a fairer Character than *Claudius Tiberius Nero*. He had early left off the usual Pursuits of Youth, and engaged in the proper Business of a great *Roman*. That was, by good Advice and good Offices to preserve and increase the Dependencies of great Cities and States, as well as of private Men, upon the Representative of the *Claudian Family*. At his first appearing in public, and intermeddling with Affairs, *Cicero*, a Connoisseur in Men, pronounced him a noble, ingenious and sedate Youth — commended him for a generous grateful Turn of Mind, and stuck not to affirm, *That of all the young Nobility there was not one of whom he had higher Esteem or greater Hopes*. After the Manner of his Countrymen, who must excel both in Arts and Arms, this young Patrician engaged soon in military Matters, and eagerly embraced the Cause of the Republic. But being forgiven and courted by the cunning *Cæsar*, he followed him as his *Questor* to *Egypt*, and greatly contributed to his *Alexandrian* Victory. But soon after, endless Ambition having made him appear in *Nero's* Eyes as an Enemy of his Country, when the other Senators, and *Cicero* among the Rest, were voting *Indemnity* only to

the Deliverers of *Rome*; this great Man warmly pressed for *Honors* and *public Premiums* to the Tyrant-Killers, and obtained himself the Dignity of Pretor in the restored Common-wealth. The horrid Proscription and the ensuing Confusions made him retain his Command beyond the legal Time, when hearing the Cause of the ejected Citizens was supported by a Consul, the Triumvir's Brother, he zealously joined him, and raised an Army in *Campania* among the Clients of the *Claudian* Family.

About two Years before the Siege of *Perugia* he had married a young Lady of noble Birth², and of still greater Beauty; the Daughter of *Livius Drusus*, and Grand-Daughter of that great but over-bearing Man, whose unbounded Ambition and restless Temper having brought him to an untimely End, he asked his weeping Friends, 'When will the Roman State produce such another Citizen?' The Defeat of *Lucius*, who was the Head of the War, having determined the Fate of his other Allies, *Claudius Nero* alone would not give up the Cause, and was forced to fly before *Cæsar's* Troops to get over to *Sicily*, with his young Wife and her Infant-Son in her Arms. The Roads were all beset; they were obliged to travel by Night, and ran many a Risque of their

² She counted the famous *Livius Salinator*, and the first *Claudius*, who obtained the Surname of *Drusus* (by killing *Drausus* a Gallic Chieftain) among her Progenitors.

Lives. From *Perugia* he had escaped first to *Palestrina*, *Fulvia's* Head-Quarters, and from thence to *Naples*, where he endeavoured to raise a new Army by proclaiming Liberty to the Slaves. But the Terror of the Veterans having rendered this Measure ineffectual, a Party of whom broke suddenly into the Town, he narrowly escaped down to the Shore: for the Infant being suddenly snatched from the Breast by the Servants, and afterwards from the Mother's Arms, to quicken their Escape, squalled out so loud, that they were twice in Hazard of being discovered and taken. This Child proved to be the cunning and cruel *Tiberius Cæsar*, whose Death at this Time would have saved the Lives of many a great and good Man whom that fell Tyrant afterwards destroyed. He now escaped in a little Vessel with his Parents to *Sicily*, where the young Beauty and her Child were kindly received by *Pompeia*, *Sextus Pompey's* Sister. She made a present to the Boy of a rich Robe, with its Clasps and Bells (*Bullas*) of Gold, that were long kept and shown as Curiosities at *Baia*. But *Nero* not being immediately admitted into *Pompey's* Presence, and being let know that he must lay aside his *Fasces* and *Lictors*, the Ensigns of Power; his high Spirit could not brook the Diminution of his Dignity: He staid in Discontent, and took the first Opportunity of quitting the Island.

While these Things were transacting in unhappy Italy, *M. Antony* was revelling with *Cleopatra* at *Alexandria*. The Lovers minded nothing but

Frolic and Luxury; and *Antony* seemed to have thrown off all Thought or Care of the *Roman Empire*, when two Messages roused him, as it were out of a Lethargy. One was, that his trusty Captain *Decidius Saxa*, whom he had made Governor of *Syria*, was beaten and killed by the *Parthians*, who had over-run the whole Province, and were come down to *Judea*, in Possession of *Jerusalem*, and within a few Days March of *Egypt*. The other was, that his Wife and Brother having put every Thing in Confusion in Order to ruin the young *Cæsar*, were by him beaten, chased out of *Italy*, and the better Part of his Legions won over by the Youth. The Bulk of *Antony's* Forces were lying, as was said, on this Side the *Alps*, under old *Calenus*, who being true to his Friend, and having, as a *Julian* Officer, a Regard for the young one, would not intermeddle in the War. *Cæsar* marched that Way with his main Army, and his good Fortune removing at that Nick of Time old *Fufius* by Death, he persuaded or terrified his Son the young *Calenus* to give over the eleven Legions (above sixty thousand Men) and the two Provinces without a Blow. This did put *Antony* in Motion. He said little to the Deputations from the *Italian* Towns where his own Veterans had been settled, and whence they were partly ejected; but taking his Leave of his new Mistress, sailed to *Tyre*, as if he intended to repel the *Parthians*; but having gathered a small Fleet, he embarked for *Cyprus*, and from thence steered directly for *Athens*.

Here he found his haughty Dame arrived with her Children and *Plancus* her Attendant. Their Meeting was far from being happy. Reproaches too well founded on both Sides: Arrogance and Folly objected to the Wife, and open Violation of the Marriage-Bed to the Husband. *Vice* is a baneful Ingredient that embitters every Sweet, and poisons even the *cordial Drop* that gives Relish to Life. The Insults she had met with from *Cæsar*, Ill-Success, and the chiding of an angry Spouse, so broke her Heart and Health together, that when *Antony* was to sail with *Plancus* for *Italy*, she was left sick at *Sicyon*, a Town on the West of the *Morea*. He had the Cruelty, they say, to set Sail without seeing her, or taking the least Notice of her Distress: And this proudest and most insulting of her Sex, not able to digest such Neglect, encompassed with gloomy Objects on all Sides, would hear of no Medicines for her Disease, but found an Exit worthy of her Life, and died of Rage and Despair.

About this Time, *Antony*, whose Affairs were all in Disorder through his Negligence and Profusion, received a Service of the last Importance from one of his Lieutenant-Generals. I have already had Occasion to touch upon the Character of *Herius Asinius Pollio*. He was one of those bold ambitious Men that resolve to be great, cost what it will. This Disposition first lifted him in *Pompey's* Service, then carried him to *Cæsar*, and at last attached him to *M. Antony*. They all gave

him Commands, and thereby Opportunities to make a Fortune, which no Man better knew how to use. His Spirit and Bravery gave him such Reputation among the Soldiery, that while his Friend *Plancus*, of higher Rank and Birth, was deserted by his Troops, *Pollio* was able to make Head against *Agrippa* and *Cæsar* with no less than seven Legions (as I lately mentioned) and to keep the better Part of the *Venetian* Dominion in *Antony's* Interests. The Chiefs of the Republic were still Masters of the Sea; *Pompey* Lord high Admiral on one Side of *Italy*, and *Domitius Enobarbus*, *Brutus's* Admiral on the other. The cold Reception and indifferent Usage which some great Men had received from the former, who put his menial Servants into the highest Commands, seems to have made *Domitius* averse from joining *S. Pompey*. He continued long upon his own Bottom, honored and beloved by his Officers and Seamen. But hearing of the Defeat of *Lucius Antony*, — seeing no Hopes of the Recovery of the Common-wealth — and having no Trust to put in the young *Cæsar*, as being himself among the condemned by the *Pedian* Law, and among the proscribed, he at last listened to the artful Insinuations which *Asinius Pollio* (who was lying upon the East-Coast) was constantly making him, and at last accepted of Proposals of an Accommodation with *M. Antony*. No Piece of Service could have been more seasonable to the Triumvir. *Domitius* had a noble Fleet, and no contemptible Land-Army: *Antony* had neither; for though his

Name was adored among the Soldiery, his Legions were incomplete and scattered — their Discipline was bad, and many of them had been seduced by *Cæsar*. With a small Squadron therefore he and *Plancus* set Sail from *Athens* for *Italy*; where he was not sure whether he was going to Peace or War. In the Middle of the Passage, and in open Sea, a stately Fleet appeared in View, for which his small Squadron was no Sort of Match. The Captain of the *Admiral's Galley* came and acquainted the Triumvir — they went upon Deck to reconnoitre; when the polite *Plancus*, struck with the Sight of a great naval Force bearing down upon them in Line of Battle, asked the General, *Whether he had good Assurances of Domitius's Fidelity* — and upon his answering that he had only *Pollio's Word* for it — *Why then, Sir!* said he, *had not you better sail back into some safe Port, until you be sure there is no Treachery* — *No* — replied *Antony* without Hesitation, *I had rather perish with Honor, than save myself by a disgraceful Flight*. He accordingly bore directly up to *Domitius*, who struck his Flag to him as his Superior, went on Board his Galley, and as a grand Favor, which indeed it was, voluntarily delivered up the Command of his Fleet and Army. Thus reinforced he steered straight for the *Italian Shore*.

Cæsar mean Time, after his Victory and the great Acquisition of *Calenus's Army*, had returned in a Sort of Triumph to dispeopled *Rome*. His Health was now confirmed; he was elate with

Success, and fell into the licentious Course of Life that might be expected from a Youth without Morals, in the Height of Power. At a certain Time of Life, and a certain Pitch of Vice, mere Pleasure palls upon the Taste, if it has not some Wildness (better it be *irreligious*) to give it Poignancy. It was this Taste that put *Alcibiades* and his Company upon maiming all the Statues of *Mercury* about *Athens*. It was this Taste that put *Bussi Rabutin* and his Friends upon baptizing a Pig, and singing their scandalous Psalm on *Easter-day*. The young Triumvir of four-and-twenty was not contented with ordinary Intrigue and Feasting: He contrived a *private Masquerade-Supper*, where the twelve great Gods and Goddesses should be represented by six Men in the Equipage and Ensigns of the Divinities; and six Ladies, dressed, or undressed, like their Females. *Saturn* had his *Scythe*; *Jove* his *Thunder*; *Apollo* his *Lyre*; *Bacchus* his *Thyrse* and *Bunch of Grapes*; *Mercury* his *Cap* and *Caduceus*; and *Mars* his *Shield* and *Spear*. The Lady personating *Cybele* had her *Turret-like Attire*; *Juno* her *Sceptre*; *Ceres* her *Sheaf*; *Venus* her *Poppies*; *Diana* her *Bow* and *Quiver*; and *Pallas* her *Spear* and *Helm* — for I do not suppose that it was to keep strictly to the Character of *Virgin-Goddesses*, that these Ladies came there. It is Pity we have lost that Edict which *M. Antony* published after his final Breach with *Cæsar*, where he described the Impiety of this Revel, and particularly enumerated the Persons by Name and Surname, who had acted the

several male and female Deities. We can only guess by their Age and Characters that old Matius would represent *Saturn*, Salvidienus *Jupiter*, Gallus the God *Bacchus*, Agrippa *Mars*, Mecenas *Mercury*, while it is certain that the young *Cæsar* played the bright *Apollo*.

Some unlucky Accident seldom fails on such Occasions to marcey the best laid Schemes of Secre. A Lady of Quality, *Mallia*, whom the Servants knew to be of *Cæsar's* Acquaintance, and made no Doubt of her being to bear a Part in this Night's Frolic, happened to call in a little late in the Evening. She was immediately admitted without Questions — and being introduced into the Dining-Room, to her no small Surprise, saw the six Gods and Goddeses, if not very decently, at least very lovingly laid in Pairs at a Banquet. Whether she shrieked and ran suddenly off — or whether the Masqueraders had not all their Wits about them, there seems to have been some Mismanagement in the Matter. *Mallia* was big with the Secret, and kept it no longer than she could find a Confident; which is never difficult. The Story was over the whole Town before next Morning, and produced the following Verses, whose Author was kept anonymous by the Dread of Proscription:

*Twelve mimic Deities, equipp'd like Play'rs,
When Mallia saw, on Couches laid by Pairs;
While impious Cæsar Phebus' Form belies,
And acts unheard-of Riot in the Skies;
Then fled from Earth the real Pow'rs divine,
And Jove himself deserts his sacred Shrine'.*

³ The Capitol dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. M 4

This Piece of Riot was made the more odious, by its being committed in the Height of the public Dearth, when the Citizens were in the Want of ordinary Food. It took Air immediately; and being blown over all the Town, the People could only revenge themselves by bawling out, *that the Gods had eat up all the Corn.* There was indeed a Mixture of Inhumanity, as well as of Impiety and Lewdness in this profane Frolic: but as it seldom happens, that People indulging in *Pleasure* are at the same Time inclined to *Severity*; *Cæsar's* Ministers obtained a Pardon for one of *Brutus's* Officers, without which the learned and polite World would have lost one of their finest Entertainments. A Remission seems to have been procured about this Time for *Q. Horatius Flaccus*, if not the entire Restitution of his paternal Estate. The high Taste which *Mecenas* had for *Learning*, and consequently for the *Conversation* of learned Men, gave *Virgil* daily Access to him amid all the Din and Hurry of Business in which he was plunged by a civil War. And, to the immortal Honor of the Poet be it told, that he employed his Interest with the prime Minister in Favor of a Man who might one Day rival it with him in the same Profession. *Virgil* it was, who first gave a great Character of the *Tribune* under *Brutus* to his new Patron; an Action, if I may speak my Sentiment, of higher Merit than writing the *Eneid*. It shows a Mind wholly free from Suspicion or Envy, a Benevolence of Heart, a Nobleness of Nature that cannot be too much admired. In

a Day or two, he was seconded by a greater Man, and at that Time thought to be a greater Poet. *L. Varius* made the same Application to *Mecenas*, and was desired to bring *Horace* to the Minister's Levee next Morning. When he was presented, *Mecenas* had the Curiosity to ask him of his Estate, Family and Fortune. The young Man was in Confusion; with a faltering Tongue and broken Accents, he told ingenuously, 'That he was of no ancient nor rich Family; that his Grandfather had been a Freed-man or manumitted Slave: that his Father had been a Collector, acquired a small Fortune, and given him an Education much beyond it.' He then made his Bow and retired; having obtained his Pardon, though he saw not the Minister for nine Months thereafter. This Introduction and Rescue of *Horace* from Death and Poverty by two Gentlemen in the same Way of Life, who had only their *Genius* and their *Pen* to recommend them as well as he, sets all the three, in my Opinion, in *the most amiable Point of Light*. Is it to be at all wondered, that Men capable of such exalted Sentiments and disinterested Friendship, should both raise themselves to Consideration with the Great, and produce those Works that were and are the World's Admiration? *Virtue*, though banished by Ambition and Luxury from among the leading Men of the State, took Shelter, as it were, among the less exalted, and gave even surprising Instances of her Influence upon those of the very lowest Rank.

Afinius Pollio, as was above related, kept all the North-east Coast in the Power of *M. Antony* with an Army of near forty thousand Men. Partly for their Subsistence, and partly to raise a great Fortune to himself, he laid heavy *Contributions* upon the Towns, and exacted them with the utmost Rigor. The unhappy *Paduans*, among the Rest who had expressed a Love of Liberty and the Republic, smarted severely under his Displeasure or Avarice. He stripped them of every Thing, public or private, that was valuable in their City: and with a Strain of Inhumanity hardly to be excused even by a civil War, proclaimed a *Premium* to any Slave who would discover where his Master lay concealed: for the better Sort of Citizens, unable to answer his exorbitant Demands of *Money* and *Arms*, had universally absconded. Under the Temptation of a considerable Sum proffered by *Pollio*, and the still greater of their *Liberty*, it is scarcely credible, and yet is affirmed as a certain Fact, *That not one Slave in Padua was prevailed upon to betray his Master.*

But besides the Impunity of all Violence, and indeed almost of all Crimes in civil Commotions, *Pollio* could now act with more absolute Authority, not only as Lieutenant-General under *Antony*, but as *Consul* for this Year*. He and another Friend of that same Triumvir, *Cn. Domitius Calvinus*, had for some Months exercised

* A° U. C. DCCXIII.

that once supreme, but now almost nominal, Office in the Common-Wealth. The Army therefore under *Pollio* was, properly speaking, a *Consular* Army; and had it been fighting, as usual, the Battles of the Republic, he would have had, in Cases of Necessity, a *legal* Title to tax the *Italian* Towns for its Subsistence. At present it only served to support one Tyrant against another; and to give *M. Antony* a Footing in *Italy* in Spite of the young *Cæsar*.

After his Conjunction with *Enobarbus*, their combined Fleet landed at *Pollento*, *Domitius'* Head-Quarters, where he quitted his *Pretorium*, or General's Tent, to *M. Antony*: From thence they sailed to *Brindisi* garrisoned by four of *Cæsar's* Legions. As no formal Breach had been made between him and *Antony*, nor War openly declared on either Side, the latter made no Doubt but all the Harbours in *Italy* would be open to him; and was not a little surprised when the Commandant in *Brindisi* (whether of his own Accord, or by private Orders) drew the Chain across the Mouth of the Port, and refused him Entrance. He turned to *Siponto*, a Town on the neighbouring Promontory, which he suddenly seized; and from thence returning to *Brindisi*, partly by *Enobarbus's* Fleet, and partly by a Wall run across the *Isthmus* on which it stands, besieged it straightly by Sea and Land.

And now *Italy* had been replunged into the Miseries from which it had scarce emerged, but for the Prudence and Address of two Gentlemen,

*Cilnius Mecenæ*s, and *Cocceius Nerva*. Antony, enraged at his Exclusion from *Brindisi*, had immediately dispatched Messengers to *Sextus Pompey* in *Sicily*, accepting of his Alliance against *Cæsar*, which he ratified by his Oath, pressing him at the same Time to make a powerful Diversion with his Fleet and Army, by a Descent upon the Coast of *Abruzzo*. He was eagerly obeyed by Pompey: whose Rear-Admiral *Menodore* immediately sailed out with a strong Squadron and four Legions to ravage *Abruzzo*, and besiege *Thurium* near *Rossano*.

It was like a Clap of Thunder breaking over the young *Cæsar*'s Head to hear of a Conjunction between Antony and the old *Friends of the Republic* — an Event big with certain Ruin to him and his Party. Nor did it a little increase his Apprehensions that he found even his own *Veterans* averse to the War. The Case was altered with Respect to the Brothers: They fought against *Lucius*; but would with Difficulty be persuaded to draw a Sword against the Man whom they solely honored, and whom they looked upon as their Saviour at *Philippi*. *Cæsar* was forced to leave his Revelling, and take the Field with half-willing Troops, many of whom deserted by the Way, and those who followed were well resolved to take the first Opportunity of compelling him to make Peace with M. Antony.

Things were in this ticklish State, when two Pieces of News were brought to both Camps: First that *Fulvia*, whom her Husband had left sick at *Sicyon*, had departed this Life; and next, that *Agrippa* had unexpectedly attacked and retaken

Siponto. At the same Time *Cocceius*, a common Friend, who, in Company with *Cecinna* a *Tuscan* Nobleman, had carried Letters from *Cæsar* to *Antony* the Year before, and had been prevailed upon to pass the Winter with him in *Alexandria*, now asked him as a Thing of Course, *Whether he had any Commands for Cæsar?* — *Commands for Cæsar!* said he, No — But are you going back then? — Well, I wish you a good Journey — *But Sir! have you no Answer to send to the Letters I brought you from Cæsar?* I sent an Answer to the Letters by *Cecinna*, of which you may, if you please, take a Copy — But what should I now write to an *Enemy*, except it were to scold or reproach him? — *Don't call the Man an Enemy, Sir, who has used your Brother and Friends so handsomely, when he had them in his Power.* Ay — he uses my Friends handsomely to seduce them — but he shuts the Gates of *Brindisi* against me, debauches my Army, and usurps my Provinces — *Cocceius*, having thus got what was at the Bottom of his Stomach, took his Leave without adding a Word to irritate his impatient Temper, and went straight to *Cæsar's* Camp. He no sooner saw him, than with seeming surprise — *So — Cocceius!* said he, *is this the Return you make me for saving your Brother's Life to take Part with my Enemy —!* It is very well, *Sir!* And is this the Way you treat your *Friends* to seduce their Men, take away their Provinces, and then call them your *Enemies?* *Why do you think,* said *Cæsar*, *when Calenus died, that such Force should have been left in the Hands of a Boy his Son, while Antony*

himself was beyond Sea, and his Brother Lucius and his Lieutenant Pollio, and new Friend Enobarbus, were watching an Opportunity to seize and turn it against us? Plancus' Troops I prevented from deserting to Pompey; which his Cavalry actually did. These Things, replied Cocceius, though represented in a different Light, Antony himself did not credit, until the Gates of Brindisi were shut against him as an Enemy. That, said Cæsar hastily, was not done by my Orders; as I knew nothing of his Coming: But the Brindisians themselves, and Servilius Rullus the Commandant, hearing he had entered into an Alliance with Pompey, and seeing him advance with their known Enemy, shut their Harbour, of their own Accord not so much against Antony as against Enobarbus, one of my Father's Murderers, impeached and condemned by Law, who attacked this very Town after Philippi, burnt my Ships wherever he found them, and ravaged the whole upper Coast. — 'Why, ' I suppose, you agreed, Sir! did you not? that ' you should severally make Peace with whom you ' pleased. Antony has entered into no League with ' any Murderer of your Father, whose Memory he ' honors as much as you can. Enobarbus was none ' of them — nor so much as privy to the Design: ' but was unjustly condemned by the blind Passion ' of his Judges. If as Brutus's Friend, he be unpardonable; take Care you condemn not the better ' Part of the Romans by that same Rule. Nor did ' Antony accept even of Pompey's Alliance, till he ' was treated as an Enemy by your Officers — and ' has still a Mind to use him, only in Case of Ne-

‘ cessity ; or to reconcile him to you , if you listen
‘ to Reason : Though if there be any Fault here ,
‘ you have yourself to blame — since *Pompey* and
‘ his People would never have ventured to solicit
‘ an Alliance with *Antony* , if they had not seen you
‘ endeavouring to drive him and his Friends out
of *Italy* — *I endeavour to drive him out of Italy !*
Manius , and Lucius , and Fulvia endeavoured to
drive me out of Italy , and out of the World — and
Pompey has only now begun to attempt the Coast in
Confidence of this new Alliance . — ‘ Not merely in
‘ Confidence of it — but by *Antony’s* express
‘ Orders : for I think it my Duty to warn you , *Sir* ,
‘ that with a vast Fleet he will lay waste the
‘ Country far and near , as you have scarce a Ship
‘ to oppose him , unless you two come to a better
Understanding .

Cæsar , like a Boxer that receives an unexpected
Blow , paused for some Time ; when recollecting
himself — *Pompey needs not crow upon his Success* ,
said he , *for I have certain Intelligence that he is*
repulsed from Thurium , and forced to raise the Siege
with Disgrace *Cocceius* , now Master of the Grounds
of their mutual Disgust , began gently to turn the
Conversation , and ask if he had heard the Circum-
stances of *Fulvia’s* Death ? ‘ that it was not doubted
‘ but the harsh Reception she had met with from
‘ *Antony* had thrown her into Melancholy , and
‘ the severe Reprimand he had given her for em-
‘ broiling him with his Colleague had exasperated
‘ the Disease , as his final Disregard had hastened
‘ her Exit’ — *and now She is gone , Sir , who was the*

bad Instrument between you, and in Truth the Fire-brand of the War, I do not see that there is any Thing else necessary for your Reconciliation, but that you should tell the plain Truth to one another, and confess the ill-founded Suspicions that are making you undesigned Enemies. — Having gone thus far, Cocceius let the Matter rest, and passed that Day, splendidly entertained by Cæsar. The next, being to return, he presumed to beg, that as the younger Man, he would write to his Friend and Colleague, and prevent farther Mischief. Cæsar said he would write to no Man, young or old, that was acting as his Enemy — but since he pressed him so much, he would write to his Grand-Aunt, Julia, Antony's Mother (the excellent Woman that saved the good Lucius Cæsar proscribed by her Son) who had come over with him from Athens. He did so; and artfully took the Pretence of 'complaining of her Unkindness ' in trusting rather to S. Pompey's Generosity than ' to his Affection, who loved and honored her as ' a Parent, though she ran from him as an Enemy.' But the most weighty and successful Mediators were the Veteran Officers in Cæsar's Army. They came all about Cocceius, seeing him ready to return: commended his noble Disposition to reconcile the Chiefs, and bid him assure Antony, they would fight against that Leader who should obstinately refuse reasonable Terms. — He delivered their Message most faithfully, and shook Antony's Resolution to prosecute the War. His new Alliances with Pompey and Enobarbus, of which he could not get rid with Honor, principally stuck with him;

him; for while they subsisted, *Peace was not to be expected with Cæsar*. At this Pinch, *Cocceius* advised him to send *Pompey* (repulsed from *Thurium*) back to *Sicily*, and give *Enobarbus* some splendid Government that would carry him to *Asia*, or other Parts at a Distance from *Italy*. ‘And when we have done so, said he, perhaps *Cæsar* will listen to no Terms, and then where are we?’ *Cocceius* took it upon him to answer for *Cæsar*; that he would find him extremely reasonable—and *Julia* at the same Time interposing with her Son, he at last gave Way, and made *Domitius Enobarbus* Governor of *Bithynia*; writing at the same Time to *Pompey*, ‘That as he found himself able to cope with *Cæsar* in *Italy*, he might retire with his Army and Fleet into his own Ports, until their common Interest required his re-entering upon Action.’ In short, each seeing the Strength of his Antagonist; *Cæsar* having the greatest Army, though not all sure Men; *Antony* being all-powerful at Sea, and growing daily more so at Land; they both agreed to name Delegates, or rather *Arbiters*, who should adjust all Differences, and prescribe the Terms of their future Friendship. These were, *Asinius Pollio*, on *Antony*’s Part, and *Cilnius Mæcenæ* on *Cæsar*’s; and they both chose *Lucius Cocceius*, a common Friend to their Masters, to be their Umpire.

Mæcenæ was a Man of great *Reach*, and no less *Address* in Negotiation. He did not chuse to let little Punctilios, or adhering too scrupulously to the Letter of his Instructions, retard the Conclusion of important Matters. I remember Monsieur

d'Offat, Resident at *Rome* from the great *Henry IV.* and one of the ablest Ministers of modern Times, went boldly beyond his Commission, in concluding a Treaty with the *Grand Duke*, for recovering the Isles of *If* and *Pomegues*. He frankly confesses in a Letter to the King, *that he had done so*, and adds, that he had learned from long Experience, that to prevent a greater Evil, and obtain a greater Good, it was best in Affairs of Consequence to hazard something — to nick the favorable Opportunity when it offers, in Order to get out of a Scrape as fast as possible'. The three Commissioners now met, had one of the most important Affairs upon the *Tapis* that ever was in Negotiation. It was nothing less than to divide the World between their Constituents; the glorious *Empire* purchased by the Blood and Virtue of the old Republicans, and governed by the Authority of the most august Council on Earth, according to the Prescript of the Laws, was now without Law or Order, without Decree of the Senate or Vote of the People, to be divided by three private Delegates (though one was a Consul in Appearance) between two of the worst of Men! I say two, because *Lepidus*, whom *Cæsar* had lately sent over to *Africa*, was in a Manner out of the Question. They therefore agreed upon the following Terms and Measures:

I. Oblivion of what was passed on both Sides, and Amity for the Time to come.

II. That the *Empire* should not be parcelled out

^s Lettres du Cardinal d'Offat. cxvii. Au Roi.

in *Provinces* between them as formerly; but that a *general Division*, as least liable to Difficulties, should take Place. That a *Line* should be therefore drawn, as it were through the Middle of the *Adriatic*, running Northward, and striking upon the Town of *Scodra*: It is now the Head of *Albania*, called *Iscondar* by the *Turks*, and *Scutari* by the *Venetians*.

III. That all the Lands, Islands, Seas to the *East* of this Line all the Way to the *Euphrates*, should belong to *M. Antony*; and all to the *West*, until you come to the Ocean, to the young *Cæsar*.

IV. That both the *Triumvirs* should have equal Title to recruit in *Italy*, and equal Access to the Honors of Rome.

V. That the Attainder passed against *Domitius Enobarbus* should be taken off; and that he should be restored to his Honors and Estate, and the Terms granted to him by *M. Antony* should be ratified by the young *Cæsar*.

This great and noble Person they pretend to have been the *only* Man not of the *proscribed Senators*, many of whom were saved, but of those condemned by the *Pedian Law*, for the Death of *Julius Cæsar*, who not only escaped with Life, but returned with Honor to *Rome*, and rose to the highest Dignities of the State. Whether he had any Share or not in chastising the Usurper, is uncertain. Within a few Months of the Event, he is expressly named by *Cicero* among the Heroes who had dared to deliver their Country from Slavery*. The after-

* Cn. Domitium, non Patris interitus, clarissimi viri, non

Historians leave it doubtful. Perhaps *Cæsar* and his Party have been willing to *slur it over*, that the Treaty they were now forced to ratify might not be drawn into Precedent, as contradictory to their other Conduct.

In the subsequent Age, when the *Slavery* entailed on a brave People by the Pride of one Man, and their own Corruption, had produced its *natural Effect*; when their Minds were debased, and their Understandings blinded; they gave into that dastardly Opinion of *Fate* and *Fortune* — and very naturally. For in an *absolute Government*, *Virtue* meets not with its proper Reward. Honor and Respect, with Riches in their Train, do not attend this *Sovereign of human Life*, as they *naturally* ought. On the contrary, in these Governments, she brings *Envy* and *Depression*, and often *Persecution* and *Death*: while her proper Premiums are prostituted to Pimps and Flatterers — some of whom by the Caprice of a Prince, the Whim of a Mistress, or Humor of a Minion, shall rise from the lowest Pitch of Infamy to Power and Wealth, if not to Reputation. It was however this silly Principle that makes these wondrous wise Reflections so common among the *later Greek and Roman Historians*, ‘*that Fate was now preparing such an Event — that Fortune was by this Circumstance intending such a Man’s Ruin*,’ which perhaps had no more Influence upon the Action, than the innocent *Stars*.

Avunculi Mors — non spoliatio Dignitatis ad recuperandam Libertatem, sed mea auctoritas excitavit! — Philipp. II.

² Ob Virtutis certissimum Exitium.

Tacit.

When *Cicero*, for Instance, was pressing the *Senate* to declare *M. Antony* an *Enemy* to his Country, being appointed to draw up the Decree of that august Body, ordering him to desist from besieging *Modena*, he did it, says *Appian*, fraudulently and perversely; putting in Things which the *Senate* never intended. ' This he did, continues that weak Writer, not from any stated Enmity between them — but *Fate*, intending to involve all Things in Confusion, and hatching Mischief to *Cicero* himself, made him do so.'

Had *M. Antony* been killed in any of the three Engagements at *Modena*, as many a brave Man was, *Fate* had probably been much out in his Designs. But the Historian did not reflect that there must be an irreconcilable Dislike between so worthy and moral a Man as *Cicero*, and so very a Profligate, a mere Soldier of Fortune, as *M. Antony*, Besides that, the Treasons and Vices of his Relations had forced *Cicero*, as supreme Magistrate, to draw the Sword of Justice against them. He had put *Lentulus*, his Father-in-law, to Death, for being the second Man in the horrid *Cataline Conspiracy*. The infamous *Clodius*, *Fulvia's* first Husband, had been his bitter Enemy; and *Milo*, who killed him, his warm Friend: Besides that, there could not be two more incompatible Spirits than the two Ladies to whom they were married. For though *Cicero's Terentia* was not such a Fury as *Fulvia*, she was equally haughty, and equally prone to intermeddle in public Affairs. Her Husband did not stick to tell, that she was

much readier to assume his Part in the public Management, than to impart her Family - Concerns to him. But the mortal Spite between her and *Fulvia* must be highly enflamed by her having been the chief Instrument of *Lentulus's* Execution. *Cicero* was still irresolute, when his Wife, in the Middle of the Night, came Ambassadors to him from the *Vestal Virgins*, denouncing a Prodigy that determined him to put the Convicts to Death. These plain Reasons, and not *blind Fate*, made *Cicero* and *Antony* declared Enemies.

Of a piece with this Reflection is another, *That all the great Men who had dipp'd in the Design against Cæsar, came to an untimely End.* Could it be affirmed that *they alone* of all the other Romans died a violent Death at that Time, there might be some Presumption of the insinuated *Interposition* of Heaven: But if the greatest *Cæsareans*, such as *Hirtius* and *Dolabella*, and *Saxa*, and *Antony*, fell by thousands in the same inevitable Distractions; the Remark must be ranged among the Sprouts of Credulity and vulgar Superstition. For had either *Hirtius*, or more especially *Pansa*, survived the Victory — had not the young *Cæsar* proved a *Traitor* to his Country, and refused to pursue its proclaimed Enemy — had not the worthless *Lepidus* joined Forces with that Enemy — had the Battle of *Philippi* never been fought, or won by *Brutus* — had *Titinnius* made more Haste, or *C. Cassius* less; or finally, had *M. Brutus* refused to listen to the Clamors of his Soldiers — if, I say, any one of these extremely probable Events had

happened; the first would have prevented the base and bloody *Proscription*; and by the last, the Deliverers of their Country, who fell not in Battle, would have with Splendor and Justice enjoyed those Honors that in Virtue of the Veterans Swords were usurped by the Dregs of *Rome*.

Though there be some Show of Justice in the five abovementioned Articles of Agreement, yet the *Partition* was very *unequal* at Bottom. The then uncultivated Lands of *France* and *Spain* (as a great Part of them still lie) could not be compared with the rich and populous Provinces of *Asia*, *Syria* and *Greece*, and all the noble Islands, *Cyprus*, *Crete*, *Rhodes* — included in *Antony's* Department. But *Pompey* was the grand Drawback, who possessed *Sicily* and *Sardinia*, the two Granaries of *Rome*; and *Lepidus*, the third, the fertile *Africa* — so that *Antony* was a heavy Partner in the Division of the Empire, and kept at least two thirds of its Wealth and Dependencies in his own Hands*. But *Mecenas* who knew his Weight as a General, and how deeply he was rooted in the Hearts of the Soldiery, and saw inevitable Destruction to the *Cæsareans*, in his Conjunction with *Pompey* and the Friends of the Republic, thought any Peace preferable to a War between the *Triumvirs*; especially as there were some Events just fallen out, that seemed to promise it would be durable.

* *Nec aquâ saltem portione, sed prægravi Antonio.*
Plin.

C. *Octavius*, the young *Cæsar*'s own Father, had been twice married, first to *Ancharia*, by whom he had one Daughter, and then to *Atia*, *Julius Cæsar*'s Niece, by whom he had a Son and Daughter, *Octavius* and *Octavia*. What became of the Daughter of the first Marriage, whether she died young, or was married to some obscure Person, I have not discovered: but the younger *Octavia*, *Cæsar*'s eldest Sister, a Woman of great Accomplishments, had been for some Years married to *Caius Claudius Marcellus*, a Cousin-German of the famous *M. Marcellus*, so much admired in Banishment by *Brutus*. It is a common Mistake, into which *Plutarch* has drawn many learned Men, that *Ancharia*'s Daughter was *Marcellus*'s Wife. It appears by the best Authority, that he was married to the young *Cæsar*'s full Sister*. *Caius* was a zealous Friend to Liberty, and consequently an Enemy to *Julius*, whom he violently opposed, notwithstanding their Relation. He was *Consul* when that lawless Man invaded his Country; passed over with *Pompey* to *Greece*, and ran all the Fortunes of the Common-wealth. Oppressed with melancholy for the Miseries of *Rome*, he died during the Preparations for the *Perugian* Campaign. and left two Daughters and a Son, named after the great *Marcellus*, his near Relation.

* Cicero in the III. *Philippic*, answering Antony's scandalous *Manifesto* against the young *Cæsar*, and his mean Extract by his Mother *Atia*, has these Words, *Sed hoc viderint clarissimi viri, L. Philippus qui habet Aricinam. C. Marcellus qui Aricinæ filiam.*

Mecenas and *Cocceius* thought this a happy Opportunity of cementing the Rival - Triumvirs, and so uniting their Interests, that there should be little Temptation to a Rupture on either Side for the future. They therefore proposed that *Antony*, being a Widower by *Fulvia's* Death, should marry *Cæsar's* Sister, whose Virtue, Wisdom, and Sweetness of Manners, it was to be hoped, would win him from his wild Courses, and fix him to the Interests of her Brother. It was not difficult to persuade a Man of his Turn to marry a young Beauty; but *Cæsar*, who extremely honored his Sister¹, objected his Attachment to *Cleopatra*. *Antony* frankly owned his Fondness for the *Egyptian* Queen (as it would have been the most foolish Impudence to deny it); but said he was not married to her; that it was a transient Amour which he could easily sacrifice to the public Good, and to a Woman of such Merit as *Octavia*. She was in reality a Pattern of female Perfection: Beauty and Sweetness in her Looks, Grace and Dignity in her Motions; and what enhanced these inferior Charms, Wisdom and Goodness in all her Conduct and Conversation².

When the News of the Agreement of the Chiefs, and of its intended Sanction, were spread in the

¹ Ἐξεργε δὲ ὑπερβυῶς ὁ Καίσαρ τὴν ἀδελφὴν, Χρημα θαυμαστον, ὡς λέγεται, γυναικὸς γενομένην.

Πλάταρχ. Αντων.

² Οκταβίαν ἐπὶ κάλλει ποσὶ τῷ, σεμνότητι καὶ νῦν ἔχουσιν

Αὐτοῦ.

two Camps, they were seized with the most extravagant Fit of Joy that ever transported such a Number of Men: Nothing was to be heard for that whole Day and the following Night but Shout after Shout re-echoed from Camp to Camp, and Demonstrations of Joy next to Madness. They had good Reason: The Reconciliation of their Leaders delivered them from Misery, Wounds and Death, and secured to them the Possession of their ill-got Money, and worse acquired Estates. The two Armies mixed — many Salutes and much Embracing passed between old Comrades; and then Entertainments by Fairs in their Tents. The Generals set the Example — *Cæsar* invited *Antony* to a sumptuous Supper, dressed in the *Roman* Soldierly Manner — and next Day, *Antony* feasted *Cæsar* and his Friends in the *Asiatic* and *Egyptian* Taste: After which having dismissed their (*Evocati*) Veterans (who had served their due Number of Campaigns) to their respective Colonies, and cantoned their other Forces up and down *Italy*; they took their Way to the still starving Capital, to celebrate *Antony's* Nuptials with *Octavia*.

Peace and Marriage-Feasts have a good Appearance, and seem to speak the Prosperity of the Country where they prevail; but at *Rome* it was all out-side Gaiety, confined to the Plunderers of the State. It was like the rioting of Pirates after they have murdered the Crew, and burnt or sunk the Vessel of the fair-Trader. The Mirth was false and feverish, breaking out in the Excesses of a brutal Soldiery; while intense and home-

felt Misery was preying upon the Vitals of the Empire. For by the Defeat of *Lucius* and this Agreement between the *Triumvirs*, the *Expulsion of all the landed Gentlemen and incorporated Citizens*, and consequently the *Overthrow of Property* up and down *Italy*, was finally *fixed down and ratified*: and the unhappy Nobility and Gentry who had re-entered to their Possessions under the Consul's temporary Protection, and escaped the Perugian Altar, *must now think of their House and Home no more*. Then the Flame raised in the Country by civil War, and the levying Men for four or five different Armies, had put a Stop to all *Tillage*, had unfurnished the *Pastures*, and laid every Thing waste. Nor could Corn be *imported* by Reason of Pompey's Fleet — so that *Universal Famine* prevailed, and principally pressed unhappy *Rome*. At the same Time, the late *Opposition*, and the Resort of the Republicans to *Lucius*' Standard, had revived the Spirit of the Proscription; and the *Pompeians*, as they affected to call the Friends of the Constitution, were still hunted out and murdered by the Soldiers. We have a cruel Instance of this in the Person of the then Consul's Father-in-law.

*Quintius Luceius*³ had been sacrificed by *Pollio* at the bloody Congress near *Bologna*; perhaps to

³ Πλάγκας μὲν ὁ ἀδελφὸς Πλάτιος, Ασινίης δὲ ὁ πενθερὸς Κωϊντὸς — — Λευκίος δὲ, ὁ Ασινίης, τῷ ὑπατεύοντι τότε πενθερὸς, Φεύγων διὰ θαλάσσης, — ἔρριψεν ἑαυτὸν ἐς τὸ πέλαγος: though I suspect we should read Ὀυεντιδίας in the last Clause, who was Consul during the Proscription.

keep *Plancus* and the *Triumvirs* in Countenance, who gave up their nearest Relations. He had escaped the general Massacre, and lay concealed by his faithful Servants till the Consulship of *Lucius Antony*. But after *his* Defeat, finding no Safety in *Italy*, he endeavoured to get over to *S. Pompey*, the Refuge of all the proscribed Nobility. With great difficulty he got aboard a Vessel to carry him to *Sicily*, being hotly pursued by the *Cæsarean* Troopers: but meeting with violent and contrary Winds, and a raging Sea, he was in Hazard of being driven back, and falling into the Hands of the *Ruffians*. He could not bear the Thought; but jumped over-board in Despair to end his Misery among the Waves. — *Pollio*, as I said, was one of the Generals who *trimmed* after *Cæsar's* Death, and made great Professions of public Spirit and Love of Liberty to *Cicero*. He went so far as to say, *That all who wished the Preservation not only of the Empire, but of the Roman Name, should run to destroy M. Antony, as they would to extinguish a Conflagration*; and that for his Part, he was resolved neither to be wanting to the Republic nor to survive it*. The Compliment therefore to his Memory by *Velleius* (or rather to his living Son *Asinius Gallus*) 'that *Pollio*, firm to his Purpose — was always averse to the *Pompeian*,

* *Res cogit huic tanto Incendio succurrere omnes, qui aut Imperium, aut Nomen denique Pop. Rom. saluum esse volunt — Nam neque deesse, neque superesse Reip. volo.*

C. Asin. Poll. Lib. x. fam. Ep. 33.

‘ and true to the *Cæsarean* Party ’, is like the Rest, of that Writer’s Flattery, paid at the Expense of Truth. It was happy for him that the young *Cicero*, now in *Sicily*, or his Father’s Secretary *Tullius Tyro*, did not publish the Copies of those Letters now extant, which must have made him appear in a mean or odious Light: For he was become, as it were, *Antony’s* Prime Minister — Nothing of Moment was done without him in *Italy*; and being naturally haughty and assuming, he seems to have treated *Cæsar* and his Party with some provoking Contempt: For soon after this, the young Man, who wanted neither Wit nor Ill-nature; and whose late Composition against *Manius* and *Fulvia* had been applauded, not caring to meddle with *Antony’s* great Friend in a severer Way, sat down and ridiculed him in a Lampoon. It was a scurrilous Sort of Verse they called *Fescennine*, which admitted the lewdest Jokes and coarsest Names. Had they been on equal Terms, no Youth had ever been better paid in the same Coin. *Pollio*, among his other Talents, excelled both in Verse and Prose, and had a Fire of Fancy and Strength of Expression that animated both his Words and Writings. When just come of Age, and entered into his twenty-second Year, he impeached the violent head-strong Tribune, *Caius Cato*, a Cousin of the great *Marcus Cato*; and prosecuted that Accusa-

⁵ *Afinius Pollio*, firmus proposito, *Julianis* partibus fidus, *Pompeianis* adversus —

tion with such Spirit and Eloquence, that the Speeches he then made and published, were read with Admiration by Posterity⁶. Upon reading the young *Cæsar's* Satire, he paused a little, and then turning to his Friends: I'll be silent, said he, with a Smile — *for it is not proper to draw one's Pen against the Man who with a Dash of his can take off your Head*⁷.

While the Peace of *Brindisi* was negotiating, *Menodore* one of *Pompey's* Captains (who though a *Freed-man* had been bred to War both by Sea and Land under his Father) made a Descent upon *Sardinia*. He was first at repulsed by *M. Lurius* the Governor; upon whom however he suddenly turned, defeated his Pursuer, and made himself Master of the Island. This inflamed *Cæsar's* hereditary Hatred so much, that he would not consent to *Pompey's* being included in the *Brindisian Treaty*, and consequently increased the Famine at *Rome*. In the Height of it, the Nuptials were celebrated; and *Octavia*, though pregnant, was married to *M. Antony*. His open Nature, and Facility to take up and lay down Friendships, made him do a Thing at this Time which was not generally approved.

⁶ Altero & vigesimo anno Asinius Pollio C. Catonem eis orationibus infecutus est, quas hodieque cum admiratione legimus. De Causis cor. Eloq. Dialog.

⁷ Temporibus triumviralibus, Pollio, cum Fescenninos in eum Augustus scripsisset: *At Ego*, inquit, *taceo; non est enim facile scribere in eum qui potest proscribere.* It is not proper to play the Scribe against the Man who can proscribe. Macrob. Sat. XXIV.

The Man who had hitherto done the young *Cæsar* the greatest Services — who was his *first General*, and till of late had been his *prime Minister*, was undoubtedly *Salvidienus Rufus*. He was of the lowest Parentage, having kept Cattle when a Boy; but entering into *Julius*' Service, and soon distinguishing his Capacity and Courage, he rose Step by Step, until he was intrusted with the Government of the young *Octavius* his Grand-Nephew, and apparent Heir. In the Discharge of this high Trust, he gave Proofs of such a Genius for both Counsel and Action, that he was quickly advanced to the great Offices of the State, and was made *Consul* of *Rome* before he was a Member of the Senate — an Honor which before him had only happened to *Pompey the Great*, and to his young *Master*. This Person was ruined by an Error too incident to Men who have mounted aloft merely by *personal Merit*. He viewed too frequently those Talents that had raised him from the most abject Original to Honors and Employments of the highest Rank: And in a Course of Years, finding the *Stress* of Business to lie upon himself; and at the same Time considering, perhaps too attentively, the *Vices* and *Infirmities* of his Master; he forgot that the highest Abilities must have a Cause to prosecute, and a *popular Pretence** to turn out to the Mul-

* That great Party-Chief the Cardinal de Retz said, he wanted a big blooming Figure of a Man, with a fine Head of flowing Hair, to play off as Pageant upon the Multitude, and found it in the Person of the Duke of Beaufort.

titude. He first despised the Youth in whose Service he had grown great; and being disgusted, I suspect, by the growing Power of *Mecenas* the new Favorite, he actually plotted *Cæsar's* Ruin. Familiarity, they say, breeds Contempt^o; and Contempt of an Enemy or a Superior naturally throws us *off our Guard*, and hurries us blindly into Measures that lead to certain Ruin. After the Surrender of *Perugia* and the Acquisition of *Calenus's* Force, *Salvidienus* was sent with the *Gross* of the Army into *Languedoc* and *Provence*, to disburden exhausted *Italy*. He was lying upon the Banks of the *Rhone*, when *M. Antony* come from *Greece*, had laid Siege to *Brindisi*, and when nothing but War was expected between him and *Cæsar*. At that Crisis, did *Salvidienus* dispatch a trusty Servant to *Antony*, offering to desert to him with his whole Army, and to bring over likewise, the better Part of the Legions under *Agrippa*. What Terms he required on his Part, does not

^o *Brutus* and *Cæsar* — ! what should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that *Name* be sounded more than *yours*?
 Write 'em together — yours is as fair a Name:
 Sound 'em — it does become the *Mouth* as well:
 Weigh 'em — it is as heavy: Conjure with them —
Brutus will start a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the Name of all the Gods at once,
 Upon what Meat does this same *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great — ?

Shakspeare.

appear:

appear: no Doubt they would be proportioned to the Nature of the proffered Service; which, if successful, was the highest that Conjunction could possibly bear. This Letter *Antony* (having no Occasion to answer it by the sudden Peace of *Brindisi*) now betrayed, shall I say, or showed to his new Brother-in-law, the young *Cæsar*. A Courier was immediately dispatched to *Salvidienus*, desiring him to come in all Haste, and receive Orders for a private Expedition which he was to undertake with the Army under his Command. He, not suspecting that his Secret was discovered by *Antony*, instantly obeyed — came to *Rome*, was first arrested, and then openly accused by *Cæsar* of Treason and Perfidy in the Senate; to whom he pretended to refer the Cause — *Salvidienus* was convicted by his Letter — condemned by the few remaining Fathers, and put to Death without Delay. He was more regretted by the Soldiers than the Citizens; and had such Interest with the Officers of his own Corps, that *Cæsar* did not think fit to trust them any longer, but made over that whole Army upon the *Rhofne* to *M. Antony*. At the same Time another great Man (if Wealth and Power can make one so) met with his Fate, who was still less regretted. It was *Manius Rufus*, — a shrewd, intriguing busy Fellow, whom *Antony* now sacrificed, apparently in Consideration of *Cæsar* (against whom he had instigated the Consul *Lucius*, and had a chief Hand in raising the War,) but in Reality, because he had blown the Coals of Jealousy, and inflamed *Fulvia* upon

Cleopatra's Story , and his passing the Winter with her at *Alexandria*.

Mean Time the Famine in *Rome* growing every Day more intolerable , and the Spirits of the People being rather irritated than softened by the Feasting of the Chiefs , there was a Necessity either to make Peace with *Pompey*, now all - powerful at Sea, or to open a Passage for the Import of Corn by destroying him. But neither of the *Triumvirs* had left themselves the *Means* of carrying it on. Not only all the Money, raised by the thousand lawless and cruel Methods they had taken, was gone ; but the very Funds from whence it was possible to raise more , were swallowed up. The *Veterans* were an insatiate *Abyss* not to be filled ; besides the high Luxury in which they and their Associates lived. They had Recourse to their old Expedient before *Philippi* , and affixed a triumviral Edict , imposing *one half* of the Slave - Tax , which all Masters had paid in DCCXI ; so much a Head for every Slave , and *one fifth* of all Legacies or Heritage. The *Roman People* who found themselves reduced to Famine , not by any Punishment from Heaven or foreign Calamity , but by the Ambition and Discord of their own *Magistrates* , had often dared to insult both *Antony* and *Cæsar* in the Theatres and public Places ; calling them *Names* , and crying for Peace with *S. Pompey* : but at the Sight of this new Imposition , they lost all Patience — they went furious in a Body , and tore down the Edict : and sharpened by Famine and Misery , began to reckon with these Rulers , and

resume the Language of freeborn Romans — *It was not enough, they said, for the Triumvirs to have emptied the public Treasury, to have plundered the Provinces, to have exhausted Italy with Excises, Contributions and Forfeitures, and brought Famine on the City itself, if they did not strip them of the little Remains of their Living — and all this for no foreign War, or Acquisition of new Provinces to the Empire; but to satisfy their private Enmities, and to establish that tyrannical Power, for which they had made such Havoc with Proscriptions, Banishments, Massacres and Famine, as almost to extinguish the Roman Name.* All the open Places of the City were filled with Crowds crying out for Peace and Corn, and throwing Stones at every Man they saw, who did not join them, with Threats to come and burn his House. The whole People seemed to be animated with the same Spirit, and on the Brink of some great Mischief; when *Cæsar*, attended by some Friends and a few Guards, ventured to go among them to appease them. He had no Time to sooth them, or make an Apology as he intended; for enraged at his first Appearance, they began to pelt him and his Company with Stones and Dirt; nor were they to be softened by seeing him stand, and lay himself open to their Blows. *Antony*, informed of his Danger, ran hastily to rescue him. As he came down *Holy-Street*, the Multitude did not pelt him, as thinking him willing to treat with *Pompey*; but desired him to retire; and only began to abuse him upon his Refusal. He had then Recourse to his Vete-

rans, and suddenly called in a Cohort that was lying without the City. The *People*, in a vast Body, had occupied the whole Breadth of the Holy-Street, and would not make Way for the Soldiers. They divided, and slipping in by the Sides of the Piazzas, or making little Circuits, they set upon the unarmed Multitude from the Heads of Alleys and Openings of Courts, cutting down the first Persons they met. The miserable Citizens, penned up on all Hands, and unwieldy by their own Numbers, had no Means of Escape. Wounds, and Groans, and Murder raged in the *Roman Forum*. *Antony* hardly pushed through to his Colleague, and on this Occasion, plainly saved his Life. When the Multitude was dispersed, the Number of the murdered Citizens appeared so great, that the Soldiers were employed to take up the dead Bodies, and throw them into the *Tiber*. The horrid Show they made, tumbling along, or stopping the Stream, raised a new Horror; while the brutal Veterans and most notorious Ruffians were busy stripping the best dressed, or carrying them off to spoil them at Leisure. Thus ended the unavailing Attempt of starving the Citizens — and the Execration in which they held the *Triumvirs* increased the growing Famine.

To soften it, and get the better of *Cæsar's* obstinate Aversion to *Pompey*. *Antony* called some of *Scribonius Libo's* Friends, and insinuated to them that it would be well taken, if *Libo* came over from *Sicily* to congratulate with the young Man upon their new Alliance; that it might perhaps

produce some good Effect, and that he himself would undertake for his Safety. *Libo* set sail with a Squadron of his Son-in-law's best Ships, arrived on the Coast of *Italy*, and dropped Anchor at *Inarime*, one of the little Islands in the Bay of *Naples*. When this News reached *Rome*, the People again ran together, and with Cries and Lamentations conjured *Cæsar* to send a safe Conduct to his Brother *Scribonius Libo*. He was forced to comply. On the other Side they obliged *Mutia*, *Pompey's* Mother, to make a Journey to *Naples* to help forward the Peace, under Pain of having her House burnt in *Rome*. Famine is deaf to all Entreaties, and knows no Respect of Persons. *Libo*, finding the *Triumvirs* distressed and disposed to listen to Terms, said, ' he could not take upon himself so important a Transaction; that the Chiefs should meet in Person, and settle among themselves the Terms of a lasting Peace.' This the *Roman* People by Threats and Violence likewise extorted from *Cæsar* and he and *Antony* took their Way to *Baia*.

The whole Nobility and Gentry about *Pompey* with one Voice desired him to make Peace. His *Chef-d'Escadre*, *Menodore* alone, wrote to him from *Sardinia*; either to push the War, or at least to protract it: That Famine would fight for them, and with a little Patience, procure them much better Terms — bidding him at the same Time beware of *Statius Murcus*, whom he suspected of some ill Design.

This great Person had with high Dignity and

Sufficiency supported his Character as Admiral, and continued in the same uniform Conduct ever since he had joined with *C. Cassius* in *Syria*. No Change of Circumstances, no good or bad Fortune, had changed him: he was the same before the Conquest of *Rhodes* and after the Defeat at *Philippi*. *S. Pompey* had the Misfortune of but an indifferent Education, either among *Soldiers*, in the Broils of the civil War, or amidst his own Freed men and Slaves; wandering by Land or scouring the Seas. He had been but little in *Rome*, — was naturally keen and fiery, and had an unhappy Tincture of domineering. This made the noble Spirit of an independent *Roman* uneasy to him. He was in his Element among his Inferiors, and out of it with his Equals. Being therefore prejudiced against the steady *Murcus* before, this Letter from *Menodore* totally alienated him. *Murcus* was no more called to Council — retired to *Syracuse* in high Discontent, as he had good Reason, after bringing such an Army and Fleet to join *Pompey*. He was followed by some trusty Officers, under the Name of *Guards*, before whom he on Purpose vented his Displeasure against their Master. They made a faithful Report; and *Pompey* in Passion basely and foolishly bribed a Centurion who had served under *Murcus* to make away with him; and then gave it out, that his unsufferable Pride had provoked his own Servants to kill him.

Yet the Voice of the *Majority*, advising him to make Peace with the *Triumvirs*, prevailed. He

ailed with vast Pomp from *Sicily* to the Bay of *Naples*, and displaying all his maritime Splendor, passed by *Pozzuolo* under the Eye of the Triumvirs. He took *Libo* his Father-in-law on board — and next Day a wooden Pier (if I may say so), or a Water-Scaffold, was erected in the Sea with great Piles driven into the Sand just off the Promontory, now *Cape Miseno*. Another of the same Sort joined the Land's Point, with a pretty large Space of Sea between them, so that they must raise their Voices to be heard from one to the other. On these *Pompey* and *Libo* advanced on one Side, and *Antony* and *Cæsar* from the other. Their Interview was but short: *Pompey* imagined that he was to be admitted as a Sharer in the Government of the Empire; and upon finding that they offered him nothing but what they called a *Pardon*, and Restitution of his private Fortune, he turned with *Libo*, and walking into his Galley, left the Triumvirs to think of other Terms. Many Proposals were carried backwards and forwards by their common Friends. *Pompey* stood upon high Terms, and would probably have failed away, if a Deputation from the illustrious Body of Senators and Knights that had put themselves under his Protection had not arrived, pressing him by all Means to conclude a Peace. He was struck with the Message — looked upon it as a Sort of Desertion; and was so offended, and enraged that, they say, he laid Hold of his Robe and tore it — complaining that he was betrayed by the very Persons for whom he fought, often calling upon

Menodore's Name as the *able General* and the *firm Friend*. At the warm Instances however of his Mother *Mutia* and of *Scribonia* his Wife, he again met the *Triumvirs* on the Scaffolds erected in the Sea, though not without Guard-Ships, and Tenders full of Troops, lying all around them on their Oars. There they at Length agreed upon the following Terms.

I. That *Sextus Pompey*, Lord high-Admiral, should keep undisturbed Possession of *Sicily*, *Sardinia*, *Corfica*, with all the other *Islands* he then held, together with the *Peloponnesus* or *Morea*, only paying the yearly Quantity of Corn formerly enjoined by the Republic.

II. That the *noble Romans* under his Protection should be divided into *three Classes*: 1. Those condemned by the *Pedian* Impeachment for *Cæsar's* Death: 2. Those who had been *proscribed* by the *Triumvirs*: and 3. Those who through Fear had spontaneously fled from *Rome*. That the *first* should not return to the Capital, but live unmolested in any other Part of the Empire: that the *second* should be restored to their Country, and to one *fourth* Part of their Estates: and that the *third* should be re-instated in their *whole Fortunes*, their *Moveables* only excepted.

III. That all the Slaves who had enlisted in *Pompey's* Service should be emancipated, and declared *free-men*; and that all free-Men who had borne Arms under him should receive the same Premiums as the *Veterans* had received from the *Triumvirs*.

IV. That *Pompey* should name any one of his Friends to the *Consulship* for the next Year; and should be himself admitted a Member of the most sacred Order of the *Priests*.

ON THESE CONDITIONS, he was, on his Part;

V. To maintain Peace by Sea and Land with the *Triumvirs*, and especially to guarantee an open Sea; and that no Ship should be stopped carrying Corn or other Merchandize to Rome.

VI. He was forthwith to evacuate and withdraw his Garrisons from all the Towns, Forts and Havens which he possessed along the Coast of *Italy*, or in any other Part of the Empire, except the Countries above mentioned: And

VII. He was immediately to send a certain Number of Corn-Ships to *Rome*, and thenceforth receive no *fugitive Slaves* into his Service.

These Articles were formally sworn, signed and sealed; and, as was the Custom in solemn Transactions, were sent to *Rome* to be deposited in the Custody of the *Vestal Virgins*. Then followed a new Scene of Rejoicing and Jollity. The three reconciled Chiefs, all on an equal Footing, would leave it to Chance *who should entertain first*. They drew their Lots eagerly, when the first Turn happened to fall to *Pompey* — Well, said *Antony* in his open Way, (who by the by had *Pompey's* fine House in *Rome* called the *Fleet*) — *and where are we to dine pray?* — *Why where should you dine*, said *Sextus*, but in my *Fleet*? In the Height of their Mirth after Din-

ner, *Pompey* was called out to the Antichamber, where he found *Menodore* newly arrived from *Sardinia* — Who drawing him aside with an Air of Secrecy and Importance, Now Sir! said he, you have it in your Power at once to avenge your Great-Father and Brother's Deaths, and make yourself Master of Rome at a Blow. You have the two Tyrants in your Power — Let me only cut the Cable, and carry you a little Way out to Sea — I'll take care not a Soul of them shall escape —

Pompey paused — but was not long to seek for an Answer —: I wish, my Friend! You could have done that without acquainting me. Were I *Menodore*, perhaps I might have thought as you do — But *Perjury* would ill become *Sextus Pompey*. It must not be — and so saying, he turned in to his Guests with the same Gayety in his Looks as before.

The admirable *Fenelon*, whom I always name with Honor, has, in his Dialogues of the Dead (writ with great Spirit and Knowledge of Characters) refined a little upon *Pompey's* Answer, and found out that the first Part of it is not consistent with rigid Morality. Perhaps it is not: But are there not some Grains of Allowance to be made to great Men engaged in high Contests for Life and Honor, amid the Shocks of Fortune and Swirls of Passion that attend them? A Philosopher in his Closet, and a General at the Head of an Army, or a Chief at that of a Party, have very different Points of View. The Conduct of Life in this Respect resembles, methinks, that of a

Poem. Perhaps no Poet ever composed from a *System*; or was worth the reading if he did. Carried along, or rather hurried away, by the Fire of his Fancy, and the Lustre of Imagery dancing before his eyes, he indulges his Vein without regarding *Aristotle* or *Bosſu*. In the same Manner, if, amid the Convulsions of high Life, and mighty Struggles for Glory and Empire, the general Strain of a Chieftain's Conduct show Magnanimity and a generous Nature; we are not I doubt, to canvass it minutely by the Rules of refined Casuistry. From the whole Tenor of *Sextus's* Conduct, from the humane *Anti-triumviral* Proclamation which he nobly fulfilled, from his glorious Refusal to purchase the Empire of the World by one base Deed, may we not presume, that had he lived under the Common-wealth, and been happy in a truly Roman Education, he would have proved a Son not unworthy of *Pompey the Great*? In that Case the disingenuous *Tiberian Flatterer* would neither have had the *Impoliteness of his Manners*¹, nor the *Impropriety of his Language*, to have objected to him — as the liberal unconfined Virtue, of which he would have seen many Patterns in their *civil Contests*, would have set him above the little envious *Piques* that now blemish his Character

¹ Hic adolescens erat Studiis rudis, Linguâ barbarus, Manu promptus, Cogitatione celer, Impetu strenuus, Fide Patri dissimillimus.

with the Blood of *Bithynicus* and of *Statius Mureus* the *Cassian* Admiral.

After a Tract of such terrible Calamities as for nine Years had laid *Italy* desolate, any Sort of Peace was like a Favor from Heaven. Even the Soldiery, now pretty well satiated with Slaughter, if not with Plunder, wished for Respite from Arms and a Settlement of the public Tranquillity — But, as private Alliances and Family Relations were now the narrow Ties that had come in Place of true Honor and public Spirit; before the three Chiefs parted, their Friends and Officers wished them to contract some kindred that might farther unite their Interests and consolidate the Peace. *Antony* and *Cæsar* were sufficiently connected — but *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, whom they chiefly suspected, had but slender Consanguinity — Neither of them had Children, at least that were marriageable — But *Cæsar* had a Nephew, the noble *M. Marcellus*, now *Antony's* Son-in-law, whom they would have engaged by a Contract of Marriage to *Pompey's* young Daughter *Pompeia*, though he was about twelve, and she scarce eight Years of Age. It was comply'd with; the Parents plighted their mutual Faith; and the Contract was ratified amid Rejoicings, that from the adjoining Camps resounded throughout all *Italy*.

This is the famous Peace of *Miseno*, which gave the first Breathing to the Empire from Fire and Sword and Rapine, since the lawless *Cæsar* had passed the *Rubicon*, and involved Mankind in Confusion and Misery. After its Conclusion, and the

alternate Feasting was over, the Chiefs separated. *Sextus* sailed back to his Islands; *Antony* set out for *Asia*, where his Presence was much wanted; and the young *Cæsar* returned to *Rome*. Let us accompany him thither for a little; and we shall soon follow his Colleague into a busy Scene beyond Sea.

When *Antony* came over from *Greece* to *Brindisi*, the greatest Man next to *Enobarbus*, who had graced his Train, was the excellent *Tiberius Nero*. He went to *Rome* with the *Triumvirs* after the Peace of *Brindisi*, and could not miss being present at the Marriage-Ceremony. His young Wife was among the Ladies who attended *Octavia*, and there made such an Appearance, that in *Cæsar's* Eyes, she effaced all the Women he had ever seen. She was indeed a striking awful Beauty, — not so sweet as *Octavia*, but tall and graceful, with a Look that commanded Respect and Love. We are left in the dark as to the Manner in which *Cæsar* made his first Addresses to her, and likewise of their Reception. He did not use to be over respectful to the Ladies; and some Suspicions afterwards arose about this Commerce, which it is hard to tell, whether they were well or ill-founded. Certain it is, that he lived on no good Terms with his new Wife *Scribonia*: and if what *Dion* says, be true, that he sent her a Writ of Divorce that very Day she had bore him a Daughter; it shows an inhuman Hardness of Heart on one Hand, and a vast Hurry to get rid of her on the other. He pretended that she was a perfect Shrew; that she

had made him weary of his Life, and forced him to divorce her by the *Perversity of her Manners*: But others said it was for having too freely complained of the *Power and Influence of his new Mistress*. Mean Time a Message, very ticklish to deliver, and very cruel in its Import, was sent to *Tiberius Nero*; 'That *Cæsar* was in Love with his Wife: and would take it as a singular Obligation, if he would willingly resign her.' We know the Fetch which *Hortensius* used in making a Proposal of the same Sort to *Cato*, by first asking his Daughter, the famous *Porcia*, then *Bibulus's* Wife, before he mentioned his own Wife *Marcia*, whom he wanted and obtained. We also know the Art employed by the discrete Physician *Erasistratus*, in procuring *Stratonice* from *Seleucus* the Father, to save the Life of *Antiochus* the Son — But I can find no Accounts either of who was employed to go upon this invidious Errand, or with that Delicacy it was managed. The young Tyrant's general Conduct makes me apt to think there has been more *Terror* than *Persuasion* applied to obtain *Nero's* Consent. It would be insinuated to him, 'that he was extremely obnoxious, having been not only in Arms with *Lucius* against *Cæsar*, but continued in them obstinately after his Defeat — that it would cost the *Triumvir* but a Word to make *Livia* a Widow, and at Liberty to marry whom she pleased: that it would be no hard Matter for him to find another Wife, — and much better do that with a good Grace, which, if refused, might have terrible Consequences.' — It

amounted in Effect, either to a shocking *Act of Power*, to tear Man and Wife asunder against both their Wills — or to a *secret Insinuation* (fraught with *Poison* to a Lover), that the Lady was content to *change* him for the Triumvir. However it were, the injured Nobleman resolved to put the best Face on it, and make a Deed, extorted by the Awe of twelve Legions, appear as it had been voluntary. He not only consented to give up *Livia* to *Cesar*, but acted the Parent, and as if she had been his Daughter, delivered her out of his Hand to the new Husband. But it is strange, the *Lady's* Behaviour all this While was so nicely tempered, and she had such Command not only of her *Words* but *Looks*, that it was impossible to guess whether it were *Power* that forced her, or *Love* that gently led her to *Cesar's* Arms. — Uncommon Art at *eighteen* ! There was another unusual Circumstance in the Marriage. The Lady was about six Months gone with Child — and so impatient was *Cesar*, that he would not wait the Time of the Birth, but would have the Ceremony instantly performed, and the Bride brought home with her big Belly. I am not apt to suspect either of them to have been troubled with *Qualms of Conscience*; but perhaps *Decency* required, that the Scruple arising from her Pregnancy should be publicly removed.

The *College of Augurs*, the most solemn in *Rome*, was a mixed Institution, partly political, and partly divine: but the grand Assembly of the *Priests*, consisting of several *Colleges*, had the

supreme Direction of religious Ceremonies². They prescribed the sacred Rites at *Games*, *Processions*, *Sacrifices*, *Consecrations*, *Expiations*, and every Sort of divine Worship — *Marriage-Rites* too were of their Resort, and dubious Cases were referred to their Decision. The *Chief-Priest*, or in his Absence his *Suffragan*, was now desired to call an Assembly; when a Question was gravely laid before them, and an Answer required in *Cæsar's* Name; *Whether a Woman, with Child by her Husband, could be lawfully married to another Man before Child-birth?* The Solution was worthy of the Difficulty. After mature deliberation, they gave it as their Opinion, like true Casuists, *that if it were a doubtful Case, whether the Lady were pregnant or not, it would be an illicit Marriage; but as it was certain and confessed, that she was with Child to her present Husband, nothing hindered her being married to another.* — Whether this Step proceeded from Anxiety in the fond *Cæsar* to have the Marriage quite legal, that there might be no Room for ever questioning its Validity, or from the same derisory Temper that contrived the *Supper of the Gods*, as a suspicious Author insinuates³, is a dubious Point; but we need not doubt either of

² Majores nostri statas solemnesque Cæremonias, Pontificum Scientia; bene gerendarum rerum Auctoritates, Augurum observatione explicari voluerunt.

Valer. Max. Lib. I. Cap. 1.

³ Consulti per ludibrium Pontifices.

Tacit.
the

the Convocation of Divines answering in the *Affirmative*, or of their having afterwards one of those exquisite Suppers, elegantly served with the richest Wines that were famous to a Proverb*.

When the Company was sat down to the Nuptial-Feast, a little Accident happened that must have created some Uneasiness. To understand it thoroughly, we must remember that the Ancients did not *sit* at their Meals as we do, but *lay on Couches* set round the Table, leaning on their left Elbow'; and these Couches were commonly large enough to contain *two or three* Guests'. Their late Dining after all the Fatigues of the Day, and after using the Bath, invited them in a warm Climate to that Indulgence. But such was the original Severity of the Roman Manners, that though the *Men*, fatigued with rustic or military Toils, were allowed a Couch; the *Wife* and *Daughters* sat on *Chairs* at their Feet. We may believe this Custom would not be of long Continuance. It was sacredly preserved in the *Feasts* of the *Gods*, where a Chair was carefully set for *Juno*, at the Foot of *Jupiter's* Bed of State: But

* Pontificum potiore Cœnis. ----

Horat.

One of their Bills of Fare is preserved by *Macrobius*, and translated by Dr. *Arbuthnot*.

† Et Cubito remanete presso.

Horat.

‡ There were usually *three* of them in a Dining-Room; whence its Name *Triclinium*; and the Table was open before, in the Form of a Horse-Shoe, to give easy Access to the Servants.

it wore out among *Men*, who soon invited the Ladies to take a Share of the Couch'. They dined therefore laid by Pairs, a Gentleman and a Lady (commonly Husband and Wife) on the same *Settée*.

Another ancient Custom necessary to be known, was to have a pretty prating Boy, from three to seven Years of Age, dressed out like a *Cupid*, without other Covering than Bracelets and Flowers in his Hair, going about in a great Company, and by his Sallies enlivening the Conversation'. One of these was at the Marriage-Feast, who knew both *Tiberius* and his *Wife*. As he was roving from Couch to Couch, he came to the Bride and Bridegroom's; and seeing *Livia* lying by *Cæsar*, where he imagined she had no Business, with a Boy's Pertness he laid hold of her Gown — and, *Madam!* said he, *what have you to do there? — that is not your Husband — yonder is your Husband, Madam!* (pointing to *Tiberius*) *on the other Side — go and lie down by him.* And

² *Fœminæ (olim) cum viris cubantibus sedentes cœnabant — quod genus severitatis atas nostra diligentius in Capitolio, quam in suis domibus servat.*

Val. M. Lib. II.

³ It was such a Boy who took the Tyrant *Commodus's* Pocket-Book ornamented with Jewels, from under his Pillow, and carried it to *Martia* his Mistress. She read her own Name in the Dead-List, and formed the Conspiracy that destroyed the degenerate Prince.

Herodian.

since I am got into this familiar Strain, let me tell another curious Story from a grave Author.

One Day, after *Tiberius* had given his Consent, and the Marriage - Contract was passed, while *Livia* was sitting in the Garden, an Eagle came soaring over her Head, and dropped a Hen, milk-white and unhurt, into her Lap. The Wonder increased, when upon a closer Inspection, she perceived the Bird held a Twig of Laurel loaded with Berries in its Bill. The Aruspices (something better than our Fortune-tellers) were consulted of Course — and they ordered the Hen and her Brood to be carefully preserved, and the Twig to be planted in a proper Soil: both which were duly performed in *Cæsar's Villa*, upon the *Tiber*, nine Miles from *Rome*, on the *Flaminian Way*, where the white Hen's Race so increased, that it gave the Name of the *Poultry* to the *Villa*, and the Bay - Twig shot forth so strongly, that *Cæsar* at his first Triumph took his Crown of it, and a Branch to hold in his Hand, which was a Precedent to the succeeding *Cæsars* on the like Occasions'. This was not the only Omen of future Greatness that had happened to *Livia*'; but Such Stories would require Readers equally persuaded of their Truth and Sanctity as she was, to be now worth repeating.

Not quite three Months after Marriage, she was delivered of her second Son, who was immediately

' Plin. Hist. Nat. Lib. xv. C. p. 30.

² Sueton. Tranq. in Tiberio, § 14.

sent to *Tiberius* his reputed Father: But there was a *Pasquinade* put up in a *Greek Proverb*, much repeated by the *Jokers*,

ΤΟΙΣ ΕΤΤΥΧΟΤΣΙ ΚΑΙ ΤΡΙΜΗΝΑ ΠΑΙΔΙΑ.

Happy Men have *three-months-Children*.

And indeed the ardent Affection which *Cæsar* discovered on all Occasions for this Youth, did not belie their Suspicions. Neither were they diminished by the untimely Death of the noble *Nero*, which trod upon the Heels of this Birth. His Resolution and Learning^a (in which he had made great Progress) might support him for a While, and enable him to go through the public Ceremony of delivering over his beautiful Wife with a good Grace — But if he *really* loved her, I am afraid they would fail in private. There the Thoughts of the *cruel Indignity*, — of the public Affront, proclaimed to the utmost Limits of the Empire, has, I doubt, sunk deep into his Heart; and no Hopes of better Times, nor prospect of Redress appearing, has at last thrown him into Melancholy, and cut short the Days of the most promising Nobleman in *Rome*.

The City, meanwhile, and indeed, *all Italy* was transported with a Joy which they had not tasted for many Years. It was raised not only by the Prospect of Peace, and Delivery from the terrible Hardships they had been groaning under, but principally by the Sight of so many illustrious Persons

^a Doctissimi Vir Ingenii.

Vell. Patere.

returned in Safety to the *Capital*. It was the great Company of *Senators*, *Knights*, and eminent *Commoners*, who had taken Refuge in *Sicily*, and were now restored to their Country, if not to their Fortunes, by the Peace of *Miseno*. Weary of Exile, and after the Death of *Statius Murcus*, suspicious of *Pompey*, they first pressed him, as I said, to prefer *any Terms* to a Continuance of the War; and upon the Conclusion of the Peace, they came hastily to take Leave of him before he sailed from *Pozzuolo*, and from thence steered directly for the Mouth of the *Tiber*. At the Sight of this illustrious Body, the *Roman* People seemed in Hazard of running mad with Joy: Nothing but sacrificing, feasting, and Shouts of Gladness were to be seen or heard through *Rome* all that Night — and upon their Appearance next Day in the *Forum* and *Senate* the same Scene was renewed.

The Chief Patricians then restored were *Cn. Calphurnius Piso*, *L. Scribonius Libo*, *M. Tullius Cicero*, *L. Sergius Galba* the Son, *M. Junius Silanus*, *Q. Pompeius Sabinus*, *C. Sentius Saturninus*, *L. Arruntius* the Son and *C. Titius* the Father, married to *Munatia*, *Plancus*' Sister, with a great Train of inferior Names — The very Ruins of a magnificent Fabric are stately: half an Arch standing shows the *Portico*; a Cornish determines the *Pillar* and a maimed Trunk (like *Michael Angelo*'s School) points out the Proportions of the exquisite Statue. But of all human Productions, the most glorious political Structure that ever was reared, was that of the *Roman Constitution* and

Empire. The Men it formed in its Purity, were more than Mortals — the Members of its Senate were above *Princes*; and its *People* an Assembly of *Heroes*. *Traces* of that Heroism, (*Features* of an *ancient Roman*) were still carried down, through all the Corruption of Manners, to those of their Descendants that were Friends to Liberty and the Common - Weal. *These* now returning, — the few surviving Sons of their eminent Patriots, put the *People* (who had been *terribly* chastised for their Corruption and Venality) almost *besides themselves*, and gave them some small Glimpse of Hope, that they might yet live to see *Law* and *Justice* remount their Throne. Some other Changes to the better, contributed likewise to raise their Expectations. For from this Period, the *Triumvir's* Family began to assume something of the Appearance of a *regular Court*. Hitherto it had been rather the Slaughter - House of a Tyrant, or at best the Head - Quarters of a General, than the peaceful Residence of a supreme Magistrate. But his Cruelty being glutted, his Ambition so far satisfied, and being now soothed in his Love, the *young Caesar* began at last to *relent*, and to mould both his Temper and Conduct to an apparent Civility. I cannot say he has the sole Merit of the Change: for about this time (in DCCXV.), a grand Design was set on Foot by his Ministry, and principally by the Favorite, *Mecenas*, a Man of *real* Humanity. It was no less than to *subdue* and *new-model*, the *Prince himself*; and never did an ambitious headstrong Youth stand

more in Need of it. From his tender Years he had been brought up in View of his Uncle's Usurpation and Violence. The News he would hear, and the *Conversation* he would be entertained with at School, would be the Battles of *Pharsalia* and *Thapsus* — the Deaths of *Consuls*, *Pretors*; and noble Romans cut off by *Cæsar's* Sword. He had himself dipped deep in *Diffimulation*, in *Treachery*, in *Massacre* and *Executions*; He had for a Tract of Time been plundering, banishing, and murdering every good Man, every Friend to Liberty he could lay Hands on; and was living at the same Time in all the Licentiousness of absolute Power. Such a Leader was in great Hazard of growing into a *brutal Monster* — *delighting in Carnage and human Misery*. To reform him was no ordinary Enterprize; nor could it have been committed to better Hands.

Cilnius Mæcenæ was of the highest Nobility, being descended, as it was given out, of the ancient *Tuscan* Kings. He was perhaps the Man of greatest *Address* of that, or of any Age. It required not half his Sagacity to perceive the slippery Ground or rather Precipice on which his Master stood — but scarce a Minister among a thousand would have thought of the proper Way of saving him — *Contradiction* and *Austerity* would have only landed in his own Disgrace — *Mæcenæ* artfully assumed a quite different Character; and a Train of Life, the farthest, at first Sight, from his real Design. He chose to appear sunk in *Sloth* and *Effeminacy*; he came abroad in an odd negligent Garb,

between Dress and *Deshabille*: — when he went to the *Forum* or *Senate*, he had not Mettle enough to keep his *Robe tight*, but let a Corner of it trail on the Ground: and though Lieutenant - General, instead of two *Tribunes*, or at least two *Lictors*, he appeared in all public Places attended by two *Eunuchs*: — as we may all remember to have seen a great and generous Peer of our own Country appear, I cannot say in Parliament, but at the *Play-house* and *Opera*, without other Attendants than two *Negro - Boys*.

These Manners, and this strange *Style of Life*, served two great Purposes. People had been terrified with the *first Part* of *Cæsar's* Conduct; and no Wonder: The horrid *Proscription*, the *Massacre* at *Philippi*, and the *Perugian Altar* streaming with Blood, were terrible Specimens of his Nature. He was generally believed to be *barbarous*, *merciless*, and *domineering* — and this Character bore a very malign Aspect upon their Affairs. The sagacious Minister perceived it, and artfully *eluded* its pernicious Effects by turning the Eyes of the Public upon his own Peculiarities. For the Rest of his Retinue was of a Piece with his *Eunuchs* — his House was full of *Musicians*, *Players* and *Buffoons*; and his Domestics had all some Oddity or Quaintness that marked them for *his* — Could *harsh Measures* or violent Counsels proceed from a Minister of *such* a Turn? — every Thing about him showed the same Whim, and the same Supineness — his Closet was adorned with Trinkets and Rarities — It was stored with

precious Ointments, Balsams, Perfumes, Essences, and all the Implements of Luxury. Could a Man, employed in procuring and enjoying *such* Things, be hatching Mischief, or contriving Cruelty — ? This then was the *Face* which *Mecenas*' Negligence and Luxury wore to the Public: his Equipage, his Dress, his Manners, were so many *Antidotes* to his Master's Barbarity — they were *Palliatives* of the Poison which *Cæsar*'s Insult and Perfidy had infused into Men's Minds; and a more effectual Strain of Politics than *Alcibiades*' cutting off his favorite Dog's fine Tail, to give the *Athenians* something else to talk of than his private Behaviour.

But the same Delicacy about his Person, and Looseness of Life and Dress, was not ill Policy even *with the Prince himself*. He could never be *afraid* of a Minister sunk in Pleasure; nor ever suspect him of forming interested or ambitious Designs to his Prejudice. It is with these Sort of People that Princes are most *at their Ease*, and with whom they turn soonest familiar. What such a one says is *without Consequence*: his Whims and graceful Slips give Handles for joking, and procure him the important Privilege of saying *serious Things in Jest*, and throwing in a well-timed Reproof in the Height of Raillery. For an easy careless Man — or employing his transient Cares in gratifying a *Taste*, is seldom suspected of Ill-nature. The negligent undesigning Air with which he speaks and acts, makes all he says be favorably received, because of its apparent *Simplicity*.

Cæsar had however intrusted this singular Person with the sole Government of *Rome* and of *Italy* in his Absence³. Among his Mother *Atia's* Jewels, he found *two curious Seals*, cut to so exquisite a Likeness that there was no distinguishing their Impressions. It was a *Sphinx*, the *Egyptian Emblem of Wisdom and Power*. One of these he left with *Mecenas*, and carried the other himself; that whatever Letters or Edict it should be proper to write or publish in his Name, the Minister might make them *authentic* without Delay; the Seal of the Ancients being equivalent to our Subscription. It is so still in the *Eastern Countries*; and the single Ceremony of creating the greatest Minister on Earth, whom I take to be the *Vizier-azem* (or Grand Substitute) at the Porte, is the Sultan's delivering his *Seal* into his Hands. But *Mecenas* own Seal had now the *Triumviral Power* annexed to it, and came in Room of a *Decree* of the Senate, or *Vote* of the People. Of his own plenary Authority, by his simple Letter he could order any Nobleman in *Rome*, or any Inhabitant, great or small, throughout *Italy*, to pay the Sum of Money, at which he thought proper to tax him for the public Service. — So that the Sight of his Seal, importing an uncontrollable Order for the imposed Rate, threw every Man who received his Letter into a Fit of Trembling. This tre-

³ Cæterum Augustus bellis civilibus Cilnium Mæcenatem, equestris ordinis, cunctis apud Romam atque Italiam præposuit.
Tacit.

mendous Seal bore the mean Image of a *Frog**.

People are more frequently provoked by *Insult* and an overbearing Manner than by the *Substance* of an Injury. I believe the Inhabitants of the once flourishing City of *Antwerp* were not more irritated by the heavy Taxes levied upon them than by the Sight of the odious *Statue* of their Governor, the haughty Duke of Alva, which represented him *trampling the Provinces under his Feet*†. There is no greater Address in handling thorny Affairs, than intermixing some *Circumstances of Alleviation* — some Oddity, to draw off the Attention of the Sufferers from the substantial Severity, and soften it by a Sort of Amusement. In this View, *Mecenas's* loose Dress and Manners served a good End, in soothing or diverting an oppressed People. But he wanted great *Assistance* to accomplish his Purpose upon the *Prince* himself, which he partly procured, and partly found provided already.

Ever since the Conquest of *Macedon* and *Greece*, a Custom had been introduced into *Rome*, that there was no great Family without a *learned Grecian* in it, who was a Companion to the Master, and a Governor to his Children. The great *Emi-*

* In magno terrore erat Mæcenatis Rana propter collationem Pecuniarum.
Plin.

† Effigies armata, — pede statuas ex ære duas premens, hoc est duos è tribus Belgii ordinibus, Nobilitatem Populumque: — quod Simulacrum, mirum quantum omnium odio invidiaque spectatum sit.

Fam. Stradæ de B. B. Lib. vii.

lian Scipio had in his House the Author of the most exact, instructive and masterly View of human Affairs that I know now extant, the incomparable *Polybius*. *Pompey* the Great, upon a Trial of *Theophanes*, his Companion's Abilities, raised him first to be his *Secretary*, and then his *prime Minister*. The magnificent *Lucullus* had *Antiochus* from *Ascalon*. *Cicero* had *Apollonius* from *Rhodes*, and *M. Cato* had *Athenodore*, called *Cordylus*. Even *Julius Caesar* stole some time from War, Politics and Love, his usual Occupations, to bestow it upon *Agatharchides* the *Gnidian*, and *Artemidore* his Son. Their Profession was *Wisdom* and *Knowledge*, or in other Words, *Morality* and *Learning*. Their Lives and Conduct were Patterns of the first, and their Writings and Conversation were adorned with the other. When these were once admitted into great Families, with vast Dependencies, they soon introduced a Number of their Countrymen, learned like themselves, to be Sub-Preceptors, and lay the Foundations of higher Proficiency. By this Means, the *Grecians* came in Process of Time to have the *Roman Education* wholly in their Hands: for both *Life* and *Learning* had been polished in *Greece*: and, after many Trials and much Emulation between the free independant States, had been truly proved, and brought to a *Standard*. The *Romans* were moulded to nothing but War and the Maxims of Government; which gave them a rude domineering Turn, that had great Need of the finer Arts to soften and civilize it.

The young *Caesar* had been bred under *Apollo-*

dore, a Native of *Pergamus*, recommended, I suppose, by his Townsman *Mithridates*, *Julius Cæsar's* Favorite*. *Apollodore* was an able Master in his Profession, which was Eloquence. He had reduced it to its first Principles, and from thence he drew certain *Rules* of Composition, so much admired and followed, that he became the Head of a Sect called the *Apollodorean*†. With him *Cæsar* was reading the *Grecian* Orators at *Apollonia*, when he received the News of his Uncle's Death, and brought him over sea with him to *Rome*, where *Apollodore* still continued in his Family. *Cæsar* had an admirable Genius for that Kind of Learning, had made great Progress, and consequently loved his Preceptor — happy for him and for his Country, had he equally profited under his *Master in Morals*! It was the famous *Athenodore* of the same Name and Country with *Cato's* Companion, (being both *Tarfians*) but younger, and commonly designed by his Father's Name, *Sandon*. He was one of the wisest and best Men of the Age — a true genuine Stoic — not in our abusive Sense of the Word; but in a firm Persuasion that *Honor* and *Happiness* are inseparable, and in a Life steadily conducted by that divine Principle. How much of the *Theory* of his Philosophy the Youth might have learned before his Campaign at *Modena*, would be hard to determine — but never did Scholar more disgrace its *Practice*.

* See page 31.

† Ab hoc Secta *Apollodorea* inter Rhetores initium sumpsit. Quintilian.

Balbus, and *Matius*, and *Segulius Labeo*, with *Salvidienus* and the *Cæsarean Swordsmen*, proved too many for *Athenodore*, who had scarce seen him, except by starts, and when he was sick, from his meddling with Affairs till a little before his Marriage with *Livia*. He now lived at Court; and *Cæsar*, who had Sense enough to perceive that Virtue in another which he did not practise himself, treated him with particular Respect.

About nine Months * after *Horatius Flaccus* had been introduced to *Mecenas*, and obtained his Pardon for taking Command under *Brutus*, he was sent for by the Minister, and after a very gracious Reception, was desired to look upon himself as one of his Friends, and to frequent his House accordingly. I believe *Varius* and *Virgil* have not only renewed their good Offices in his Favor, but have showed *Mecenas* some of those early Poems, which *Horace* ingenuously owns Poverty put him upon writing after the Forfeiture of his small paternal Estate, when he had not a House to cover his Head. Upon a farther Acquaintance, that great Man found this Youth's Learning so wide, his Wit so lively, and his Manners so agreeable, that by Degrees he became a Kind of Domestic, and outstripped his Introducers in his Patron's Favor; — But untainted with Ingratitude, and above Envy (the meanest of Passions) he preserved a true

* ——— Nono revocas post mense jubesque

Esse in Amicorum numero ——— ———

Horat. Sat. vi.

Sense of his Obligations , and endeavoured to acquit them to the utmost of his Power , by doing Justice to the superior Merit of his valuable Friends.

Let us imagine the House of a first Minister , not only frequented by *mere* Men of Business , who must be there of Course , but like the great *John Earl of Somers's* , filled with Men of Wit and Learning , and these kept to pass the Evening , instead of **** and Cards : and we will have some Idea of *Mecenas's* Company — some *Notion* of those easy Hours

— *pass'd in sweet Follies — Frailties to be seen
By Friends alone, and Men of generous Minds* *.

There was *Cornelius Gallus* — there was *C. Valgius* — there was *C. Fundanius* , *Plotius Tucca* , *Varius* , *Virgil* and *Horace* , intermixed with Tribunes — Clerks of the Treasury , and the Philosophers just mentioned. But among these , the Minister seemed particularly to distinguish a Man of equal Worth and Knowledge with *Athenodore* , but professing a milder Philosophy , and more adapted both to the Sweetness of his own Temper , and to the then prevailing Manners. It was *Areius* the *Platonist* , a Native of *Alexandria* , who had escaped the Infection of Luxury in that lewd Town , but had taken a Tincture of Elegance in his Language , Dress , and Behaviour , that fitted him for living in a Court.

* Dr. Armstrong.

This was the Posture of public Affairs, and the Court wore this Face, when the great Design of *taming the savage Caesar* was set on Foot by *Mece-nas*. — his Pride was to be abated, his Passions allay'd, and he brought to a proper *Sense* of *Humanity*. To compass it gently, and almost imperceptibly, the *Men of Letters* were pitched upon as the fittest Instruments; who, by the Help of the *Muses*, could at once *sooth* and *instruct*; and unambitious themselves, could give *unsuspected* Lessons of Moderation to their Master. It is as hard to persuade a Leader of a victorious Army, that *Force* alone cannot do every Thing, as for a very rich Rogue not to think that *Fraud* is the Way to Wealth; and that *Wealth* and *Happiness* are one and the same Thing. To undeceive the *Leader of the Veterans* on this grand Point, to give him a Subject whereon to *meditate*, and draw salutary Conclusions — to turn his Views from the *Fierceness* of the *Cesarean* Legions to the Power of *Wisdom*, *Justice*, and *Clemency*; the artful *Horace* was employed to write, in a Strain untried in *Rome*, those striking Odes to *Clio*, and the Sister-Muses that are Master-pieces of Lyric Poetry. They seem in themselves wild and incoherent — rambling from Image to Image, taking the Masque of Fable, and showing their real Face but by Starts: but viewed in this Light, they discover the most refined Address and the deepest Morality.

Libera per vacuum posui vestigia, Princeps;
Non aliena meo pressi pede ———

The

The real Point of View, once found out, diffuses Lustre over all the Prospect. Let us take one or two of this new Favorite's first Performances, that seem filled with fabulous Stuff for the Amusement of Boys; and try them by this Touchstone, whether they be Wisdom's genuine Children.

I take the second Ode of Book I. to be among the Poet's first Productions after his Introduction to Court, and one of the first that would be put into *Cæsar's* Hands by his wise and learned Minister. In it every Thing is represented as in the most dreadful Disorder. ' *Jove*, enraged at a corrupt World, darts his red Thunder, and threatens the Earth with Tempests, Inundations and Desolation. *Rome* — unhappy *Rome* is like to be overwhelmed. The *Tiber* scorns his Banks, and sweeps away the *Palladium* of the Empire: But chief the bloody civil *War* has robbed her of her Sons — whose thin Remains must at once hear of the Battles and Crimes of their Parents, — of the Swords, designed to chastise the *Parthians*, plunged into *Roman* Breasts. What is to be done in this public Distress? the *Empire*

^a Ire dejectum Monumenta Regis

Templaque Vestæ.

Horat.

In the burning of Rome under Nero, says Tacitus, Vestustissima religione, Templum, quod Servius Tullius Luna, & magna Ara Fanumque, quæ præsentî *Herculi* Arcas *Evan-*
der sacraverat, Ædesque Statoris Jovis, vota *Romulo*, Numæq.
Regia: & delubrum Vestæ, cum Penatibus Pop. Rom. exusta.
Lib. xv.

VOL. IV.

Q

' threatens *Ruin* --- *Vesta* is deaf to their Prayers
 ' — what God must they implore? --- whom will
 ' Jove employ to expiate the public Guilt --- to
 ' retrieve the sinking State? Shall they call upon
 ' the sooth-saying *Apollo*? ---- will *Mars* or *Venus*
 ' have Mercy on their own Progeny? No --- it
 ' will rather be *Maia's* winged Son, who is come
 ' to Earth in the Figure of a *Youth*, and conde-
 ' scends to pass for the *Avenger* of *Julius Caesar*.
 ' Long may he stay among Men! long may he be
 ' the *Parent* and Protector of the *Roman* People!
 ' and instead of intestine Broils, turn his Sword
 ' against the insulting Enemies of the Empire!'

I will ingenuously own, that in the Heat of Youth,
 I could not read this Ode without some Emotions
 of Indignation. An Officer of *M. Brutus* to fawn
 upon the young *Cæsar*! --- to compliment him
 upon prosecuting the deserved Death of a Tyrant,
 was a Strain of Complaisance I could not digest.
 But upon a closer Survey, and due Consideration
 of Circumstances, I admire the Poet's Art, and
 approve his Intention. Let any one capable of
 judging, take the Original in his Hands, he will
 perceive the greatest Address and Delicacy. No
 Doubt, says the artful Poet, the killing *Cæsar*
 was a Crime ---- But *Ilia*, his Progenitress, carries
 her Resentment too far --- Jove does not approve
 of it --- he means not to extinguish the *Roman*
 Name ---- and has sent *Mercury* in the Figure of
Cæsar to preserve it. Let us not injure *Horace* so
 far as to imagine, that he flattered for any mean
 Interest of his own; that he wanted Favors from

Cæsar either for himself or his Friends; and renounced his Honor and Patriot-Principles to obtain them. No --- he refused Favors --- he flattered for the Public Good --- to reform a Prince who had the Lives of thousands in his Power --- an *End* which in *so far* justifies the Means, and which alone can free Flattery from the lowest Imputation.

Not long after, the Poet took up a higher Strain. He addresses the Muse, in a Stroke borrowed from a *Grecian* Bard, with a Question, What Man, Hero or God, she chose to sing? He singles out the Gods, who by their *Wisdom* as well as their *Power* have the chief Government of the Universe; and enumerates the great Men whose Virtues had raised *Rome* to be Head of the World. Among these M. Cato, *Cæsar's* mortal Enemy, is not forgot--- then after a Compliment to the noble *Marcellus*, and a nicely concealed one to *Cæsar* himself, he again addresses almighty Jove -----

Thou God and Guardian of the human Race!

Fulfil the *Fates* immutable Decree -----

To guard great *Cæsar*; and assign his Place,

To rule th' obedient World, *under* thee.

³ Quem virum aut Heroa, lyrâ vel acri

Tibiâ fumes celebrare Clio -----

Quem Deum ----- ?

Ἀναξιούργους ὕμνοι

Τίνα Θεόν, τίν' Ἡρώα

Τίνα δ' Ἄνδρα κελαδήσομεν

Πινδ. Ολ. 6.

Q 2

Whether he quell th' insulting *Parthian's*
Pride,

And bind them Captives in a *Roman* Chain;
Or in just Triumph o'er the *Indians* ride,
And to the East-most Ocean, glorious reign ---

To *thee* submissive --- and like *thee*, all just,
With mildest Sway, he the wide World
shall rule;

While thy dread Thunder crushes into Dust
Th' unhallowed Grove --- and shakes
the starry Pole.

Of a different Nature, were the Instructions of *Athenodore*. He was a Man of Spirit, to whom his Virtue gave a Dignity and Weight that allowed him to take great Liberties with his Pupil. Whether before or after his Marriage, I know not (for he did not suddenly reform*), *Cæsar* had forced a Lady to give him an Assignment. Men in high Stations can have no Secrets of that Kind. Witness the whole Train of *Lewis XIV.*'s Amours, whose smallest Circumstances are better known than any private Man's who has writ his own Adventures. *Athenodore* had often honestly warned the wild Youth not only of the *Infamy* but of the *Danger* of such an unworthy Commerce. He had paid no Regard to his Admonitions; when having been either informed by the prating Servants, or

* Circa Libidines *basit*.

Sueton. in Octav.

his Assistance perhaps implored by the reluctant Lady, he bethought himself of an Expedient to put an End to this involuntary Intriguing. At the appointed Hour, he stepp'd himself into the Chair; was brought with close-drawn Curtains to *Cæsar's* Apartment, who came hastily to receive the fair one into his Chamber — when of a sudden *Athenodore* sprang out with a drawn Sword in his Hand, which he pointed at his Throat. The Remedy was harsh; but adapted, we may believe, to the Disease. What Resentment *Cæsar* might express immediately after the Fright, is not related: but to his Honor, this severe Reproof increased his Esteem, and Confidence in his Master.

Nor did *Mecenas* himself refuse to bear a Part, and indeed the chief one, in humanizing the merciless *Cæsar*. He was seated one Day on his Tribunal, judging capital Causes of a good Number of unfortunate Gentlemen arraigned for the *Offences of the Times* — for having born Arms under *Brutus* — for having expelled the Veterans with *Lucius*, or risen with *Tiberius Nero*. — Some of them *Cæsar* had already condemned, and there was little Doubt what would become of the Rest; when *Mecenas*, whether by Chance or Design, dropped into the Court. It was extremely crowded; and quite impossible to approach the Tribunal. He took out his Tablets, wrote a Sentence in them, put his Seal upon the silken Cord that tied them, and desired them to be handed to the Judge. *Cæsar* opened them and read this small Sentence,

SURGE JAM TANDEM, CARNIFEX!
EXECUTIONER! IT IS TIME TO RISE.

Cæsar was struck — instantly deserted the Tribunal, and the arraigned were acquitted to a Man. These two Adventures show both the Prince and his Ministers in a very advantageous Light. How few Minions about any modern Court would have had the Courage or Integrity to *shock* their Master for his own Interests — and how few Princes, inured to fawning and unmanly Submissions from their Servants, would have *bore* it? The old Roman Manners, free and fearless, as the Produce of Independency, made *Mecenas's* Freedom not so *harsh* in Reality, as it appears to a modern Courtier: and yet the bearing it, was the most promising Sign that had yet appeared about the young *Triumvir*.

At the Court of *France*, when their last-mentioned King was much about *Cæsar's* Age, some abject Courtiers were entertaining the young Prince in public with the Policy of the *Turkish* Government --- ‘That the Sultan had nothing to do but *say the Word*, and whatever it was, whether to take off a great Man’s Head, to strip him of his Employment or Estate, there were a Train of Servants they called *Mutes*, who executed it *without Reply*.’ *Voilà* --- said the sprouting Tyrant — *Ce que c’est que regner!* That it is to be a King! The old Count of Grammont, who heard the Corrupters of the Youth with Indignation, immediately interposed — But,

Sir ! Of these same Sultans I have known three strangled by their own Mutes within my Memory.

This silenced the Flatterers; and the Duke de Montausier, the French Cato (if that be not a Solecism in Sense) who was lolling in a Chair behind the Circle that surrounded the King, forced his Way through the Press — and publicly thanked *M. de Grammont* for his noble and seasonable Liberty.

By the Death of *Salvidienus*, the supreme Command of the Army devolved upon *M. Vipsanius Agrippa*. He was of little better Parentage than his Predecessor; his Father being so obscure, that all the Son's Splendor has not transmitted the smallest Notice of him to Posterity. He had risen by Degrees through the various Toils and Miseries of a Life spent in Marches, Encampments, and conversant with Wounds and Death¹. Yet his Heart was not tainted nor his Head turned. He continued not only a brave but a humane and generous Man². *M. Antony* took a particular Liking to him, and, according to the Frankness of his Nature, interested himself in his private Concerns. The elegant *Epicurean*, *Pomponius Atticus*, whose Services to *Fulvia* had saved him at the Proscription, still enjoyed the Respect due to his former

¹ Misera juvenia, exercito ævo inter arma mortefque.

Plin.

² Vir ingentis animi; qui solus ex his quos civilia bella claros potentesque fecerunt, felix in publicum fuit.

Senec. Epist. xciv.

Character, when he lived connected with *the Friends of Rome*. He had no Son: *Pomponia*, his only Daughter, was to inherit his great Estate; and this Lady, by *Antony's* Means, was now married to *M. Agrippa*. It is not to be doubted but this Relation to the first *Roman Knight* would be useful to the *Cæsarean* General; for though the old Man was too selfish to hazard any Thing for the public Good, his Dispositions were sound, as consequently the Advices would be which he gave his Daughter's Husband. It is not therefore improbable that *M. Agrippa*, if he took no actual Share in turning their Master from Cruelty to Mildness, would cordially approve of the salutary Design of putting their Affairs upon a more favorable Footing than Usurpation and Violence.

All these Circumstances conspired to humanize the young *Cæsar*, and to facilitate the Return of the proscribed and banished Citizens stipulated by the *Peace of Miseno*. I am sensible that what I am going to say of this Peace will appear surprising to many; but hope they will acquiesce upon farther Reflection. The Conjunction of *Domitius Enobarbus* with *M. Antony*, and the Restoration of the Republicans by *Cæsar*, seemed to be two desirable Events: so many brave Men as followed *Domitius*, so many noble Romans banished from *Rome* and proclaimed Traitors as had repaired to *Pompey*, to be at once pardoned and restored, if not to their Houses and Lands (which were sold or assigned to the Soldiery) at least to their native City, to live in Peace with their Families and

Friends , seemed a Completion of the Wishes of all good Men. I believe it was partly so — and yet cannot help looking upon these two Treaties as the *finishing Strokes*, the last *mortal Blows*, to the *Roman Liberty*. The *Probability* of the glorious Republic ever again raising her Head fell with *Marcus Brutus* at *Philippi*. But while her remaining Friends continued *in Arms*, under any Leaders, especially under so great Men as *Enobarbus* and *Pompey* --- while they kept together, commanding great Armies and powerful Fleets , asserting her Cause , there was still a *Possibility* of some grand though unforeseen Accident declaring in their Favors: such as the Death of the Usurpers — Discord between their Armies , or one of those unheeded Events that prove the Springs of great Revolutions. But now this Hope was totally cut off. *Domitius* , by his Treaty , in a Manner gave up the Cause ; and by surrendering, or to speak more properly , joining himself and his Followers to one of the three Tyrants , first broke the remaining Patriots among themselves and the Peace of *Miseno* coming soon after, finally destroyed their Bond of Union , and was a tacit Submission to downright Slavery. It disarmed all the old Nobility: it denuded *Pompey* of his most venerable Support , and left him the Head of a Body of *Mercenaries* , instead of the august Company of great Romans that had the *Species* of a Common-wealth. For the Senators and Knights that returned in Virtue of the Treaty , gave up all Thoughts of again taking Arms in Defence of Liberty. Glad

to have escaped with their Lives — to have once got back to *Rome*, they put up with their present Condition — submitted to the Ruin of their Fortunes, and sat tamely down in that *Shadow* of a Senate that met under the Terror of the Veterans, and Dread of the Triumviral Power: a strange Roman Senate it was! —

*alas! how fallen — how changed,
From what I knew thee in the Realms of Light!*

from the sublime Assembly that presided over the World! — that sat Sovereign of Nations — Arbiters of Peace and War, and supreme Guardians of the Rights of Men —

O all conquering *Rome*! Thou Pride of Earth, and Perfection of Society! Mother of Heroes! Civilizer of Nations! Fountain of Justice and Terror of Tyrants — how art thou debased and made vile! — how is thy Glory effaced and thy Honor laid low! Thy Consuls, at once the Hope and Dread of the World, are but an empty Name — Thy God-like Senate, where Wisdom, Goodness, and inflexible Courage shone in combined Lustre, lies slaughtered through all thy Provinces — thy *Pretors* and *Questors*, Parents of the People — thy *Tribunes* and *Ediles*, Guardians of the City, are perished by the *Cæsarean* Sword — thy once tremendous Tribunals are filled with Sycophants — thy awful Forum, where thy grand Assembly created the Princes of the Earth, is either streaming with the Blood of Citizens, or thinly trod by

a servile Herd, fawning upon the base Usurpers. What is become of that *high-spirited People* — that noble haughty Race, whose Arms raised Rome to the Head of Empire — who filled her invincible Legions, manned her terrible Fleets — ruled her loud Forum, and were jealous of their Privileges to Madness? — and much more, what is become of that exalted Stock of Heroes, the *Fabii*, the *Metelli*, the *Scipio's*, the *Cato's*, those Princes of the Senate, and Patterns of mild but immoveable Virtue — the *Fathers of Rome* and *Friends of Mankind* — who serene in Dangers and humble in Victories, checked the Pride of Kings, and cherished the Privileges of the vanquished — who in the Height of Grandeur forgot not they were *Men*, and though secure from the weak Attacks of Passion — above Flattery, and untainted with Avarice, yet bore with the giddy tumultuous Crowd — screened them from the Effects of their own Follies — and, like public Parents, forced them, unconscious, to seek their own Happiness. — Instead of *these*, low *Tools* raised from the Dunghill — sturdy *Troopers* bold in Mischief — mean *Pensioners* (the debauched Remains of the old Nobility) mixed with the Dregs of the Provinces, now made *Senators* by *Cæsar*' and his

' Civitate donatos, & quosdam è semibarbaris Gallorum recepit in Curiam. *And the famous Placart*, Bonum Factum: Ne quis Senatori novo Curiam monstrare velit.

Suet. in Jul.

Successors — — *. No wonder *Claudian* should exclaim,

*Hei mihi, quo Latii vires Urbisque potestas
Recidit? in qualem paulatim fluximus Umbram--?
Armatis quondam Populis, Patrumque vigebam
Consiliis. Domui terras, hominesque revinxi
Legibus. Ad solem victrix utrumque cucurri ---
Postquam Jura ferox in se communia Cæsar
Transtulit --- & lapsi mores; desuetaque priscis
Artibus, in gremium Pacis servile recessi*.*

In reading this lamentable Tale, this final Catastrophe of a glorious Empire, let us look a little farther than *mere Amusement*; and try if we can take a *Lesson of Consequence* to our Country, to ourselves, and to our Posterity.

However We may in Times of Prosperity make light of Vice, and sneer at Corruption, it is a secret solemn Truth, that as the *Spirit* and *Dignity* of a People is inseparable from their independency and Freedom, that *Independency* — that supreme Gift of Heaven, and Happiness of Earth, *Liberty*, *sinks or swims with their Manners*. These arise complexly from their *Principles* and *Habits*; but much more from the *last* than the *first*. A Youth bred

* Senatorum — deformis & incondita turba ---- erant enim supra mille, & quidam indignissimi, & post necem Cæsar's per gratiam aut præmium allecti, quos Orcinos Vulgus appellabat. Idem. in Octav.

* Claud. de Bello Gild.

up in the highest Notions of Sobriety, who hears constant Panegyrics upon the ancient *Persian* Diet, the *Spartan* Black - Broth, or *Roman* Porridge, and is himself daily crammed with *French* Cookery, is likely to prove but a poor Proficient in Temperance. Now *Luxury* and *Slavery* are indissolubly linked by the Law of Nature --- They are, as it were *Brothers - German*, that reciprocally introduce and support one another. For under despotic Sway, the *Manners* of the People are just the *Reverse* of those practised in a free and legal Government. While *Liberty* raises their Views and dilates their Heart, the Public is their Care, and their Country their Pride: When *Slavery* takes Place, little Self rules in chief, and draws every Thought and Design to its narrow Centre. The Magnanimity of a free People makes them live sparingly in private and contented with a little; but when placed in Commands, and doing Honor to the Offices of State, *then* they aim at Splendor and Magnificence. In ordinary domestic Life, Frugality, and Temperance are not only salutary, but *decent* --- but Pomp and Grandeur fit well on a *public Character*. The very *contrary* of this is infallibly practised in every State and Country from whence Liberty and Virtue have been banished by Usurpation. Look through the Subjects of any absolute Court in Christendom, you will see their *own* Power, their *own* Fortune, their *own* Equipage and Pageantry, is *all in all*; while their Country is *nothing*. It is a Rule that never fails, nor was ever falsified in any one Instance. A

virtuous People are neither *to be frightened* nor *bribed* out of their Rights — a vicious one lies open on all Sides to *Force, Fraud, or Corruption*. It was the Loss of the *Roman Virtue* that encouraged *Catiline* (a sagacious daring foldierly Man¹) to attempt, and enabled *Julius Cæsar*, his more cunning Associate, actually to overturn the *Roman Common-wealth*. The Bulk of the *common People* all followed *Catiline*, and were keen for *Julius Cæsar*². — Why — ? Because they were become *vicious*; because they loved *Idleness, Shows, and Debauchery* — because they had lost all Sense of *Honor, Worth, and the public Good* — because they could sneer at *Frugality and Temperance* — despised *Order*, hated the *Laws*, and could throw *Dirt* at a *Cato, a Cicero, a Marcellus*, who stood by them. Here was the *Root of Bitterness*, and here lay the *deadly Poison*. The abused Power of the *Tribunes* was a violent Vehicle in which that *Poison* was administered, and which inflamed its mortal Operation. Even after the *Chastisement* of the *Tyrant*, and the *Restoration* of *Liberty* by *Cassius* and *Brutus*, that same *Strain of Vice*, that same *Love of Debauch, and consequently of Rapine* — the same *Want of Truth, Humanity, or Religion*, supplied the barbarous *Triumvirs* with

¹ Habuit enim (Catilina) permulta maximarum, non expressa sed adumbrata signa virtutum — vigeabant etiam studia rei militaris.

Cicer. Orat. pro M. Coel.

² Omnino cuncta Plebs Catilinæ coëptis favebat.

Sallust.

bloody Ruffians to support them in effacing the Remains of the *Virtue* and *Liberty* of the ancient Republic — as on the other Hand, *Antony* and *Cæsar's dissolute Education*, the bad Company they kept — the worse *Pattern* they followed — the *Vices* they indulged, made them Pests of the Public, and secondary Instruments of their Country's Ruin.

Let us, on this important Subject, that nearly touches every Man, and none more nearly than a *free-born Briton*; let us, for entire Conviction, carry our Views upon the Nations around us — we will find the *same Clew* faithfully conduct us through the *Fates* of any People, be they ever so perplexed by Politics, or bewildered with revolving Mazes, like a Labyrinth. What Country has changed more Masters than Spain —? The Phenicians did not conquer it — they gave it its Name³ — settled *Cadiz* and some few Colonies along the Shore. Nor did their Descendants the *Carthaginians*, though Masters of the Coasts, penetrate into the inland Country. — The subduing of that, was left to the *Romans* in a long, cruel, and bloody Struggle of near two Centuries, as the Natives were then *incorrupted* and *free*. It was the *Dint* of the *Roman Discipline*, not their Valor or Strength, that overbore the bold *Spaniards* — witness *Numantia*, *Viriatu*s and *Sertorius*, who often foiled the Legions, and reduced the

³ *Spanija*, i. e. the Country of *Coneys*, from the Multitudes of these little Animals they saw on the Islands and along the Coast.

Aggressors to stand on their Defence*. But when once thoroughly subdued and made tributary Slaves, they sunk into Luxury with the other Provinces --- and instead of *Centuries*, were over-run in *two* Years by the Vandals, and taken Possession of by the Goths, as if they had been their paternal Possessions. These conquering *Goths* became debauched in their Turn --- and in their Turn were with Facility overcome by the Victorious *Arabs*, who possessed all the fine Countries from *Cabo de Creos* projecting from the *Pyrenees*, to *Cape St. Vincent* on the Ocean. The vanquished Inhabitants, Descendants of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and old *Spaniards*, fled to the Mountains of *Asturias* and *Biscay*, where they lived a hardy penurious Life, defending themselves partly by Arms, and mostly by the Strength of their Situation. The Moors remained contented with the rich Valleys and noble champain Countries in *Andalusia*, *Valencia*, and *Granada*, and never pushed their Conquests beyond the bored Rock in *Biscays*. There they lived in Luxury, became lazy and effeminate, gave themselves up to Gallantry, Equipage and Show, until that Handful of the old Inhabitants, hardened

* In Hispaniis per annos CC. multo mutuoque ita certatum est sanguine, ut amissis P. R. Imperatoribus exercitibusque, sæpe contumelia, etiam nonnunquam pericula Romano inferretur Imperio. Velleius.

† Por bastantes testimonios se puede mostrar que los Moros en ningun tiempo passaron de un lugar que en Viscaya vulgarmente se llama la Pena Horada.

Mariana.

hardened through Necessity by Temperance and Toil, issuing from among the *Asturian* Mountains, drove them out of Province after Province, and at last expelled them from *Spain*, and made *Granada* it self their Conquest. But let us see in what Condition these People were before their alternate Expulsions. 'Under Don Rodrigo, says the grave Historian Mariana, Nothing can be conceived more dissolute than the Manners of the *Spaniards*; nor was there ever a Nation more abandoned to all Manner of Pleasure --- so that the Dominion and Power gained by *Courage* and *Valor* was destroyed by *Affluence*, and its usual Companion, *Luxury*. That high *Courage* and *Prowess* that had formerly achieved so great Things was worn enervated by *Vice*, which at the same Time, wholly unhinged the *Discipline of the Army*.' In this Condition were the *Spaniards* in MCCXI. before the *Moorish* Conquest. Let us next consider the Manners of the *Moors* about the Time that they began to decline. Wealth and Wantonness first made their Leaders fall out among themselves,

'Los *Espanoles* no eran iguales a los *Africanos*, por estar debilitados con el largo *Ocio*, y con el Cebo de los Deleites —

El Imperio y Senorio ganado por Valor y Esfuerzo, se perdió por la Abundancia, y Deleites que de ordinario le acompañaban. Todo aquel Valor y Esfuerzo, con que tan grandes cosas acabaron, los *Vicios* le apagaron, y juntamente desvarataron toda la Disciplina militar. No se pudiera hallar cosa en aquel tiempo mas *estragada* que las *Costumbres* de *Espana*; ni Gente mas *curiosa* en buscar todo genero de Regalo.

Hist. Lib. iv.

and occasioned Insurrections and intestine Wars'. These, says the Historian, are the Fountains of all Mischief, and the Cause that no State can long enjoy perfect Tranquillity; since

In Want of foreign Foes --- they'll spring at home.

When Don Fernando King of Castile took the Field in MDCXXIII, Mahomet a Moorish Prince sent an Embassy, humbly offering him Homage and Obedience; that he was ready to meet him with the Keys of *Paega* his royal Seat, and to send Money and Provisions for the Use of his Army. 'The Moors,' adds the Author, were become Cowards -- *los Deleites, los tenean estragados, ---* Pleasures had unmanned them; and their civil Discord, their Family Quarrels, and Wars between the *Zegries* and *Abencerrages*, had brought them to the Brink of Ruin.

The Rule therefore, that *Luxury* and *Slavery* go Hand in Hand, -- that *Liberty* and *Temperance* are inseparable Companions, holds infallible, and is verified by the Fates of all the Nations whose History

' Adelante, con el gran Aumento que tuvieron los Arabes, y por sus muchas Riquezas, resultaron Alborotos, y de uno se hizieron muchos Imperios. Id.

' Las Riquezas y el Ocio, fuentes de todos los Males, eran la Causa; y ninguna Ciudad puede tener sosiego largo tiempo, porque

Si fuera le faltan Enemigos, le nacen en casa.

El mismo, Lib. vii.

can be traced through its different Periods to their virtuous Original. The *Roman* military *Discipline*, and *Habits* introduced by their *Republican Virtue*, were for some Time a Defence to the later Empire--- But when that *Discipline* and these *Habits*, undermined by Vice, and openly suppressed by Tyranny, had worn out, they grew dastardly and dispirited; and by low Cunning and cob-web Politics endeavoured to supply the Place of Wisdom and Valor. This needs no Proof: the History of the later Emperors affords a thousand. But one Instance taken at the Fountain-head, from a genuine Imperial Performance will be most convincing.

Constantine Porphyrogenitus, reputed a great Politician, has left a *Treatise of Advices* to his Son and Successor, which contains the *Arcana Imperii*, or Mysteries of State. It is such a Work in Earnest, as the Cardinal de *Richelieu* or *M. de Louvois*' political Testaments, left with their humble Counsels to their Masters, are in their half-jocular Strain. He introduces it with a pompous Preface; that if the young Prince will listen to his Suggestions, and put his Precepts in Practice, he will then reign with Honor and live in Splendor: the barbarous Nations, he says, will dread him more than Fire, and his Wrath more than a barbed Arrow. But in the Sequel of the Work, these Suggestions and these Precepts amount to a Variety of Tricks

ἡ Προηγήσονται γὰρ σε, — καὶ ὡς ἀπὸ Πυρὸς Φεύξονται — ὁ Φθῆσθαι αὐτοῖς Φοβερὸς καὶ ἀπὸ προσώπου σου τρόμος λήψεται αὐτοὺς, καὶ σὺ ὁ Παντοκράτωρ ὑπερασπιεῖ.

Κόνσταν. Πορφυρ. Προοίμ.

R. 2

and *Cheats*, which he directs the Youth to play off upon the *Bulgarians*, *Moravians*, *Serblians*, *Alans*, and *Ruffs*, that with other *Bosphoranian Tribes* were making yearly Incursions into the Empire. To these *Tricks*, varied in many Shapes, he evidently *trusts* for the Security of his Dominions; and indeed to any Thing rather than the *Discipline* of the *Roman Legions* or the *superior Virtue* of his People.

The Loss of that *Virtue*, and the incredible Meanness of Spirit and Manners to which the all-conquering *Romans* were reduced, appears nowhere more striking than in the History of *Procopius*. He was a *Soldier* and a *Courtier*, and perfectly acquainted with what passed both in the Closet and the Field. The Pictures he has left of the Weakness of the one and the Dissoluteness of the other, are astonishing. *Arcadius* the Emperor, on his Death-bed, makes a formal Deed and Will, and commits his Son and Empire to the Tuition of a Barbarian, *Isdegird*, to save him and it from Ruin: and such was its Weakness, that he did *actually* save it, by his Authority and the Awe of the *Persian Power*. But his Son *Varanes*, having received some Displeasure, put himself at the Head of his Cavalry, and made an Inroad into the *Roman Territories*. *Anatolius* was at that Time Prefect of the *Eastern Provinces* under *Theodosius*. This Governor, instead of drawing an *Army* together or taking any Measures to make Head against the Invader, with a small Retinue and without Arms, set out to meet him in Person: But, when yet at a Distance and within Sight, he alights from his Horse, and

in humble Posture approaches his Majesty as a Suppliant — begs he will proceed no farther, but receive him as an Ambassador from *Theodosius*. The *Persian's* Pride was flattered by the Submissions of the *Roman* General — he graciously condescends to return to his Capital and give him a Hearing. What would have induced *L. Lucullus* or *Cn. Pompey*, the Conquerors of *Mithridates* and *Tigranes*, to have made the same Submissions? For this was no temporary Expedient in *Anatolius* to extricate himself *at a Pinch*: the degenerate Spirit had taken Root, and warped itself about the Vitals of the State. *Cabad* and *Chuz-rosht* (*Chosroes*), who succeeded *Varanes*, had the same Obeisance paid to them by the *Roman Patricians*, as they could expect from their most abject Slaves. *Rufinus* prostrated himself on the Floor before the last-named King, humbly entreating his Majesty to defer a threatened War, and flattering that hot-headed Prince in a Manner quite unworthy of a *Roman Ambassador*.

In Process of Time therefore, the *Romans*, from being the Terror of all Nations, turned an easy Prey to every bordering People. Incursions were made into their frontier Provinces, and first one and then another of them torn away from the Body of the Empire. How did this happen? not for Want of Numbers: The Country was still populous

ἰ Τθαπσεύντες δὲ Χοσροὺν οἱ πρέσβεις ἑπαγωγὰς τε πολλὰς ἔλεξαν,
καὶ Ῥωμαίων ὡς ἤκιστα Πρεσβείας πρέποντας.

Προκοπ.

and the Cities crowded. They could have raised more numerous Armies than when they were in a Course of Conquest and Victory. But the Men were become *good for nothing* : they were *vicious* ; they were *Cowards* ; they were oppressed by Taxes, and sunk in Sloth and Debauchery. The Northern Nations, their Invaders, though far from polished, were *free* --- were *manly* and *temperate* ; and by the fixed eternal Law that governs the World, and transfers Empire from one People to another, in the Strength of *these Virtues* they subdued the degenerate *Romans*. ' No wonder, says an Eye-witness of the *Gothic Conquests* ², that vicious as we are grown, we cannot stand before the Northern Powers. Wherever the *Romans* go, they pollute every Thing with *Lasciviousness*; the *Barbarians* on the other Hand cleanse all their Possessions with *Abstinence* and *Chastity*. We love *Lewdness* : the *Goths* detest it. We laugh at *Purity* of Life and Manners : they practise it.' These Virtues were no Doubt *habitual* to the Northerns, partly from their Climate, and more from their civil Constitution. They are mentioned here, as the *Causes* of *Conquest*; and their Opposites, as the *Causes* of *slavery*. But as *Vice* is the sure Fore-runner of public Ruin, so *Luxury* and *Oppression* are never disjoined. The Title once so awful — so honorable — of a *Roman Citizen*, which used

² Quæ Romani polluerunt fornicatione, mundant Barbari castitate --- Impudicitiam nos diligimus, Gothi execrantur: Puritatem nos fugimus, illi amant.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. LibV.

to be purchased with vast Sums³, became first an empty Name, and by Degrees a grievous Burden. The Condition of the Commons in the Provinces was so servile and so low, that no longer able to endure their Bondage, nor the Extortions of the Tax-gatherers, they went voluntarily over to the *Goths*; chusing rather with the Appearance of Servitude to live *free in Effect*, than with the specious Name of Liberty, to be *in Reality Slaves*⁴. Nor were the Inhabitants of the *Capital* on any better Footing. I could never survey their low Estate, as it is feelingly painted by *Claudian*, who saw and felt their public Ills, without Commiseration. He introduces the Genius of once mighty *Rome* humbly petitioning the Father of Gods, in these piteous Lines.

*I pray not — that my CONSUL's awful Name
Should terrify the Tribes on Oxus' Stream!
Nor that his FASCES o'er the quivered Pride
Of Parthian SUSA should in Triumph ride!
Nor that his EAGLES awe the Eastern Flood
And stain the Red-Sea with Arabian Blood!*

³ Εγω πολλὰ κεΦαλαίαι τὴν Πολιτείαν ταύτην ἐκτησάμην.

Πρὸς. Αποστ. κεΦ. κβ.

⁴ Nomen Civium Romanorum non solum magna aestimatione, sed magno emptum, nunc ultro repudiatur ac fugitur: nec vile tantum, sed etiam abominabile pene habetur.

Salvian. Ibid.

*No—these, ah! once were mine—but now I come
To beg bare Sustenance for starving ROME'.*

From this miserable Fall of *Rome*, and this Deduction of its Causes, we may conclude, that, let Men expatiate never so much, let them harangue never so floridly upon Matters of State; let them talk of Depth of Foresight, Reach in Politics, and a perfect Plan; it is still a certain Truth that *Liberty* cannot be securely maintained but by *Temperance* and *Industry*. This is its original genuine Bottom; and *these* the plain but *massy* Pillars on which the fair Edifice alone can stand. All others, unconnected with *these*, are rotten Props, which will soon give Way, and draw after them the Structure they were meant to support. Sumptuary Laws, Creations of Officers, shining Titles, are but shuffling Expedients — Tricks of Statesmen who contrive Palliatives, that instead of curing, increase the Disease.

It is true, *Liberty* may be sick, though not unto Death; and that Sickness may require Applications of different Kinds to be made. She may be violently attacked from without, or some one of the nobler Parts (our *own* Case not a hundred Years ago) may be vitiated within; to repel or

Advenio Supplex, non ut proculcet Araxem
Consul ovans — nostræque premant pharetrata secures
Susa; nec ut rubris Aquilas figamus arenis:
Hæc nobis, hæc ante dabas; nunc Pabula tantum
Roma precor — —

De Bel. Gild.

restore which, *Address*, and what we corruptly call *Politics*, may be of real Service — and in either Case, Force or Stratagem may be fairly applied. But this inestimable Treasure seldom vanishes at once. The heavenly Nymph generally dies of the *English* Distemper, a *Consumption*; the most sovereign Remedy for which is *Temperance* and *Industry*. These Sister-Virtues commonly go Hand in Hand — and in whatever Breast, Family, or Country, they take up their Residence, they never fail to bring their Companions, Health, Vigor, and Independency.

But let us not pass over the terrible Example of ruined *Rome*, and the Doctrine it loudly preaches, too superficially. We have, I am afraid, too great Need to view it with the strictest Attention, and minutely trace the Method of this Plague's Operation. One of the first Effects of *Luxury* is to render Men *idle* and *useless* — I say *useless*: and consequently contemptible: many a Man miscalled *Great*, is less *useful* to Society than the meanest Peasant; and many a Gentleman of Family is not of such Consequence to it as the little Boy in his Kitchen. The Death of a Spendthrift is Salvation to his Wife and Children; and that of an idle, eating, drinking, hunting Squire, is Relief from a Burden to the Earth and them. How many noble Things might even Persons not born to great Estates do by Influence and Example? The Man of *Ross*, most justly celebrated by our Poet, and the beneficent Dr. *M --- n* in *Ireland*, are shining Instances of it. I would ask

with *Horace* those whom Fortune has favored, Is there indeed no public Work, yet undone — no Gymnasium to build — no Bridge to lay — no Portico to rear — no Science to promote — no Piece of Ingenuity to encourage *? — Would you, ye expensive Pursuers of Pleasure, taste real Joy? Try, for once, *one beneficent generous Deed!* If sincerely done, you will find it the highest Enjoyment, the most constant, the most serene — the sweetest Seasoning to every other Delight.

On the other Hand, how inglorious does that Man go to the Grave who has eat and drunk, carded and squandered, all his Income: who has centered all his Wishes and sunk all his Revenue in his little Self — who has thrown away on Sickness, Riot and Repentance, what might have purchased a Life of Health and Vigor — a Life of Reputation and Honor — heightened by conscious Worth, and the Hopes of a glorious Memory! For that same Person might with a little *Temperance* have saved a hundred, perhaps, thousands a-Year, which, in the Space he enjoyed his Offices or Estate, would have enabled him to do some *signal Service* to his Country that would have eternized his Reputation.

Time was, and that not very long ago, when every Gentleman in *Great-Britain* thought himself

* Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? cur, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid Patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?

Sat. II. Lib. 2.

obliged to be good for something: and believed that a Knowledge and Deportment becoming his Rank was more necessary to distinguish him than *Liveries*, and a *Tinsel-Equipage*. It is surprising how many private Gentlemen in *England and Scotland*, from Queen *Elizabeth* and *James I's* Reigns to the Restoration, discovered great Talents for Letters and Affairs. I do not restrict them to the civil War; because *Necessity* then, like a Ferment in Liquors, called forth every latent Power, and gave Play to every dormant Qualification. But though perhaps the few learned Men now in *Britain*, and the few Men fit for Affairs, may be more *universally* learned, and much more *polite*, than they were at that Period; I am apt to think there were then ten Country-Gentlemen *substantially* learned for one that is so now. Capacity and Knowledge were in *Reputation*, and were proportionably cultivated — Now they are too often, like *Virtue under absolute Power* (*laudatur & alget*) called pretty — and neglected. Cards, and Dress, and Trifling did not then engross their Time — expensive Diversions and gaudy Shows did not drain their Estate; foreign Dainties destroyed not their Health, nor did their Bill of Fare occupy their Understanding. They thought — they studied — they exercised — they entered upon Life with a Resolution to excel. Accordingly what an illustrious Race of Men composed Queen *Elizabeth's* Court? Their various Characters and real Excellencies afforded our ingenious *Spencer* the Foundations of the moral Allegories in his *Fairy*

Queen : for the Gentlemen picked out by that great Princess were all marked by Eminence in some *one* Virtue ; and that *Virtue* , taken from *the Life* , is transformed into a feigned Person by the fanciful Poet.

A Satyr upon the present Age , or upon the present State of *Britain* , is the farthest Thing in the World from my Intentions. But as a sincere and good Man ventures to insinuate affectionately what he would wish to be corrected in his Friend : or as a Lover gently hints a *Foible* to his Mistress ; I , who am proud of my Country , and deeply *feel* our national Happiness , hope for Indulgence if I point out the Vices that threaten our Destruction.

It is past Dispute , that *Luxury* has of late made too great Progress among us : a Curse which in the natural Course of Things seems to be entailed on Wealth and Prosperity ! It is likewise past Dispute , that *Luxury* has been in all Nations the constant Source of Corruption , of Treachery , of Cowardice , and of consequent inevitable Ruin. Now , Thanks to propitious Heaven ! there is yet a noble Struggle between *British Worth* and this Canker that aims at our Vitals ! To an impartial Eye and ingenuous Mind there are Objects of high Satisfaction and Confidence ^{*} that present themselves every where throughout this happy Nation ; Proofs of disinterested Virtue , and happy Presumptions that we are still *sound at the Heart*. What noble *Charities* , for Instance , have been

^{*} Vol. I. page 200 — 261.

done, and are daily doing in and about the City of London — and indeed about most of the Cities within my Knowledge in the Island? How many *Associations* are there of private Gentlemen voluntarily erecting themselves into Societies for promoting a Variety of the most laudable Purposes in Life, Learning and Religion; and sparing neither Expense nor Pains for attaining them? How many Men of vast Fortunes do we see despising Pomp, living plain, delighting in Acts of Generosity, and only distinguished in public by the unfeigned Veneration paid to their Virtues? What an active gladsome Spirit of Industry appears diffused through all Ranks—Arts, Agriculture, Manufactures propagating and improving from Town to Town, and that same Spirit transfused through our thriving *Colonies*, of whom we have planted and peopled more within these thirty Years than all *Europe* has done beside? I will not resume the happy Foundations of our Hope already mentioned; nor the pleasing Prospects of *Britain's* future Welfare, which are daily increasing: But as to Morals, I acknowledge with Pleasure, that at their Source, in those Places where Immorality of every Sort once prevailed, Decency now reigns—and a Pattern of Sobriety is set to the People. Good Patterns however are not always followed; and there are many Instances where Subjects leave Virtue to be practised by their Superiors. We have many excellent Laws for curbing Immorality,

and some public-spirited Magistrates to put them in Execution: But the Experience of all Nations assures us, that Laws of themselves are not able to retrieve *public Manners*, nor stop the Torrent of a general Corruption. A Multiplicity of Laws and Lawyers is a certain Sign of *many Vices*, as Doctors multiply in proportion to Distempers. It would be extremely preposterous to load an innocent State with Prohibitions of Crimes which it never knew: as there was no Statute in *Lacedemon* against Adultery, nor in *Athens* against Parricide. But when *Luxury* comes in like a Flood, and threatens swift Ruin, then *Laws* afford a feeble and temporary Relief.

In that unhappy Case, the *only effectual* Remedy is pointed out (that I may enforce it with a great Authority) by *Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. "The chief Concern of Princes, says he, ought not to be so much employed in restraining Corruption by *Laws*, or in punishing *Offenders*, as in regulating and watching over the *Education* of *Youth*" — This is indeed the Hinge upon which every Thing turns: Here all the Severity of the Laws should be exerted, and the Attention of their Executors chiefly pointed. Youth *wholesomely educated*, under a sober manly Discipline, would supersede the Cob-web Penalties that catch the small, and let go the great Offenders. The Vices acquired by mean Habits and an effeminate Education that now occupy our Tribunals would then disappear: whereas a *low loose* Education renders not only *Individuals* worthless in themselves,

but destroys that general *Subordination*, that *Regard to Authority*, that Obedience to Magistracy and legal Power, on which the Welfare, and at last the *very Being*, of a Nation comes to depend. It prevails, I suspect, but too much in *Britain* at this Day — is one of the most threatening Symptoms to our *Liberty* and therefore *the Point* that chiefly calls for the Attention of the Legislature.

Is it not really strange (to instance in one Particular), that in such a Country as *ours*, there should be no School where the *British Youth* might be instructed in our greatest Happiness, our *Constitution*? while there are some well known Seminaries, where they may unlearn it, and, if they please, get rid of the Morals they brought from home. Is it not hard that it should be left, as it were, to *Chance* to inform us, *where* our Strength and Safety lies? *what* it is that protects us from Oppression and Slavery — that *exalts* us above the servile Nations around us, and prevents our becoming as abject and crouching as they —? that the *Model* of our Government, the *Essence* of the *British Liberty* consisting in the *Prerogative* of our *Kings*, and the *Powers and Privileges* of our *Parliament*, should be kept a Kind of *Secret* among Lawyers, or the experienced Members of those honorable Houses that are the Depositories of our most sacred Trust? Under these Disadvantages, I have often wondered to find so many private Gentlemen acquainted with, and Lovers of our *Constitution*, as there are through *Britain*: a certain Proof of a noble Disposition that deserves to be cultivated among so brave a People.

This is not the proper Place to propose the Plan of a British Education, fit for stemming the Tide of Luxury and Immorality that is breaking in upon us: It is too complex and important a Subject to be slightly treated: and if Life and Health permit, I may perhaps humbly offer to the Public, what long Experience may have taught me of the Government of Youth, and what I have the Joy to see in Part practised with Success in the *University of Aberdeen*. But in the mean Time, amid Abundance of Impertinence published on the Subject, let me recommend a small *Treatise on Education*, writ by the great *John Milton*, to the Perusal of all who wish well to *Liberty* and *Morals*—Objects, if I aught discern, worthy of the Care of the Prince --- worthy of the Pains of the Patriot,

qui velit Pater Urbium, subscribi Statuis,

who wishes to be deemed the *Father* of his Country, and to prevent *Great - Britain* from undergoing sooner or later the dreadful Fate of degenerate *Rome*.

B O O K IX.

A LITTLE before *Antony* and *Octavia* had left *Rome*, the *Triumvir* was surprised with a Visit from a Man he little thought of seeing in *Italy*. It was the brave *Herod*, whom he had lately appointed *Tetrarch* of *Judea*. His Errand was lamentable; and being at the same Time interwoven with the Affairs of the East, it is proper to deduce the affecting Story from its Origin.

Among the young Nobility who took Side with *Brutus*, was *T. Labienus*, the Son of that great Man who claims a large Share of the Honor of *Cesar's* Conquest of *Gaul*; and who left the Usurper as soon as he began to turn his Arms against his Country. The young Man inherited his Father's Spirit, and was pitched upon by *Cassius* to go Ambassador to *Orodes*, to procure another Body of *Parthian* Horse, besides what his own Reputation had brought into his Service. *Labienus* was at the Court of *Parthia* when the news arrived of the Defeat at *Philippi*, of the Death of his great Friends, and the Slaughter of the Nobility after the Battle. He therefore chose to remain some Time in *Parthia*, when being informed of the Disorders and Discontents in the Provinces and of *Antony's* Debauchery in *Egypt*, he persuaded the old King (still elate with the Defeat of *Crassus*) to put his Son *Pacorus* at the Head of a great Army, which

he (*Labienus*) promised to lead to the assured Conquest of *Syria*.

He was no worse than his Word: *Antony* had left the trusty *Saxa* and his Brother, to command in *Syria*, where they had behaved like true *Cæſarean Veterans*; while at the same Time the Towns were garrisoned by *Cassius's Men*, who had surrendered after *Brutus's* Death. The greater Part of these opened their Gates willingly to *Labienus*; while *Saxa* was drawing his Legions hastily together to make Head against the Invaders. They came to Blows --- and fought obstinately; when *Saxa* was overpowered by the *Parthian Cavalry*, who attacked his exposed Flank. He fled first to *Antioch*, and from thence to *Cilicia*; whither *Labienus* pursued him so hotly that this old sturdy Biscayner, who had cut many a brave Man's Throat in *Cæſar* and *Antony's* Service, was now forced to cut his own. *Labienus's* Progress was rapid: from *Cilicia* he marched down to *Caria*, and reduced the chief of the *Asiatic Towns* one after another. Upon his Approach, the polite and faithless *Plancus*, who had been sent back by *Antony* to fleece them, thought fit to take Shipping and retire to the Islands. *Labienus* could not pursue him for Want of a Fleet, else he had probably met with *Saxa's* Destiny. But the young Chief's Displeasure fell heavily upon the unhappy Towns of *Mylassa* and *Alabanda*.

I have already observed, that the *Romans* in their Conquests left the free Cities in *Asia* and *Greece* the full Exercise of their own Laws, and

their old Form of Government. The Affairs of these Communities were still canvassed in their Assemblies, and determined by the *Votes of the People*. This left Room for Men of Parts to display them and distinguish themselves by their Capacity and Eloquence: and this is the true Source of the *florid Asiatic Manner*, which prevailed in these Cities, in Opposition to the *correct Attic Elegancy*. It was no Invention of *Rhetoricians*, or *Declaimers in Schools*, as I see some learned Men have imagined; it was the *Asiatic Style* that took with *Greeks*, and was actually used in transacting Business in their independent States.

Euthydemus, a Native of *Mylassa*, born to a fair Estate, had so improved the Introduction which his Fortune gave him into the Administration, that he became not only the *chief Citizen* of *Mylassa*, but among those Chiefs of *Asia* that were honored by *Pompey* and the succeeding Roman Governors. He was a wise and worthy Man; and used his exorbitant Power for the public Good; sometimes forcing his giddy fellow-Citizens to consult their own Interests against their Will. This Gentleman was in the Height of his Credit, when a young popular Orator, who was opposing him, told him openly in the Court, *You are a strange Man — Euthydemus! a necessary Evil to Mylassa — there is no living with you — nor without you.* — This young Orator, *Hybreas* by Name, had been left without other Patrimony than one Mule and a Slave to drive it. — The Wages earned by

carrying Wood served to maintain the Youth for a short Space, while he studied under *Diotrephes* Professor of Rhetoric at *Antioch* in *Pisidia*. At his Return to *Mylassa* he farmed sometimes one and sometimes another Branch of the City- Revenue, till having made a little Money in that Way, he began to intermeddle in public Affairs, and ventured to speak in the grand Assembly of the People. He was a shrewd, bold, sagacious Fellow; had great Command of Language, and spoke with surprising Grace and Fire. He was heard with Admiration — shared the Authority with *Euthydemus* during the Remainder of that good Man's Life — and was esteemed as the first Speaker, and acknowledged as first Citizen after his Death. He grew great and eminent through all *Asia*; acquired a vast Estate, and built a House with *Porticos*, *Gardens*, *Groves* and *Cascades* like a royal Palace. He was in the Meridian of his Power in *Mylassa*; as *Zeno*, another Orator, was in the *Phrygian Laodicea*, when *Labienus*, surrounded now with *Roman Legions*, was over-running *Asia* quite down to the *Ionian Shore*.

The other Cities, little caring under what *Roman* Governor they lived, for the most Part opened their Gates to him and his Army — as did at first the two chief ones of *Caria*, *Mylassa* and *Alabanda*, with their Neighbour *Laodicea*: but at the Instigation of the two Orators, they took the Opportunity of a Festival to their great God *Jupiter Osogo*¹, to cut their Garrisons in Pieces, and

¹ *De Jove autem Osogo*, says the learned *I. Casaubon*,

declare for the *Triumvirs*. *Labienus* in great Wrath marched against *Mylassa*, being, besides the Treachery, piqued by a Piece of *Hybreas*' Wit. After his Success against *Saxa*, the Soldiery as usual had saluted him *Imperator* or *Generalissimo*, and had added the Epithet of *Parthicus* (as *Scipio* was called *Africanus*, and *Metellus*, *Numidicus*, from the Countries they had conquered). So they called *Labienus Imperator Parthicus*, the *Parthic Generalissimo*. *Hybreas* hearing this preposterous Title, as he thought, either from *Labienus* himself, or some of his Friends — Ay — said he, *Parthic Generalissimo* ! — and why pray may not I then take the Title of *Caric Generalissimo*? No Words were ever worse formed to stand together than those two: for though the Appellations of *Carians* and *Phrygians* sound tolerable in *English*, they are quite barbarous in their Original², as the Nations themselves were marked for Barbarity in their Language so early as *Homer*³, and for a low slavish Disposition ever after; nor is there any Nation in *Europe* so abject, whose Designation joined to the Word *Generalissimo* would have sounded half so ridiculous, as the quaint *Caric*. The Joke cost him dear:

adhuc quæro. It is plainly the same with *Pronubus* (the Epithet given by the *Romans* to *Juno*) from the trite *Syriac* Term *𐤍𐤍𐤏 Nuptialis*: *Genial Jove*.

² Φρυγ — Καρ.

³ Παρες Βαρβαροφωνοι

Labienus laid Siege to *Mylaffa*, and took it: the Orator hardly escaped to *Rhodes*; but his sumptuous Dwelling with all its Ornaments was rased to the Ground; as was the greatest Part of the Town for his Sake. It fared no better with the other two Cities that had driven out their Garrisons, *Laodicea* and *Alabanda*: *Labienus* being Master of all *Asia*, excepting *Stratonicea*, a *Macedonian* Colony defended by its impregnable Situation*.

The rich and fruitful Province of *Syria* was almost in the same Situation with Respect to the *Parthians*, as *Flanders* is with Respect to *France*: It lay on their Borders, was coveted, and usually the first Country that was over-run upon a Rupture. They now took Possession of it from one End to the other, except the single Town of *Tyre*, which they could not besiege without Shipping. But while their Army was thus lying as it were idle upon the Confines of *Judea*, having no Body to oppose them after *Saxa's* Defeat; *Antigonus*, the surviving Son of *Aristobulus*, and *Hyrchanus's* Nephew, enraged at his Exclusion from the Government, entered into a Treaty with them, for deposing *Hyrchanus*, expelling *Fasael* and *Herod* the Tetrarchs settled by *Antony*, and establishing him in the Throne of *Judea*. In this Event he engaged to pay to them a Sum of two hundred thousand Pounds, and another Subsidy of an extraordinary Nature; five hundred Women of

* *Στρατων. Γεωργ. Βιβ. 12.*

Fashion for their Seraglios. This was no new Species of Tribute in the East, nor was it discontinued by the Conquerors from that Climate. When the *Moors* were Masters of all *Spain*, excepting the little Kingdoms, shall I say, or Districts of *Oviedo*, *Leon* and *Biscay*, they obliged *Don Aurelio*, who began to reign in DCCLXVIII. to buy his Peace with a certain Number of young Ladies delivered yearly by Way of Tribute⁶: and some Time thereafter, *Mauregato*, a Bastard-Son of *Don Alonzo*, who usurped the Crown, could obtain Support from the same Nation, on no other Terms than giving up to them annually one hundred Girls, fifty of them nobly born, and fifty of the Vulgar; which shameful Contract was executed for ten Years — Nor were the modern *Moors* more addicted to Lewdness than the ancient *Parthians*⁶. They accepted *Antigonus's* Offer, concluded

⁶ Amancilò la Loia de toda su vida con un Assiento muy feo que hizo con los *Moros*, de darles cada un ano cierto numero de *Donzellas* nobles, como por *Parias* — *Mauregato*, hijo bastardo (nacido de una Esclava) de *Don Alonzo*, alcançò ayudo de los *Moros*, con assentar de dar les cada un ano ---- cincuenta *Donzellas* nobles, y otras tantas del *Pueblo*.

Son los *Moros* mas que ninguna otra Nacion inclinados a la Deshonestidad.

Mariana.

⁶ *Parthi* — in libidinem projecti — Uxores, dulcedine ariæ libidinis, singuli plures habent.

Justin. Lib. xli.

This explains a curious and obscure Passage of the *Talmud*. The Rabbi's to characterize Nations, and do Honor to their own, say, that when God made Man, he took

the Treaty, and *Pacorus* in Consequence of it marched along the *Phenician Coast* with the main Army, while a grand Detachment under his Name-fake, the King's Cup-bearer, advanced into the Heart of the Country by the Way of *Mount Carmel*.

The News of their Approach and Intentions no sooner reached *Jerusalem*, than *Fasael* and *Herod's* old Enemies betook themselves to their Arms, and rushing into the City made a sudden Attack upon the Palace, which was, at the same Time, a Place of Strength. They were repulsed not without Slaughter, and repeated their Attempts with the same Success; the Town was filled with Violence and Blood. But their grand Effort was concerted to be made on the approaching Day of *Pentecost*⁷, when, under Pretence of the Feast, they could call to their Assistance from the Country what Numbers they pleased.

No Nation ever seems to have hated their Neighbours more cordially than the *Jews*. The *Samaritans* on one Side, and the *Idumeans* on the other, were the Objects of their most sincere Aversion,

his Body from Babylon, his Head from Judea, his other Parts from different Countries נַחֲמַן אֶרְמָא וְיִנְיָוִי & Pudenda ejus ex Agra-Agma: a Corruption of the modern Eastern Name of Parthia, viz. Irac. Agemi.

Gæmara, San. cap. 3.

⁷ Γινομένων δ' ὁσημέραι ἀκροβολισμῶν αὐτοῖς, ἀνέμενον οἱ πολέμοι τὸν ἐκ τῆς χώρας ὄχλον, εἰς τὴν καλεσμένην Πεντηκοστὴν ἑορτὴν δ' εἶναι αὐτὴ μέλλοντα ἡγεῖν.

Ιωσηφ. Αρχ. ΙΔ. § κδ.

Fasael and *Herod's* Extraction therefore from the latter, dashed besides with *Arabian* Blood, rendered them extremely *unpopular* in *Judea*; while the Heat of the younger Brother's Temper, and the imperious Tone on which he took up the Government, no Doubt exasperated the Opposition. Then the deep-rooted Regard to the *Asmonean* Line, that had retrieved their lost Kingdom, filled them with Rage, when they saw their Place occupied by an upstart Family.

Antigonus had hitherto lived like a private Person in *Jerusalem* and was not molested by the Tetrarchs: Nor could they pretend to shut up the Temple on the grand Feast, or refuse Access to the City. *Herod* only kept Guard in the Palace (which adjoined to the Temple) and *Fasael* commanded the City-Wall. Many thousand Jews, therefore, armed and unarmed poured into the Town on the Day of *Pentecost*, and took Possession of the Temple and all the open Streets, making a Kind of Encampment or Head-Quarters without, hard by the Wall. On these *Herod*, issuing with his small but resolute Band, fell with such Fury, that he quickly made that great Body give Way: some of them fled to the Temple; some to the Town; some threw themselves into the Moat at the Wall-Foot, where they fell a Prey to *Fasael's* Men from above. Things were in this Situation when *Pacorus* arrived; and at *Antigonus* Entreaty, entered *Jerusalem*, escorted only by five hundred of his Horse-Guards, with Design, as was given out, to put an End to the Tumult,

and make up Matters between *Antigonus* and the *Brothers*; but in Reality to fulfil his Engagements with the former, and receive the stipulated Reward.

Fasael, who was in Effect Governor of *Jerusalem*, received and entertained the *Parthian* Prince as became the Son of a great King: and that contrary to his Brother *Herod's* Opinion, who was for attacking him and his Troop, and driving them out of the City. But his noble-minded and unsuspicious Brother, wishing if possible to compose Things amicably, was persuaded by the subtle *Barbarian* to take *Hyrchanus*, and go along with him to treat with *Barzapharnes*, who (as he said) was his Father the *Parthian* King's Prime Minister, and who was lying at some Distance, I think in *Galilee*, with the main Body of the Army.

At first they were received in his sumptuous Tent with all the Demonstrations of Friendship: they were caressed, entertained, and had the Presents usually given in the East to amuse them, until *Herod* should be decoyed from the Palace and made Prisoner. That was not easily done: he had a just Dread of the *Parthian* Perfidy^a and would not believe *Pacorus* the royal Taster, (who had been left in *Jerusalem* with some of the Household Troopers) and who assured him. 'That Matters between his Brother and the Prince were accommodated; and that he should go out and meet

^a *Ingenia Genti (Parthorum) tumida, seditiosa, fraudulenta, procacia.* Justin.

‘ the Messengers who were bringing the Treaty, to accelerate its Ratification.’ On the contrary he was persuaded that the Show of a Treaty was a Trap laid for his Brother, and that the Letters which should have informed him of its being so, had been intercepted by the *Parthians*. He was not mistaken: *Hyrcanus* and *Fasael*, though honorably dismissed by the *Prince* and *Lieutenant-General*, were surrounded by flying Bodies of Horse all Day, and close guarded, though at a Distance, at Night; when at a Village called *Ecdippa*, they received full Information of the Treaty with *Antigonus*; of the two hundred thousand Pounds, and the five hundred Women, who were intended to be chiefly the Wives, Daughters, and Relations of *Hyrcanus* and *Antipater*’s Family. *Fasael*’s Friends pressed him to fly and save himself by Sea — He disdained it — and went directly to the royal *Satrapa Barzapharnes*, and reproached him to his Face with the intended Treachery — adding that if it was Money he wanted, they would pay him double the Sum promised by *Antigonus*. The false Barbarian laid his Hand on his Breast, and solemnly swore, *there was no Treachery intended — that his Suspicions were groundless, and he would find them to be so* — But scarce had he turned his Horse, and rode off to the Prince, when *Hyrcanus* and *Fasael* were seized and put in Chains.

Herod, who had got some dark Hints of this Villany, was in a deplorable State. He had no Troops to oppose to such a Force as the *Parthian* Army — the City was full of his bitter

Enemies — nor had he any Prospect of Relief, should he fortify the Palace and try to stand a Siege. There was nothing left but a dangerous and almost impossible Flight to *Idumea*, from Men who watched all his Motions, and who upon the first Notice of his Escape had the fleetest and best disciplined Horse in the World to intercept him. He was inexpressibly tortured: His Soul could not bear the Thought of falling into the Hands of the faithless Barbarians; and much less that his young Bride — his *Mariamne*, should be an Implement of some *Parthian's* Seraglio; nor that the other Ladies of his own and his Brother's Family should be given to them in Tale by *Antigonus* as Part of his Bargain for the Crown. These racking Reflections, joined to the Entreaties of *Mariamne's* Mother (a Woman of quick Perception and sound Judgment) who conjured him not to trust the perjured *Parthians*, made him resolve to try an Escape. He summoned up all his Firmness, and prepared to use the Opportunity of the only Night left him by the *Taster* and his *Troopers*; who believing him ignorant of their Treachery were still keeping up a Show of Friendship, in Order to entrap him without Noise or Trouble. He therefore made ready with as little Stir as possible, and set out as it began to grow dark. It was a miserable and melting Sight — so many Ladies of Quality with their little Infants in their Arms, forced to abandon their House and Home with the most dismal Prospects — leaving their Fathers, Brothers, and Husbands in Chains,

undertaking a desperate Journey — weeping in Silence for Fear of a Discovery! — But Herod's Presence and undaunted Spirit supported them; though it had almost deserted himself upon an unlucky Accident by the Way. They were but a few Miles from Town, the Women and Carriages going before, and he and his Troop guarding the Rear, when driving furiously in the dark, the Coach in which his Mother and Mariamne rode, overturned, the Axle-tree broke, and the old Lady was almost bruised to Death: The Anguish of his Misfortune, and the Dread of being overtaken by the Delay, assaulting a rankled Spirit, made him finally lose Patience. In Rage and Despair he drew his Sword, and was hardly prevented by his Officers from giving himself the fatal Blow — But by their Interposition, and especially the Cries of the Ladies — if he meant to abandon them to the Parthians, he recovered his Temper, and taking such Care of his Mother as the present Circumstances would permit, he pursued his hazardous Journey. It proved so in Effect — for the Parthian Taster, soon informed of his Flight, sent out Party after Party who attacked him — and what chiefly enraged him, his own Country-men, the spiteful Jews, came and made an Effort to destroy him. I believe few Men were ever more terrible in Arms than the young Herod was that Night, when all that was dear to him was at Stake. He faced about with his chosen Band, and repulsed them liker a Man long prepared for daring Deeds, than one reduced to the fatal Necessity of flying his Country with Precipitation.

But nothing in the Course of this adventurous Journey gave him such Pleasure as the Chastisement he had given his inveterate Countrymen—as appeared when he came to be King, by his building a noble Palace upon the *very Spot* where the Action happened, and raising a City around it, which he called *Herodia* from his own Name. It was about six Miles from *Jerusalem*. And now a good many of his Friends and Soldiers hearing of his Escape, came to join him, and among the Rest his younger Brother *Joseph* met him at *Thressa* with a considerable Body—Here being in some Security, he made a Halt to refresh his frightened Convoy, and consult what Measures to take according to the distressed Situation of his Affairs. It was resolved to put the *Ladies*, and every Thing of Value into the strong Fort of *Mazada* with a stout Garrison, while *Herod* should go in Person to seek Succours from those neighbouring Princes whom he or his Father the brave *Antipater*, had laid under Obligations.

The Morning after his Flight, the *Parthian* Army entered *Jerusalem*; and being Masters of every Thing, and having no longer Measures to keep, they fell a plundering that unhappy City without Mercy. They spared nothing except *Hircanus* the deposed High-Priest's House, whose Wealth was to enable the new King *Antigonus* to fulfil his Engagements: and not satisfied with the Spoil of the City, they ravaged the Country all around it, leaving every where miserable Traces of their Avarice and Cruelty. *Hyrcanus* and *Fasaël*

were delivered over to *Antigonus* in Chains; and the old inoffensive High-Priest had his Ears cut off by his Nephew's Order, that he might be no longer capable of that sacred Dignity; though in another Place the Historian says, that *Antigonus* flew upon his Uncle like a wild Beast, and with his own Teeth tore off the old Man's Ears. The noble *Fasael*, understanding what was preparing for him, did not belie his Blood or Character: but his Hands being loaded with Irons, and having no other Door by which to get out of Life, he dashed his Head with such Violence to a Pillar in the Prison, as put it out of his Enemies' Power to disgrace his Exit. *Antigonus* ordered a Surgeon to dress the Wound, who, it was said, applied Poison instead of a Plaster. Be that as it will, *Fasael*, before he expired, being informed by a Maid-Servant, that his Brother *Herod* had escaped, cheerfully resigned his Breath, saying, *It was well — he had left a Man who would call his Enemies to account for the base Treatment he had met with.*

Of these Transactions, the *Roman Historians* give us no other Accounts but in general; 'That while the Romans were employed in their civil Wars, the Parthians made a great Impression upon Syria.' It is indeed a Piece of Partiality or of Art they have been accused of, 'That though they do not misrepresent or falsify the Actions of their Enemies, yet by passing over their Successes with a bare Relation that such Things happened, and giving a clear and particular Detail of the Conduct and Enterprises of their own

‘ Generals , they so fill the Reader’s Fancy with
‘ Images of the *Roman* Bravery --- of their Con-
‘ stancy in Misfortunes and Address in retrieving
‘ them , that they leave *no Room* to reflect upon
‘ the Wisdom or Courage of those Nations , who
‘ struggled with them for Liberty or Empire.’

The *Parthians* in the mean Time continued to plunder miserable *Jerusalem* , and lay waste the Country far and near : They rased the City of *Marissa* from the Foundations , and where they met with the least Resistance , *put all to the Sword*. Thus that wretched People lay open to the Invasions of every Nation who *exercised Arms* , and had a Mind to spoil or to conquer. And indeed when I reflect upon the Misfortunes of the *Jews* , from their Beginnings until they were destroyed under *Vespasian* by *Titus* his Son , they seem to me in their temporal Concerns to have been among the unhappiest People that ever settled into a Common-Weal. From the Time of their great *Founder* and his *Successor* , until the *Royalty* was established , they had for the most Part *Anarchy* at home , and were therefore obnoxious to continual Invasions and frequent Captivities , from every petty Prince in their Neighbourhood. Nor was that Form of Government sooner settled , than the new State was over-ran by an Army from *Palestine* — the *King* and his *Son* killed , and the Kingdom dismembered by a Secession of two powerful Tribes ; until their *second King* , one of the most accomplished of the Eastern Princes , reunited it , and left it , with the Fruits of many
a War ,

a War, to be enjoyed in a long and peaceful Reign by his wise and magnificent Son. It was then *at its Height* : for no longer than the *third Descent*, it was again dismembered for ever: and, in that divided State, was constantly warring upon itself, or alternately joining the *Syrians* or *Egyptians*, now powerful Kingdoms, to distress one Part the other, with all the Miseries of War and Slavery. They continued in this harassed Condition during a long Succession of Kings, though not without *lucid Intervals*, either when a Man of Spirit happened to reign and revive their Discipline, or after some signal Miscarriage of their great Oppressors (not uncommon among such unwieldy Numbers of untrained Men as are brought into the Field by the Princes of the East)* until the mighty *Chaldean Conqueror*, (who from a Province of the *Medes* had raised his Nation to the Dominion of *Asia* and *Egypt*) went near to extirpate them from the Earth and abolish their Name. But his Posterity proving milder than himself, and his Empire falling in two or three Generations under the *Persians*, whose Policy was more humane than that of the other *Asiatic Conquerors*, the *Jews* had a little Respite — though still treated as

* Οὕτω δὲ καὶ στρατός πολεῖς ὑπὸ ὀλίγοις διασπείρεται κατὰ τοιόνδε· ἐπεικονοῦσιν ὁ Θεὸς φθονήσας, Φόβον ἐμβάλλει, ἢ βροντὴν καὶ δι' ὧν ἐσθλάσσαν ἀναξίως ἐκὼντων.

Ηροδοτ. Πολυμ.

Νύκτωρ δὲ νόμος ἐστὶ τοῖς Ἕλλησιν ἡγεῖσθαι τὸ ἐραδύλατον· οὕτω γὰρ ἡκιστα διάσπῃται τὰ στρατεύματα· εἰ δὲ διασπασθέντες, πολλάκις καὶ περιπίπτουσιν ἀλλήλοις, καὶ ἀγνοοῦντες κακῶς ποιοῦσι καὶ πάσσοχυσιν.

Ξενοφ. Αναβ. βιβ. ζ.

the lowest of their Vassals : nor had they a King of their own until *Matathias*' Family, the *Macca-bees*, set up for themselves — They enjoyed however a Kind of *slavish Quiet*, under the Shadow of that mighty Body (the *Persian Empire*) as long as it subsisted : but when it was overturned by *Alexander*, and at his untimely Death, parted among his Generals, they were continually distressed and ravaged between the *Grecian* Kings of *Egypt* and *Syria*. For lying conveniently for both, and seeming an easy Prey as a headless and undisciplined Multitude, the Frequency and Violence of the Calamities they underwent was unspeakable. This Struggle continued, though with great Alleviations under the *Asmonean Race*, until the Romans reduced these two ancient Kingdoms, *Egypt* and *Syria*, first to be tributary, and then Provinces of their Empire. But as good Fortune seldom comes without Allay, *Judea* lost its own Rulers with the Rest of the East; and though it shared the Advantages which the *Roman Regulations* diffused through all their Conquests, yet both its domestic Broils and the incredible Extortions of their imposed Princes kept the People dispirited and low. At last, when upon the Death or Misdemeanour of *Herod*'s Progeny, it was converted into a Province subject to a Governor from *Rome*; where Tyranny now reigned in its Turn, and spread its baneful Influence through all its Jurisdiction; the Jews were so cruelly treated by a Succession of corrupt and oppressive *Prefects* as laid the Foundations of

that Rebellion, which ended in the final Destruction of their *City* and *Nation*.

This surprising Train of Misery, the most learned and intelligent of the *Jewish* Writers (who are sensible of their *national* Misfortunes) turn to their highest Honor and Happiness. They pretend that *their* Country was, as it were, *exempted* from the general *Laws* of *Nature*; that the Operation of the natural Causes that bring good or bad Seasons, healthy or pestilential Years, peaceful Periods, or Times of War, in *other* Nations, was *suspended* as to *Them*; — that *God* let these run in their stated Course over all the Rest of the World, but *interposed* as to the *Jews*, taking the Management of *their* Plenty or Famine — of *their* Health or Mortality, Slavery or Freedom, *immediately* and *miraculously* into his own Hands: that he neither rewarded the Religion nor punished the Impiety of *any other* People; but solely minded what the *Jews* did, and blessed or chastised them *alone* according to their Works. “ The dead Nations, “ *said they*, that wanted to imitate and vie with “ the *living Nation* (the *Jews*), could never attain “ to more than an external *Resemblance*: They “ erected Temples to God, and no *Sign* of the “ divine Presence appeared in those Temples: “ They sanctified themselves, they fasted, they “ prayed, they abstained from strong Drink, that “ the *Spirit of Prophecy* might descend upon them, “ and it did *not* descend: They sinned, they provoked God — they rebelled against him, and

“neither *Fire from Heaven* fell upon them, nor
“*sudden Mortality*”.

But this extraordinary Destiny of the Jewish Nation, and more extraordinary Way of accounting for it, has drawn us away from our Subject. *Herod* according to the Resolution already mentioned, having secured his Family and Treasures in the strong Fort of *Mazada*, proceeded to *Arabia*, where his Father *Antipater* had lodged considerable Sums in the Hands of the chief Men of the Country, as a Resource. I suppose, in Case of Misfortunes at home. These Sums, with what else he could raise, he was preparing as a Ransom for his Brother, of whose Death he was still ignorant; and *Malchus*¹ the new King *Hareth*'s Successor, having received important Services from their Family, he hoped for Welcome and a powerful Assistance. But he was cruelly disappointed: The Money and Favors produced a very contrary Effect. *Malchus* had forgot, or was unwilling to remember, his Obligations to a Fugitive; and his Courtiers, that they might not be forced to refund the deposited Sums, caused an Order to meet *Herod*, not to advance a Step farther. Though

¹ Y continuareis en la Tierra santa, y será su prosperidad y adversidad por modo divino, segun vuestras Obras: y se gobernara todo el mundo segun el curso natural excepto Vos Otros.

Cuzari. Dif. i. § 109.

² A Name given to many of the Eastern, and especially Arabian Princes, through their Neighbour's mistaking the appellative Name מלך *Melêc* The King for a proper one.

incensed, as we may imagine, at this Indignity, yet being in the Heart of their Country, he gave the Messenger *good Words*, and turned his Face towards *Egypt*; that being the only Egress now left, while the *Parthian* possessed the upper Coast.

After some Dangers escaped, and Traverses surmounted, he arrived at *Alexandria*, and was magnificently received by the *Queen*; who having some Enterprize in View, thought Heaven had kindly sent her a Commander to execute it. But neither She, nor the Enchantments of her Court, were able to retard his Journey to *Rome*; where, after a most dangerous Winter Voyage with the Hazard of his Life and Loss of his Baggage, he arrived about the Beginning of the Spring. He went streight to his Patron *M. Antony*, and informed him ' of his Brother *Fasael's* unworthy Death by ' the *Parthian* Treachery, and of *Hyrcanus'* being ' led away their Prisoner — that they had made ' *Antigonus King of Judea*, in Consideration of two ' hundred thousand Pounds, and five hundred ' Women: those of Quality, to be his (*Herod's*) ' nearest Relations — that he had hardly escaped ' with them by Night through a thousand Dangers, to a Castle where they were then besieged, ' and in Hazard of being taken and sent to *Parthia* --- that as for himself, he had regarded no ' Perils, had been deterred by no Storms or Tempests, from repairing to *Rome*; having no Hope ' left him in the World, but in the *Roman Arms*, ' and his Friendship.'

Antony was touched with the Recital of such a

Change in the Fortunes of an illustrious Family. He remembered the Civilities and Services of the brave *Antipater* his old Host, and was well acquainted with the *Spirit* and *Generosity* of his Son: to which joining Indignation at *Antigonus* for affronting the *Roman* Majesty, in applying to their bitterest Enemies for the Crown, he got his Colleague, *Cæsar* (not ignorant of *Antipater's* Merit with his Father, nor unwilling to oblige a brave Man) to assist him in persuading the *Senate*, to declare the young Tetrarch *King of all Judea*. It was put upon his late Acquaintance and Patron in the East, the noble *Messala Corvinus*, now shining by his Eloquence at *Rome*, together with *Sempronius Atratinus*, to present *Herod* to that once-august Meeting — to recount his and his Father's Attachment to the *Romans*, and exaggerate the Indignity of a *Parthian-made-King*. *Antony*, keen in his Interest, had been at Pains to influence his Friends — The *Senate* unanimously passed the Decree; and *Herod*, who had only hoped to obtain the Crown for his Bride's Brother, a Youth of the *Asmonean* Line, came himself out a King walking in royal State between *Antony* and *Cæsar*. He took a few Days to view the Magnificence and Order of the late *Head of the World*; but could not be long detained from prosecuting his great Undertaking. He had a Kingdom to conquer, and a Mistress to relieve. *Mazada* hung in his Head — whose impregnable Situation on a high Rock could not free him from Apprehensions that his loved *Mariamne* might fall a Prey to the *Parthians* — Having

therefore obtained an Order to the famous *Ventidius*, whom *Antony* had dispatched to command in *Syria* after *Saxa's* Death, to assist *Herod* with all his Forces; and having persuaded the Triumvir's Favorite *Dellius*, well versed in *Eastern* Affairs, to accompany him, he sailed for *Judea*, and landed at *Ptolemais*.

He was engaged in no easy Enterprize: for how disagreeable soever the Manner might be of *Antigonus's* Accession to the Throne, yet his being of *Asmonean* Blood, for which next to their old *Royal Stock*, they had the greatest Veneration, made the Body of the Nation his Friends. On the contrary, *Herod's Idumean* Extraction, as I already observed, with the Envy that always attends sudden Growths and towering Advancements, made him inexpressibly hateful to a bigotted People. But he had at least as much to bear from Friends as from Enemies. For the *Roman* General *Ventidius*, commanded to assist him, and his Lieutenant *Silo*, having nothing in their View but to fleece these *Easterns* and make Money, took all of them Bribes from *Antigonus*; and in Return, retarded *Herod's* Advances, marred his Designs, and meanly prompted their Soldiers to mutiny for Want of Pay and Provisions. Under these Disadvantages, the Affairs of another had proceeded but heavily, if they had not gone entirely to Wreck: But to say the Truth, *Herod's* own Courage, Vigilance, and Activity supplied all Defects. He quickly brought not only such Plenty, but Profusion of every Thing into the *Roman* Camp, as left no Color for

murmuring, and far less for retreating as they basely designed; and with his own Troops reduced all the rich Country of *Galilee* to his Obedience.

If any one wants to know what became of the Ladies designed for the *Parthian Seraglios*, who were all this Time besieged by *Antigonus* in *Mazada* that Fort was not to be taken by Storm; and they had Plenty of every Thing within, except *Water*. It at last began to fail; and in a few Days reduced them to such Despair, that *Joseph*, *Herod's* Brother, was thinking to take two, of the eight hundred in Garrison, and Sword-in-hand cut their Way through to the *Arabs*: But he was happily prevented by a sudden and unexpected Rain, which fell in such Abundance, that it filled the Cisterns, and put them in Condition to stand the Siege for many Days. It was in *Ventidius' Power*, had he been so inclined, to have raised the Siege, and relieve the Ladies, while *Herod* was yet in *Italy*: but having nothing in View but to amass Money, he encamped very near *Jerusalem*, as if to attack it and overturn the *Parthian Establishment*; and when, under that Pretence, he had sufficiently squeezed the new King, he marched away after the *Parthians* to *Syria*, leaving his Lieutenant *Uppedius Silo* with a Part of the Army, who did not fail to follow his Example.

But *Herod*, now at the Head of a great Force, was over-running *Galilee* as fast as the Double-Dealing of his Allies would permit; when the ancient Town of *Joppa* stopped his Career, and

felt the dreadful Effects of standing between a Conqueror and his dearest Relations. From the Sack of *Joppa* he marched streight to *Mazada*, which the very Fame of his Approach had relieved from the Siege; and brought out his Mother, Mother-in-law, Sister, and young Bride, with the inexpressible Joy that blesses a Meeting after Absence, Anxiety and imminent Danger. Soon after this, the Ladies were carried to the pleasant Town of *Samaria*, where they continued in perfect Safety, under the Protection of *Herod's* Army, that lay between them and *Jerusalem*; until *Mariamne* should come of Age to consummate a Marriage that promised her Happiness in an ardent Lover and a Crown.

Mean-time, *Antony* and *Octavia* had come over-sea, to *Greece* to pass the Winter at *Athens*, whose Harbour lying open towards *Asia* and the *Islands* made it a proper Seat for a Sovereign of the *East*, while the agreeable Manners of the People — the public *Shows*, *Processions*, and *Philosophers*, afforded infinite Entertainment. But before the *Triumvirs* parted, a small Circumstance is said to have damped *Antony's* Gayety. *Cæsar* and he lived much together, and were extremely familiar. They played at Tennis, they amused themselves with Cock and Quail-fighting, and frequently tried their Fortune at Dice. But it so happened, that at all these Games *Antony* was constantly the Loser. Great Men's smallest Diversions are observed. *Antony's* Ill-Luck became a Subject of Conversation, and was talked of with Displeasure by all

his Attendants. Among these, was a Man of a Character then beginning to be much courted, and always in greatest Vogue in the Times of *Vice* and *Slavery*. He was skilled in the Stars, predicted Futurities, and gave an Air to his Art by being a *Native* of *Egypt*. This sagacious Person seeing the Triumvir one Day pensive after being worsted at Game by *Cæsar*, is said to have taken the Liberty to address him thus — “What Business have you — *Sir*! with this young Man — you ought to avoid him — you have a superior Reputation — you are older than he — you have a wider Command — you have gained more Victories — you have greater Abilities: But your *Genius* is afraid of *his* — and your *Fortune*, though great in itself, yet cringes to *his*, and if not kept far asunder, will desert you and go over to *him*.”

It is not the winning of many Battles nor the commanding of many Nations that delivers Men's Minds from *Superstition*, or sets them above vulgar Infirmities. This Story is said to have sunk deep with *Antony* — and that he was observed from that Day to make Haste to be gone. So far the *Egyptian* Astrologer's Observation was well founded, that *Antony* and *Cæsar* were Men of a

Ω ἄνθρωπε, τί σοι πρᾶγμα πρὸς τῶτον τὸν νεανίσκον; Φεύγε αὐτόν· ἐνδοξέτερος εἶ — πρεσβύτερος εἶ — ἄρχεις πλειόνων, ἐνήθλιας πλείοσιν, ἐμπειρία διαφέρεις, ἀλλ' ὁ σὸς Δαίμων τὸν τέττα φοβεῖται, καὶ ἡ τύχη σὴ, καθ' ἑαυτὴν ἐπὶ μεγάλη· κολακεύει δὲ τὴν τέττα, καὶ εἰ μὴ μακρὰν ἦ, οἰχήσεται μεταβάσαι πρὸς αὐτόν.

Πλάτ. περὶ Ρωμ. Τυχ.

very different Cast both in their Business and Pleasures. *Antony* had great natural Parts, and could dissemble when his Affairs required; as well appeared by his artful Conduct immediately after the Dictator's Death. But his Temper and Management was naturally open: trusting to his own Courage and the Affections of the Army, he covered few of his Designs; and when once engaged in any Attempt, he pushed it fearlessly, until it either miscarried or he made it quite effectual. After that, he had no farther Care, and never perplexed himself about Futurity. During the Winter he laid aside the very *Habit* of a Man of Business. He quitted the Ensigns of Power, and enjoyed the Pleasures of a private Man, dividing his Time between *Love*, *Philosophy* and *Entertainments*. But no sooner did the Spring appear, than he put on his *Sagum*, and resumed the General: his Levee was thronged with petitioning Kings — with Officers waiting for Orders, while the Ensigns and Instruments of War spread Terror round the House of the *Roman* Triumvir. In this Way he passed the Winter at *Athens* with *Octavia*, who had brought him a Daughter, and for whom he discovered the same Fondness and Pleasure in her Company that had appeared in any of his former Amours.

But *Cæsar's* Character and Conduct was the Reverse of all this: he was diffident and unequal — always apprehensive of the Event — suspecting every Thing, and so trying every Thing that might promote his Ends. He never intermitted

his Application to Business — was constantly plodding, writing, sending Messages — for ever thinking how to better his own Affairs and annoy his Adversary: for being *factious* in his Temper, and somewhat *envious*, he saw the Advantages which others had over him, sooner than they did themselves; and took no Rest till he surmounted them. By these Means he kept his Friends always together, and always at Work; and fixing his Court at *Rome*, the Centre of a *Roman's* Wishes, whatever fine Countries he possessed abroad) he wrought himself into the good Liking of a great Part of the *Army*, and gained the Friendship of the chief Men of the *Senate*. But had *Antony* been at half the Pains to fix himself in Power which *Cæsar* took to undermine him, I am apt to think he had been sole Master *some Years* sooner than the other accomplished it, with all the Advantages given him by his Rival's Passions and Debauchery. We have a Proof of this Disposition in this Summer's Campaign. No War called upon *Cæsar* to take the Field: but to keep his Troops (the Props of his Power) in Breath, and to make some Provision for their incessant Demands, he undertook an expedition into *Dalmatia*, one of the rough barbarous Countries which the *Romans* had overlooked, though just in their Neighbourhood, while intent upon the Conquest of more fertile, though more distant Provinces. He took some Places of Strength, and forced some Tribes to give Hostages for an annual Tribute: but could not make great Progress among the

rocky Mountains, Woods and Fens, with which *Dalmatia* and the bordering Countries abound.

Soon after *Antony's* Arrival in his own Government, being always in Want of Money, through his Negligence and Profusion, he sent a Message to the Chiefs of *Asia*, letting them know *that they must grant to him forthwith a second Land-Tax equal to what they had already paid.* The Deputies met to consider of this extraordinary Demand; and finding their Funds quite incapable of answering it, they deputed two Men, whom we lately had Occasion to name, *Hybreas* and *Zeno*, to represent their miserable Case to the Triumvir. It appeared by their *Address* in managing the Commission, that they had not been mistaken in their Choice. Instead of a plaintive Speech, full of Poverty, Inability, and so forth; *Hybreas*, the most fluent and spirited Speaker of the Age, being introduced to *Antony*, addressed him somewhat bluntly, but not unlike his own Manner — *If you are able, Sir! to raise two Taxes upon us in one year, you are no Doubt likewise able to give us two Summers in one Year and two Harvests, to put it in our Power to pay it —* *Antony* was surprised and stood a little puzzled, but smiling; when *Hybreas*, taking it upon another Key, told him with an Air of deep Concern, ‘that since his first coming into *Asia* after *Philippi*, the Province had been drained of no less than 20,000 Talents.’ which at the lowest Computation amounts to more than ten Million Sterling: *this Sum, Sir*, said he, *We have actually paid — If you have not received it, you may*

require it of the Collectors : but if you have received it, and are already in Want of Money, We are undone for ever.

Wild as *Antony* was, a View so unexpected of his own Prodigality astonished him; for he was ignorant how Things were managed by those in Authority under him, partly through Dissipation, and partly through a Sort of Simplicity or Easiness of Temper in trusting those about him. The Deputies obtained a Remission of the demanded Subsidy upon supplying him with a moderate Sum for his present Necessities.

A surprising Likeness of Features has been remarked between Men of very different Characters and distant Families — One *Vibius* an obscure Person, and *Publicius*, whose Grand-Father had been a Slave, so exactly resembled *Pompey the Great*, that they drew the Eyes of the Public, where ever they went. The same Thing happened to *Hybreas*: a Slave that swept the Academy at *Cumé* had not only the Features of his Face and Shape of his Body, but so much of his Air and Mien that all *Asia* observed it, and whoever had seen them together would have sworn they were Twins. I believe this happens more frequently than it is noticed: for one of the Parties must be some Way eminent to draw Attention to his Copy. There came once a young Man from the Country to *Rome*, who no sooner appeared on the Streets, than Crowds gathered about him to gaze. He was very handsome, and extremely like the young *Cæsar*. They could not be satiated

with the Sight of him, the Resemblance was so great; and so much was said about it, that it came at last to *Cæsar's* own Ears—he had the Curiosity to see him—and viewed his own Image not without Surprise. When it was over, *Pray tell me, young Man!* said he, very naturally, *was ever your Mother at Rome—?* No, Sir, replied the Youth, *not my Mother—but my Father was often there.*

But while *Antony* stayed at *Athens*, a new Scene of Action opened to the *Romans* in the *East*, where, in the greatest domestic Distress, they were, like some of our Neighbours, gaining Honor abroad. From the Time of the Conquest of *Carthage* and the wide Propagation of the Empire, nothing had so much obscured the *Roman* Glory as the miserable Defeat of *Crassus*, and the horrid Slaughter of his whole Army*, except the small Body saved by *Cassius*. This memorable Defeat and the long subsequent Struggle between the two Nations, that seemed as it were to share the Empire of the World, with the *Euphrates* for their Boundary, gives the *Parthians* a grand Figure in the *Roman* Story, and makes it worth our While to be better acquainted with the Rise, Progress, and Manners of that little-known People.

The ancient *Parthians* were undoubtedly of the same Origin with the *Goths*, *Gepides*, *Huns* and *Turks* of later Times; that is to say *Scythians*, whom we now, in a general Appellation, call

* It consisted of eleven Legions, that is, including *Auxiliars* and *Cavalry*, upwards of eighty thousand Men.

Tartars. A Band of those banished from the Northern Banks of the *Black* and *Caspian* Seas, took their Way through the *Caspian* Strait, and settled in a desert Part of the old *Hyrkania*. They got the Name of *Parthians*, that is in the *Scythian* Tongue, says *Justin*, *Exiles* or *banished Men*. It would be perhaps rash to call this a Mistake, except we had more perfect Knowledge of the *Tartar* Dialect: But as *Parsin* was the national Name of a mighty People, then Lords of all *Asia*, and indeed still Masters of the fairest Parts of it, I persuade myself the Name universally prevalent would not fall into Disuse upon the *Macedonian* Conquest, but would probably undergo the slight and common Change of an *s* into *th*, for a softer Pronunciation. It signifies plainly and simply *Horsemen* in all the *Eastern*, and some of the now *Western* Dialects⁵; like the old *Maerkmans* (*Marcomanni*) and the modern *Reyters* in Germany that so often ravaged *France*. It was, no Doubt, taken from their being perpetually *on Horseback* — never stirring abroad, had it been but to the next Door, nor meeting about Business but in *the Saddle*⁶ — a Custom which the *Parthians* sacredly observed, as they imitated in several Points both the private Manners and Form of Government of their Predecessors. For look through

⁵ Pferd Germ. Paard Dutch.

⁶ Νόμον ποιησάμεθα, αἰσχροὺν εἶναι ἂν τις Φανῇ πεζῇ πορευόμενον, εἰάν τε πολλήν, εἰάν τε ὀλίγην ὁδὸν δέη διελθεῖν — καὶ εἰδὲς ἂν τῶν πολλῶν καὶ γαθῶν ἐκῶν ὁφθεῖη Περσῶν εἰδομένη πεζὸς ἰών.

Ξεν. Κ. Π. Β. Γ. δ.

the

the World, and you will see *national* Characters and *national* Customs that are founded upon the *Climate* and *Product* of the *Soil*, but very little changed — and not at all where *the Government* has not varied. They may be altered for a little While by an Invasion; but they generally returned to their old Standard: Witness the most savage of the same *Tartar Tribes*, not only civilized, but softened, by the *Climate* of *China*, and effeminated by the *Luxury* of the *Indies*.

The new Northern Colony was absolutely neglected under the *Median* and *Persian* Empires. The *Parthians* were considered as a poor Pendicle of the great and fertile Province of *Hyrkania* — were treated as mere Barbarians — enlisted as Recruits in their Armies, and put upon the lowest Services. The Country they had occupied was so narrow and inhospitable, that the royal Armies never halted in it, but always marched through in a Day to get into better Quarters. It was barren, mountainous, covered with Wood, and in no Hazard of enervating its Inhabitants with *Luxury*. But after *Alexander's* Death, during the Struggle among his Generals, the *Lieutenants* of the several Provinces took Opportunities to set up for themselves: and that Struggle still increasing among their Sons, invited the remote, and therefore neglected Nations, both to elect Governors of their own Country, and to wage War with their Neighbours. It was so late as the Consulate of the celebrated *M. Atilius Regulus* and *L. Manlius Vulso*, A° U. C. ccccxl. during the first *Punic* War, that *Arfaces*, originally a *Dacian*, this is a Northern *Tartar* settled

VOL. IV. V

upon the Banks of the *Oxus*, with a rustic Troop most of them Shepherds, invaded *Parthia*, and amid constant Wars, founded a *military* Government. While *Hecatompyle* was their royal Seat, (the Town with a hundred Gates) about fifty Leagues from the *Caspian Pass*, they continued a fierce warlike People; and the Customs and Laws, then introduced, preserved them for many Years from degenerating after the Conquest of *Babylon*, and moving the King's Residence to *Seleucia* upon the *Tigris*. *Seleucia* was not a large luxurious City, like the last named Town, or like what the other royal Mansions, *Susa* and *Ecbatan*, had been under the *Persian* Monarchs — It was rather a splendid *Winter-Quarters* for a grand Army; a Combination of *Barracks* built in the Neighbourhood of a Palace; much in the same Way that the Capital of *Ethiopia* is at present, no fixed City, but is reckoned to move with the King's ambulatory Camp.

In their first Wars, they drove out the *Macedonian* Captains that had taken Possession of *Hyrkania* and *Bactria* (the Descendants of *Euthydemus* and *Diodotus*) and were extending themselves by Degrees towards the Heads of the *Euphrates*. Yet they had made but slow Progress, and seem to have been a very moderate Kingdom in the Days of *Lucullus*; who was only hindered from conquering them by the Mutinies of his own Soldiers. For, they had been so weakened by domestic Strife and foreign Wars, that they were not able to cope with *Tigranes* the *Armenian* King. He had obtained

a great Victory over them, and reduced their Dominion almost to its old Boundaries. When he came to offer *Lucullus* Battle, he brought an Army of *two hundred and twenty thousand Men*, besides thirty-five thousand Pioneers; among these, as Auxiliaries, were the tributary Kings of *Media* and *Adiabene*, the *Arabs* from the *Persian Gulf*, and *Albanians* from the *Caspian Sea*: the King of *Gorduene*, and the ungoverned Tribes upon the *Araxes*. So that the *Parthians* had not at this Time a Foot of Ground in *Mesopotamia*, which they perfidiously sought from *Tigranes* as a Reward for betraying *Lucullus* with whom they were in Treaty. Nor was their Dominion then extended either to the *East* or *South*. I cannot therefore doubt but that in these wide and champaign Countries, easily over-run with fleet Bodies of Horse, the *Parthians* reaped the chief Fruit of *Sylla*, and *Lucullus*, and *Pompey's* Victories. They possessed themselves of *Adiabene*, and poured down into *Mesopotamia* all the Way to *Babylon*. They were in Possession of it, and *Seleucia* was their King's usual Residence, when *Crassus* invaded *Parthia*, which was about eighteen Years after *Pompey's* Victories. Upon his Defeat, though beat back from *Antioch* by *Cassius*, they profited sweetly by the subsequent civil War, which lasted nine Years. In that Space they turned the Rival of *Rome*, and made their Incursions into *Syria* and *Palestine*, and down to the very Confines of *Macedon* and the *Egean Sea*: Here they were with *Labienus* at this Time: and the Expression used

by *Horace* in the artful *Ode* lately mentioned, “*Parthos Latio imminentes*,” *That they were threatening Italy itself*, was literally true.

What I am going to say of their Origin will appear so strange, that I must deprecate a hasty Judgment of it. I am of Opinion; ‘*That the Parthians were of the same Stock, and Race with our own Forefathers the Goths and Saxons, and spoke as we do a Dialect of the German Tongue.*’

That the *Goths* and *Saxons* are the same People with the *Dacians*, *Getes*, *Massa-getes*, and *Sacians*, is agreed on all Hands’. That these hardy Nations, bordering with the *Persian* and *Median* Kingdoms, made great Inroads into the more Southern and Western Provinces, and defeated the *Persians* in many Encounters, is likewise certain. ‘The *Sacians*, says *Strabo*, seized upon *Bactria*, took Possession of the finest Countries of *Armenia*, and pushed their Conquests all the Way to *Cappadocia* upon the *Black Sea*.’ Under the Name of *Saks* or *Saxons* they afterwards overran the Rest of *Asia the less*; and upon the Break of the *Roman Empire* invaded all the Northern Provinces of *Europe* in such Swarms, and with such Power, that they conquered from the *Hellspont* to the Isles of *Orkney* on the North of *Scotland*.

Οἱ μὲν δὴ πλείους τῶν Σκυθῶν ἀπὸ τῆς Κασπίας θαλάττης ἀρξάμενοι Δακκοὶ προταγορευόνται· τῆς δὲ προσεώχουσας τῶν μᾶλλον, Μασσαγεταὶ ἢ Σακκαὶ ὀνομάζονται· ἰδίᾳ δ’ ὡς ἕκαστος ἅπαντες δ’ ὡς ἐπιπολύ Νεμαδοὶς. Στραβ. Βιβ. ια.

— — Maduerunt Saxone fuso
Orcaes.

Claud.

A *Mixture* of the Blood and Manners of these fierce Nations was a proper Corrective to the general Effeminacy that prevailed both in the *Eastern* and *Western* Empires. The *latter* was early corrupted by high Prosperity, and received its Remedy accordingly. For before the *Alexandrian* Conquest, the *Persians* of the most hardy, temperate, and true, were become the most dissolute and faithless of Men. The *Sacians* and *Dacians* brought the Barbarity, the Fierceness, the Restlessness, the Love of Plunder of their own Tribes, and joined them to the *Persian* Regulations. From thence sprang the *Parthian* Constitution. Their Government consisted of a *King*, a House of *Peers*, and a House of the *learned* Men and *Clergy*. The *Peers* consisted of the great *free-born* Men who had come originally with *Arfaces* as Conquerors; and being of the same *Dacian* Tribe which had the Name of *Parnas* (I suppose *Horsemen*), they were called the Council of *Kindred Lords*°. In Effect they established the self-same *Form of Vassalage*

Ochtha and *Ebifh*, Saxons, with forty *Cyules* (*flat-bottomed Boats*) sailed round the *Picts*, who possessed the *East-Coast*, and ravaged the *Orkneys*. In their Return they took Possession of many Countries (*trans Mare Frisicum*, says *Nennius*, corruptly for *Frithicum*) and erected a Kingdom extended from the *Theifs* (*Tees*) to the *Scottish Sea*, i. e. the *Frith of Forth*.

Nennius.

° Των Παρθυαίων συνέδριον ἐστὶ διτλόν τὸ μὲν Συγγενῶν, τὸ δὲ Σοφῶν ἢ Μαγῶν· ἐξ ὧν ἀμφοῖν τὰς βασιλεῖς καθίστασι.

Ποσειδ. παρὰ στραβ.

in *Parthia* that they did in *Germany*, in *France*, and in *Britain*, and which prevails in *Poland* and *Russia* unto this Day. The *Lord* of the Manor and his *Children* were only free — the *Vassals* or *Villagers*, and *their Children* were all Slaves. Fifty thousand *Horsemen* surrounded *M. Antony* and the *Roman Army*, in the Plains of *Adiabene*; — and of all that Number, there were only four hundred free Men¹. It was precisely so in *Russia* before the *Czar Peter*, justly named the *Great*, forced his Officers to beat up for Volunteers. Formerly the *Boyarons* (Barons) armed each his Tenants, that is, his Slaves, and let them out, willing or unwilling, to the War.

Should it be said that these were *Goths* and not *Saxons*, on the North-west of the *Black* and not on the North-east of the *Caspian Sea*, the Answer is obvious; — that we see in Fact the *Saxon* and *Gothic* to be Dialects of the same Tongue² which is perhaps the widest spread of any in the World, except the *Arabic* — and even co-extended to it in the Northern Climes. But we can go farther, and by good Authority bring the Origin of the *Saxons*, that is, of the *English*, as well as of the *Germans* and *Parthians*, from the North-Bank of the *Caspian Sea*.

¹ These were the *Συγγενοι*, of *Xenophon* called *Socii* by *Caesar* and *Comites* by *Tacitus*, in their Accounts of the *German Nations*.

² Ut hodie *Jutæ* (*Gothi*) ita olim quoque *Saxonas* puto cognatos fuisse cum *Danis* & *Suecis* Populis, rem etiam confirmante *Lingua*.

Gengis - Can , the greatest Conqueror that we read of, intended to make his eldest Son *Toushi Can* Prince of the *Caphshac* : that is the general modern Name of the vast Country lying behind the *Caspian* and *Euxine* ; which the young Prince actually over-ran ; and crossing the *Don*, the *Nieper*, and the *Danube* , made an Impression so far West as *Prussia* , where the Knights of the *Teutonic* Order gave him Battle '. In tracing the Origin of the *Saxons* , his Countrymen, the learned and ingenious *Mr. Leibnitz* gave a Memorial to the Imperial Interpreter and Professor of the *Turkish* Language *Mr. Podesta* , desiring to be informed , *Whether there were any Remains of the High-Dutch among the Tartars ?* to which he received the following Answer.

' That in the *Caphshac* on the North-side of
' the *Caspian* , running from *Magyar* (the old *Margiana*) to the River *Jaxartes* (called *Gihon* by
' the *Arabs*), the *Tartars* seem to speak a Dialect
' of the *German* , this is , of the Eastern, half-
' *Persian* — half- *Tartar* Tongue : for the modern
' *Persian* , which is full of *German* Words , seems
' to have got them from the *Caphshac* *Tartars*. These
' must have been the *Tartars* , of whom *M. Busbec*
' speaks ; as *Mustapha* , *Soliman* the Magnificent's

' *Vie de Gengis - Can.* Par *Mr. Petit de la Croix*.
Saxonum nomen , quantum judicari potest , latius sub posterioribus Romanis accipiebatur , eosque comprehendere qui postea *Normanni* sunt dicti , atque adeo *Danos*.

Leibnitz. Epist. xii.

‘ Historian, assures us, that there was a Correspondence between his Master and these *Caphshac Tribes*, to whom he sent Ambassadors with Accounts of his *Hungarian* Conquests; and that they sent back some of *their* Nation, probably the Persons known to *M. Busbec*.

‘ The *Tartar Tongue*, continues the Intrepreter, may be divided into *three* Dialects: the first mixed with the *Slavonic*, as it is spoke by the *Turks* and *Russians*, which prevails in *West Tartary*: the second that has no Tincture of the *Turkish*, but is besprinkled with the Language of the *Zagatay Tartars* to the East; and the third is the *Caphshac-Dialect*, half *Zagatay-Tartar*, and half *Persian*. The *second* of these is the most diffused through all the *West-Countries* on the North of the *Caspian*, whose great *Can*, says the *Turkish* Historian *Hussein Algenabi*, has seven Kingdoms under him, round which you could not travel in half a Year: his royal Residence, the Capital of this vast Empire, is called *Thamgacz*’.

‘ In *Tartaria*, *dest Capshak dicta*, ad lirtus septentrionale maris *Caspii*, occasum versus *Tartaris Magiari* regio contermina, se orientem versus, ad flumen *Arabibus Gibun*, & *Latinis Jaxartem* extendens, videtur aliquid de *Germanismo* eorum linguæ inesse. Illa enim lingua est *Semi-Persica*, & *Semi-Tartarica-orientalis*. Et *Lingua Persica*, puribus *Germanicis* vocibus mixta, videtur eas a *dest Capshak Tartaris* habere: & ii tales *Tartari* fuerint, de quibus *Busbequius* loquitur. — *Lingua dest Capshak*, *Semi-Tartarica-Chitanaya* (*Zagatay*) & *Semi-Persicæ*. Fuisse namque autem *Linguarum* in partibus septentrionalibus *Caspii Maris*.

D. Podesta ad Leibn. Ep. 21.

No wonder then, if these warlike Tribes, invading the nearest *Persian* Provinces, should found a mere military State, and fill their Language with the *German* that was then, and is now after two thousand Years, spoke in the *Capshac*. The Mixture I take to have been rather greater in the Times of their Wars with the *Romans*, than it was afterwards; or is even at present sensible in the *modern Persian*: because the *Parthian* Princes falling into the Luxury of their Predecessors, and the *old original Persians* being hardened by the poverty and Roughness of their native Province, reconquered the Kingdom; and no Doubt brought back a Strain of their ancient Idiom into the Court-language, which we now know under the Name of *modern Persian*.

It was under the great and good Prince *Alexander* the Son of *Mammea*, that the *Parthian* Empire reassumed its old Name. It had been shaken by many foreign Wars, and still more weakened by intestine Struggles, when *Artaban VI.* a weak and vain Man, mounted the Throne. He took the Title of *Great*, — wore a double Diadem, and ruled his Subjects with a Rod of Iron. The Provinces were full of Malecontents, at whose Head one of his Captains, a native of the ancient mountainous *Persia*, put himself; and marching suddenly against *Artaban*, routed him in three Battles running; made him Prisoner in the last, put him to Death, and took Possession of his Throne. This Captain is said to have been the Son of one *Paul* a *Tanner*; so obscure, that we

know not his real Name. He took that of *Artaxerxes*, or as they wrote it *Artaxares*, and revived the Claim of the *Persian* Monarchy to all the Countries taken from it by the *Macedonians* or *Romans*. *Ancient Persia* had for almost four hundred Years been a tributary Kingdom to the *Parthians*, with whose Dominion it had been so long embodied, that I look upon this Revolution as little more than the Royalty of one and the same Kingdom passing from one Family to another, and making a slight Change in the *Court-language*, but none in their *Manners* or *Constitution*: not unlike one of the many Convulsions that have tore that unhappy Kingdom in Pieces within these thirty Years. For as the *State* and *Way of Life* of the ancient *Persian Monarchs* was taken up by the *Parthians*, except that they went more to War in Person, the same was resumed by the modern *Sophi*, and is kept up by *him* and by the *Turk* with little or no Variation. Nor did even their *Way of fighting* or their *military Conduct* vary much; till within this Century or little more, that the Superiority of *Fire-arms* (which they had experienced to their Cost in their Wars with the *Turks*) forced them to exchange for Musquets those renowned *Bows* at which they did and still do excel all the Nations of the Earth. Let me give a memorable Instance:

In the bloody and obstinate Battle fought and won by the *Sophi*, *Ismael*, against *Selim* the Terror of the East, the *Persian* had not a Foot-soldier in his Army. He took the Field with *thirty thousand Horsemen*, ten thousand of whom were

completely armed from Head to Foot, all brave Men, expert in War, and of noble Families: they rode upon stately Horses, covered with Iron-network, plated and pliable like Fish-scales, and were distinguished by their crested Helms for Terror and Ornament. This Manner then of Fighting *on horseback*, and of overpowering their Enemy with Showers of Arrows and Darts, continued in *Asia* from the Time of the *Assyrian Monarchy*¹ until within these two hundred Years; and it is pleasant to observe that these *Warriors at a Distance* never ventured to stand a close Attack from Infantry without being worsted. The *early Persians*, the *Athenians*, the *Lacedemonians*, the *Romans*, gained all their great Victories with Sword and Shield.

From raising contributions in *Judea*, and extorting Money from *Antigonus*, *Antony's* Lieutenant-General *Ventidius* led the Legions against *Labienus* and the *Parthian* Archers. Their light-moving Army had retired towards the *Euphrates* loaded with Plunder, though not with quite *five hundred Jewish* Girls; and *Labienus*, too secure after *Saxa's* Death, was surprised by *Ventidius* in *Cilicia*. He durst not stand the Attack without his *Parthian Allies*, but fled through *Syria* to *Mount Taurus*, where he halted and encamped; being in a Manner besieged by *Ventidius*, who had pursued him close with his light-armed Men,

¹ Την δὲ Μαχὴν μοὶ λέξον ἐκάστων ἥτις ἐστὶ? Σχεδὸν (ἔφη ὁ Κυαζάρης) πάντων ἡ αὐτὴ· Τοξόται γὰρ εἰσὶ, καὶ Ἀκοντισταὶ, οἷον ἐκείνων, καὶ οἱ ἡμετέροι.

and bid the Legions follow as fast as they could. He possessed the Top of a Hill over against *Labienus*, not far from the *Bow* of the *Euphrates*; each of them waiting their Friends to enter upon Action. They happened to arrive both about the same Time: but *Ventidius* contained the Legions within his high Camp, for Fear of the *Parthian* Cavalry on the Plain. They, on the other Hand, elated with two Victories gained over the *Romans*, began to hold them in the same Contempt as they held their *Syrian* and *Armenian* Neighbours. Without consulting *Labienus* and despising his assistance, as they did the Enemy, the *Parthians* marched by Day-break up the Hill, and fiercely attacked the *Roman* Camp. This was to *Ventidius*' Wish: he had them at the Disadvantage of the Ground, and where they were too nigh to use their Bows. The Legions issued out at the Ports, and joining Shield to Shield, pushed them down the Hill with great Slaughter: but as the chief Attack had been on the South-Declivity, there likewise was the Heat of the Pursuit, which intercepted their Retreat to *Labienus*' Camp, and drove the broken Troops into *Cilicia* and *Com-magene*. So considerable a Number however joined *Labienus*, that he thought himself now a Match for the *Antonian* General, and prepared next Day to offer him Battle. But a sudden *Panic* seized his Troops: they fled before these same Legions that had now defeated the *Parthians*, and could not think of facing them in the Field: they began to desert in Companies; and some of these

having informed *Ventidius* of the bad Plight of their Camp, he sent out strong Detachments to intercept the Fugitives, and killed many in their Flight. *Labienus* hardly escaped in the Habit of a Servant, and lurked for some Time among the Mountains of *Cilicia*, where he was at last discovered and put to Death by a Freed-man of the late *Cæsar*, one *Demetrius*, whom *Antony* or *Cleopatra* had set over the Isle of *Cyprus*.

The narrow Pass between the meeting Ridges of *Amanus* and *Taurus*, called the *Cilician Gates*, is not that between the Mountains and the *Pamphylian* Sea, made famous in History by *Alexander's* Expedition, and which has been impertinently compared with the Passage of the *Jews* over the End of the *Arabian Gulf*: this was so narrow, that a strong Wall was built across, and Gates put into it which gave the Pass its Name*, and commanded the Entry into upper *Syria*. It was now seized upon and fortified by *Barzapharnes* and the *Parthians*, against whom *Ventidius* sent his Major-General *Uppedius Silo*. They came to Blows, and *Silo* was in imminent Hazard of perishing with his Legions (*Barzapharnes* being a Leader of great Experience) when *Ventidius* came up to sustain him. The Fortune of the Day turned: *Barzapharnes* fell fighting bravely; his whole Army was cut to Pieces, and the *Romans* recovered all of *Syria* and *Cilicia* that had been alienated by *Labienus*.

* Πύλαι Κιλικίας, *The Cilician Gates*.

See *Plutarch* in the Life of *Alexander*; and *Arrian*. Lib. ii.

Here *Ventidius* refreshed his Troops, and took to his old Trade of raising Contributions, and imposing Fines upon the neighbouring Princes through the Winter; when he heard that *Pacorus* the King's Son, a Prince of great Gallantry and Conduct, was about to pass the *Euphrates* with a vast Army early in the Spring. He was not prepared to receive him: but taking one of the *Arab Shahs* of his own Acquaintance, called *Chanei*, whom he knew to have a warm Side to the *Parthian*, he pretended to make him his Confident, trusted him with Trifles as great Secrets — and among the Rest insinuated an Apprehension, *that the Parthians now acquainted with their own Superiority in Plains, and of the Romans in hilly Countries, would leave their wonted Ford on the Euphrates called the Zeygma or Junction, and would pass below, in the champaign Tracts towards Aleppo.* The *Arab* failed not to acquaint *Pacorus* with the *Roman General's* Fears; nor *Pacorus* to take the lower Route, and leave *Ventidius* full Time to call the Legions from their Winter-quarters, and strengthen his Army by the Accession of more Troops from the adjacent Garrisons.

All the rich Cities, not only of *Syria* but of all *Asia*, had their Eyes turned upon this War. They had experienced *Antony* and his *Lieutenants* to be such terrible Masters; and *Pacorus*, whether through the real Generosity and Mildness of his own Nature, or from Views of Interest, had behaved so handsomely among them in his last two

Years Campaigns, that it was very plain their Prayers were for his Success. *Ventidius* permitted him to pass the *Phrath* without Molestation, and to march Northward in Quest of him without seeing a *Roman Soldier* by the Way: nay when he came up, and spread his Cavalry over all the Country round about, the *Roman* kept close in his Camp without giving the least Sign of Life or Vigor. The *Parthians* naturally impetuous and fiery, did interpret this Conduct as the Effect of Fear; and having in their Army some thousands of such Horsemen as we lately mentioned among *Ismael's* Troops, armed with plated Coats of Mail, these threw themselves in a Circle, and Sword-in-hand went to attack *Ventidius's* Camp. He had reaped too great Advantages from his Situation last Year to pitch upon any other Ground than the Head of a pretty steep Hill; where, had the *Parthians* beleaguered him with their Multitudes, till Hunger or Thirst had forced him down to the Plain, he might have run the Risque of *Crassus's* Fate: but with all the Marks of Fear he let them come up to the very *Vallum*, and begin to tear it down with their Hands; when having the Legions ready under Arms, he gave the Signal for Battle. Suddenly the *Ports* were burst open, the *Roman Trumpets* began to sound — the *Eagles* issued forth, and the Cohorts rushed fierce upon the Aggressors. A Body of Cavalry, be the Men ever so brave, and the Horses ever so well trained, can ill stand a near Charge of Foot: but if they once mix, and begin to push with Sword and

Lance, a Rout is inevitable. The *Parthians* with all their Fury were forced down the Hill, and were particularly galled by the Slingers from above. Yet the Fight was maintained with great Bravery, till the noble *Pacorus* fighting at the Head of the royal Band, received a mortal Wound, and fell among his Horses Feet. The *Kindred Lords* joined, and made a terrible Effort to rescue his Body: but the Legion standing firm they were repulled with many Wounds, and lost Heart. With them the whole *Parthian* Army turned their Backs: a vast Slaughter ensued, and the *Romans* recovered the quiet Possession of *Syria*, which the *Parthians* had been attempting to conquer ever since *Crassus*' Defeat.

One of the Ridges that branches out from Mount *Taurus* shuts up between it and the *Phrath*, a small but very fertile Country called *Commagene*. The Prince of it, *Antiochus*, had endeavoured to hold a blameless Conduct in the *Parthian* Contest; but being immensely rich, the covetous *Ventidius* picked a Quarrel with him, as if he had underhand assisted *Pacorus*, in Order to make him buy his Peace. He refused to comply; and *Ventidius* therefore besieged him in his Capital *Samosata*. It was a very strong Fortrefs, well provided for Defence, and became afterwards famous by giving Birth to *Lucian* the elegant, but libertine Writer of the Dialogues.

Ventidius was thus employed; and *Antiochus*, straitly besieged, had offered two hundred thousand Pounds for Peace: when *Antony*, who had passed the

the Winter and Spring of DCCXVI. at *Athens*, piqued by his Lieutenant's Success, was now advancing through *Cilicia* with his Army, and wrote to *Ventidius*, *not to treat with the Commagenian till his Arrival*. It was apparent that he wanted to take the Town by Storm for the Honor of a Conquest, and to glut his Troops with the Spoil: and the Thoughts of this put that King and his Subjects upon exerting their utmost Strength in their own Defence, as there is no Spur to fighting like *Despair*. *Antony* found the Siege an untoward Business; and was beginning to be weary of it, when he received a seasonable Reinforcement by the Bravery of *Herod* the lately created King of *Judea*.

In his Return from relieving the Ladies at *Mazada*, he had encamped within a Bow-shot of *Jerusalem*, and would have immediately besieged it, but for the evil Practices of the *Roman Officers* already mentioned. He was now forced to leave *Antigonus* Master of the City, and to put his Army into Winter-quarters under the Command of his Brother *Joseph*, with strict Orders *not to fight in his Absence*, while he undertook a pretty dangerous Journey to *Antony*. His Way lay through *Antioch*, the Capital of *Syria*, where he found a large Body of Auxiliaries from the tributary Princes ready to march, but not resolute enough to venture through a Tract of hostile Country, full of Woods, and infested by strong Parties of *Arabs* and *Commagenians*, the King's Friends. He put himself at their Head; and having by his personal

Bravery repelled two fierce Attacks from the Troops that had way-laid them, he brought them and their Baggage safe to the Lines of *Samofata*. His Reception was suitable to the Service. For *Antony* having Notice of his Approach, ordered the whole Army to turn out and pay him the Honors due to a *Roman Consul*. When he inquired the Particulars of their March, the Officers of the Auxiliars frankly acknowledged that their Preservation was owing to the *King of Judea*. *Antony* could not but admire the Gallantry and undaunted Spirit of the Man; and carested and honored him on all Occasions. But for all the Reinforcement, *Samofata* still held out; and *Antony*, sick of the Enterprize, at last accepted of scarce *sixty thousand Pounds* instead of the proffered *two hundred thousand*, and made no very honorable Peace with the *King of Commagene*. A long Habit of indulging in Pleasure was now beginning to make Business troublesome. He was in Haste to get back to a Scene of Entertainment. Whether this were *Egypt* and *Cleopatra*, or *Octavia* and *Athens*, Authors are not agreed. I can scarce believe it was the former, though expressly asserted by *Joseph the Jewish Historian*⁷ as *Octavia* was still at *Athens*, and went with him in the Spring to *Italy*, whither he was then called by his Colleague and Brother-in-law upon an important Occasion.

Things had not continued long in *Italy* upon

⁷ Αντωνιος παρακελευσάμενος Σοσίω συμμαχεῖν Ἡρώδη, αὐτὸς ἐπ' Αἰγυπτὸν ἐχώρει.

the Footing of the *Peace of Miseno*: there was no cordial Liking between *Sextus Pompey* and the young *Cæsar*. The Divorce of *Scribonia* with a Circumstance of such Cruelty must have irritated the Parties still more against one another, and the Power of each being mutually an Eye-sore, their Amity could not be of Duration. *Pompey* complained that the *Morea* was not delivered up to him, nor the Provinces evacuated by *Antony's* Garrisons according to Articles; and *Cæsar*, that the Sea was still infested by Pirates, secretly encouraged by *Pompey*. *Rome* was ill-supplied with Corn; and the People said, that *instead of a Peace, they had only added a fourth Tyrant to the former three*. *Pompey* was every Day increasing his Fleet and Marines; and *Cæsar*, as if the Treaty had been openly violated, received Proposals from *Menodore* (whom the *Romans* called shortly *Menas*) of betraying *Sardinia* and *Corfica* with three Legions and a Squadron of Ships. *Pompey* sent to demand his Freed-man in Form, and Restitution of the Islands and Legions. He was refused both; and *Cæsar*, to put Honor on *Menas*, gave him the *Jus Annuli*, a Right of wearing a Gold-Ring like a *Roman knight*. Open War immediately ensued: *Menecrates*, long a Rival to *Menas*, was appointed Rear-Admiral in his Stead, and ordered out with his Squadron to make Descents upon the Coasts of *Italy*.

Above the Bay of *Cuma*, the Seat of the celebrated

Sibyl^a, and where there is still a Cavern known by the Name of the *Sibyl's Grotto*, there runs a great Tract of a low Copse, which they called the *Hen-Wood*. Hither came *Menecrates*, and having placed a Body of Men in Ambush, he failed about, and suddenly entered the Mouth of the *Vultorno*, and attacked the Town of that Name, while his Men were ravaging all about *Capua* and *Naples*, and intercepting the Convoys and Parties of triumviral Troops that were escorting them to *Rome*^b. The City began to be again threatened with Famine, and *Cæsar* was pressed on all Hands to put an End one Way or other to the inauspicious war. He made vast Preparations both of Men and Ships. One Fleet was equipping under *Calvisius Sabinus* at *Rome*, and in the Ports of *Tuscany*: another at *Ravenna* and *Tarento* which *Cæsar* was to command in Person with *L. Cornificius* (a Cousin, I believe, of the great *Quintus*) for his Rear Admiral. Mean Time he notified the Violation of the Treaty of *Miseno* by *Pompey* (as he pretended) to both his Colleagues; and invited the one from *Greece* and the other from *Africa* to come and take Part in the common Quarrel. Neither of them made Haste to comply, and neither of them would have been greatly grieved had he perished in the Enterprize. But thinking himself a Match for *Pompey* without them, as he had called the Legions too out of *Dalmatia*, he took the

^a Ultima *Cumææ* venit jam Carminis ætas.

Virg. Pollio.

^b Στρατων. B. G. IH.

Sea with a Resolution to invade *Sicily* early in the Spring. But first when the Fleet was rendezvousing at *Tarento*, *Cornificius's* Squadron in sailing from *Ravenna*, was overtaken by a Storm, in which the finest Ship intended for *Cæsar's* own Flag, went to the Bottom. *Sextus Pompey* being informed of these hurried Preparations and of *Menas's* Treachery, who was coming against him as *Sabinus's* Lieutenant, divided his Fleet, and with one half waited *Cæsar* in the Harbour of *Messina*, and gave the other to *Menecrates* to meet *Sabinus* and his old Enemy. Their Squadrons first spied one another in the Evening, off Cape *Cuma*, and *Sabinus* took Shelter that Night in the Bay of that Name. Next Morning, drawing up in a half Moon, he was sailing close by the *Campanian* Shore, when *Menecrates* came and attacked him with great Fury. Their Nearness to the Land hindered him from using all the Play of the ancient naval Encounters; but he set Fire to some of them, drove many ashore, and sunk such as he had Sea-room to sail round. In the Heat of the Action, the two Rivals, and now sworn Enemies, *Menas* and *Menecrates*, happened to descry one another at the same Instant. Immediately they left every other Pursuit, and with all their Art and Strength of Oars, threatening and shouting, rushed upon one another. The Shock was terrible. *Menas's* Ship had her brazen Beak beat off with a Part of her Bow; and *Menecrates's* Galley had a Tire of her Oars stripped sheer off by the Board. But when the Grappling-Irons were thrown, and the Ships made fast

along-sides, there ensued the most desperate Engagement that had ever been seen between two Captains. It began with Showers of Darts, Stones, Arrows, Spears — then the Bridges were thrown for boarding, where a cruel Battle joined: Foot to Foot, and Shield to Shield; there was not a Blow given in vain. They fought for some Time with equal Fury and Success, and the Crews of both were generally either killed or wounded, when an accidental Circumstance seemed to give *Menas* the Advantage: his Ship was higher than the Enemies' — his Men fought as from a *rising Ground*, and the Blows and Shot from above gave a Superiority. Yet he was run through the Arm with a Dart which was got out: but his Adversary *Menecrates* was pierced through the Thigh with a *Spanish* barbed Javelin, which they durst not try to move. But though disabled from fighting, he kept the Deck encouraging his Men, until seeing them all cut down, and the Enemy ready to clear the Deck, he sprang over Board, and perished in the Sea.

On the right, *Calvisius Sabinus* had surrounded some Vessels separated from the Rest of the Line; they stood out to Sea, and the Admiral too eager in the Chase, was pursuing them, when *Demochares*, Lieutenant to *Menecrates* and his fellow-Freed-man, fell upon his exposed Squadron, and either burnt or drove them to Shore. *Sabinus* picked up the Men, and extinguished the Fires of some few at his Return, and with his shattered Remains retreated to the same Bay where he had

passed the former Night. It was a great Victory had it been improved; but *Demochares*, struck with the Loss of his Admiral *Menecrates*, and the Desertion of *Menas* (*Pompey's* chief Sea-Officers), instead of falling upon the disabled Fleet next Morning, which he could have utterly destroyed, sailed directly for *Messina*, as if all had been lost with *Menecrates* and his Ship, and left *Calvisius* at full Leisure to refit. He accordingly sailed out unmolested some Days thereafter to join *Cæsar*, who was come to *Rheggio* with a great Fleet and Army; while *Pompey* had only forty Ships in the Harbour of *Messina*. The old Officers were for improving the Opportunity and attacking him immediately in the Harbour: but *Cæsar* did not chuse to fight till *Calvisius* should come up, saying, *it was bad Conduct to hazard a Battle, alone when your Allies were just at Hand*. The shattered Squadron were coasting along *Abruzzo*, and were beginning to turn the *Scyllean Cape*, now called the *Fox-tail*, when a violent Gale sprang up at South-west, and dashed many of them against the Rocks. Next Day, *Cæsar* ignorant of what had happened, loosed from *Rheggio*, and was sailing through the Streight of *Sicily* with his whole Fleet; when *Pompey* ordered *Apollophanes* another of his Father's Freedmen, who succeeded *Menecrates*, to sail out and attack him. He did so, and greatly distressed the hindmost Ships, but could not bring *Cæsar* to a general Engagement: on the contrary he ordered the whole Squadron to stand in for the Shore; then turning their Heads to the Sea to

cast Anchor, and in that Posture receive the Enemy. For some Time this Disposition was useful, as it eluded the Art of *Pompey's* Seamen, and received the Shock on their armed Bow. But *Apollophanes*, after often retiring and attacking, ordered two Fire ships to attack every large Galley, and at the same Time, after *Murcus's* Example, pouring in blazing Darts upon the thick-set Navy, which put the *Cæsareans* quickly in Disorder, and the Wind rising about the same Time, occasioned a dreadful Scene of Blood and Confusion. Some of them cut their Anchors, and let their Vessels drive upon the Rocks to avoid the Flames; others threw themselves into the Sea, hoping to swim ashore. *Cæsar* himself leaped upon the Shelf of a Rock, and got to firm Ground. *Cornificius* only and his Squadron behaved like gallant Men in this bloody Struggle. Without waiting *Cæsar's* Orders, they cut their Cables and stood out to Sea — not to fly; but to die fighting rather than be burnt lying at Anchor. With Fury and Despair, he suddenly attacked the *Pompeian* Rear-Admiral; and gave her such a Crush as opened her Seams, and made her unfit for Service. *Demochares* jumped into a Tender; and *Cornificius* seized his Prize: This Piece of daring Courage preserved *Cæsar*, who would else have scarce had a Ship left in the Sea. The Sun was just going down when the Victors spied *Sabinus* and his crazy Squadron sailing slowly along the Shore. The Cape covered them from their Friends, who knew nothing of them till next Morning: and

in that Time *Cæsar* himself was in little better Plight than his Fleet — His Equipage had perished with his Ship — he had been running about all Evening giving Orders, and what Assistance he could to his wounded or half-drowned Men, in directing them to get up to the Mountain that overhangs the Streight, and make Fires to refresh themselves, and show where to find them. When Night came, neither he nor any of the People had either a Tent to lie in, or a Morsel to eat: his Seamen had deserted the Ship as soon as it was dark, and run up to the Fires — he did not know but the Coast was full of *Pompey's* Men searching for *Cæsareans*, the falling into whose Hands was worse than Death. Cold therefore and hungry as he was, he crept into a Cave to elude their Search, and lay there for some Hours almost in the same Condition as in the Bog at *Philippi*.

The News of the naval Engagement and of *Cæsar's* Defeat quickly flew back to *Rheggio*, where he had left the *thirteenth Legion* with a View to transport them into the *Island* after having cleared the Passage of *Pompey's* Ships. The Tribune and Centurions did not know what Use there might be for their Service; but taking Guides, they set out from *Rheggio*, and with vast Toil and difficulty clambered over the Mountains in the dark. At last they came in Sight of the Fires; and directing their Course thither, they learned more Particulars of the public Calamity, but could hear nothing of their General. As they advanced however, the Noise they made drew forth some of

Cæsar's followers to listen, who at the Sight of the *Legion* ran back and brought him out of the Cave. It was a joyful Meeting: The military Men are full of Shifts; and they now erected a hasty Tent with Trees and Branches, which they covered with their *Sagums*, and brought him some of their Ammunition - Bread, the sweetest Meal he had made for some Time.

In the Morning, the Sea and Shore, covered with Wrecks, strewed with Corpses and Arms, — some half-consumed Ships floating about, others still smoking, burnt down to the Water-edge, was a miserable Spectacle to *Cæsar*. However the Arrival of *Sabinus*, maltreated as he had been, was some Comfort, and enabled him to rig and man his own remaining Ships. They were busy about this, when towards Noon next Day the Sea began to swell, and in a little the South-Wind blew with such Violence as to put a Stop to naval Preparations. Most of *Cæsar's* raw Marines hoped it would be but a passing Gust not unusual in the Spring: But the experienced *Menas*, now *Calvisius's* Lieutenant, foresaw and prepared for the impending Mischief. He took a little Offing for Sea-room, dropped two Anchors from his Bow, and ordered his Crew to their Oars. As the Storm increased they rowed to ease their Cables, and seldom let them come strait without relieving the Strefs. But among the Rest of the Fleet, the most terrible Havoc was made that the oldest Seaman had ever known. The Waves confined by the Streight, the Hurricane playing in

Eddies, mocked all their Moorings, and dashed the Ships against the Rocks or one another; and when the Current and Swirls brought by the Tide joined the Storm, the Violence and Horror of it was inexpressible. Some of the unhappy Crews were swallowed up, roaring out in vain for Help — others, struck dumb with impending Woe, sunk in Silence — many, to avoid being dashed to a Cliff, or crushed between Ships, leaped among the Billows — scarce was there a Face of Horror which Death did not wear in this dismal Tempest. The Violence of it redoubled at Night: Darkness, Distraction, a devouring Swirl and reverberating Rocks, conspired for inevitable Perdition of Ships and Men. *Cæsar*, unable to bear the Sight or the Thought of all his naval Strength and expensive Equipment being thus blasted at a Blow, ran away in Despair through the Mountains to *Monte Leone*. There he wrote to *Agrippa* who commanded in *Gaul*, and to his chief Officers, to come to him immediately with their several Corps. He dreaded an Invasion of *Italy* by *Pompey* and an Insurrection of the old Friends of the *Republic* to oppress an Usurper, on whom the Hand of Heaven seemed to fall heavy for his Crimes: But his Fears were vain — *Pompey*, safe in the Harbour of *Messina*, had not the least Thought of invading the Continent, or profiting by his Enemies' Misfortunes. Bold and active in *Execution*, he seems to have failed in *laying Plans*; and to have been fitter for a *Second* than a *Commander in chief*; perhaps a secret Consciousness of this Defect made

him so obnoxious to his Counsellors, especially to such as he thought most attached to his Person and Interest.

The double Defeat of his Fleets, and still more, the horrible Tempest, reduced *Cæsar* to great extremities. *Rome* was already starving; *Pompey* was Lord of the Ocean; he had neither Ships to oppose him, nor Money to build more: For at the least Mention of a *new Tax*, the famished *Romans* were in Hazard of rising, and committing all the Acts of Despair and Fury. He had but one Resource, which he would not have used but in the last Distress; and that was *Antony's Friendship*. That Triumvir had actually come upon the former Call with a small Squadron to *Brindisi*, I suppose persuaded by *Octavia* to assist her Brother. But either piqued by *Cæsar's* not keeping the appointed Day of their Meeting, or pretending to be terrified by the Prodigy of a Wolf's having come into his Tent, and eat one of his Guards, all to the Face, he sailed directly back to *Greece*. Thither was now *Mecenas* dispatched, the great Negotiator on whom all the Politics rolled, to endeavour to obtain Succours in *Cæsar's* greatest Need. The Affair was not very promising: he had the Disgust to remove for the Neglect of their former Appointment, and a new Favor to ask from a Man no Heart-Friend to his Master. Yet he succeeded in both; partly by the Art, which he possessed in Perfection, of making himself agreeable to *Antony*, and chiefly by the Intercession of the excellent

Octavia, who was the true Bond of Union between the Triumvirs.

The disconsolate *Cæsar* therefore received two Pieces of good News almost at the same Time; that *M. Agrippa* had gained a great Victory over the *Gauls*, who had lately rebelled in *Navarre*; and that *Antony* was to assist him against *Pompey* with a Fleet of two hundred Ships. We need not doubt of the cordial Welcome *Mecenas* would meet with at his Return: but the weighty Service he came from performing, and the preceding Distress, would put his Master in a proper Disposition to receive those Impressions of Humanity and Moderation he wished to give him. Great Misfortunes are a sovereign Remedy for Insolence and Pride. The Breast, formerly, untouched by Compassion, and steeled against a Sense of other Men's Misery, softens then into Sympathy, and perceives at last its own corresponding Frailty. Many a Prince is so flattered out of his Reason, that the Welfare of a Nation or the Lives of Millions is a Trifle in Comparison of his Person or his Pleasure. *Lewis XIV.* was hurt by too frequent Mention of the Term *l'Etat*, the *State*: and our *Charles II.* answered a Confident, who asked him, what he thought now of a certain Minister; '*That the Nobility of Scotland had indeed charged him with a great many d — d Things done against the Country, but nothing against his Service.*'

The wretched State of the Empire and intense public Distress had perhaps never cost the young *Cæsar* one serious Thought: to increase and maintain

his own Grandeur, and gratify his own Passions, was his sole Concern. How could the Roman Misery be most artfully represented, without ranking the Mind conscious of being chiefly guilty? — what would be the most striking Image — the most adapted to his present Situation to convey it — ? A shattered Ship — tossed by Storm after Storm — stripped of her Rigging and Oars, her Masts split, her Sails tore, her Rowers gone, her very Gods forsaken her — and yet in Hazard of being blown out to Sea again in a new Tempest' — and that Image was colored by the strongest and most exquisite Touches of Horace's Pen², which would be a proper Piece to lay upon his Toilet in a Morning after his Sicilian Expedition.

This grand Disaster having happened early in the Spring, and the Negotiations with *Antony* having consumed the better Part of the Summer, there was an Interval of Leisure at *Rome*, which

¹ O *Navis* ! referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus ! O quid agis ! fortiter occupa
 Portum, &c.
Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentis, vites æquora Cycladas.

² The greater part of the learned Men who have explained the Poet, refer this Ode to the *Ælian* or *Alexandrian* War. That happened in the Year DCCXXI. *Horace's* Escape from *Philippi*, or rather his being embarked in the Cause of *Liberty* with *Brutus*, to which he evidently here alludes, was in DCCXI. to which *Nuper* will scarce apply; but it will with great Propriety, to what happened but two or three Years before.

permitted the Men of Business to bestow a little Attention upon *Learning*. For though the *supreme Power* was usurped and abused by the *Triumvirs*, yet the *Senate*, the *People*, and the inferior *Courts* still continued to *act*, though under *Restraint*, and still gave Play to Talents and Literature. But another Cause contributed to give *Cæsar* and his Ministry a Turn to *Learning*. His adoptive Father *Julius*, among less laudable Branches of Ambition, had affected to be the *first* Man in *Letters* as well as in *Arms*. He was not an Original in this Way; having had both Patterns and Rivals among the greatest in *Rome*: for besides the *professed* Scholars, if I may so say, among the Nobility already enumerated, both *Sylla* and *Pompey*, but especially *Catulus*, *Lucullus*, and *Cato*, were men of wide and elegant Literature. *Cæsar's* Passion for Science appeared principally in the Choice of his personal Friends. Such daring indigent Fellows as *Antony* and *Dolabella*, as *Ventidius*, *Salvidienus* and *Saxa*, were his Tools in the Army; but his *Family-favorites* were Men of another Stamp; *Balbus*, *Mamurra*, *Martius* and *Oppius*, were all eminently accomplished, — of an elegant Turn, and (*Morals*, the chief Point excepted) of a true Taste both in Life and Learning: of Course, they were Men of Pleasure — and at the same Time highly capable of bearing a *second* Part in Business, though neither of Family or Character to stand upon their own Bottoms.

Cornelius Balbus was by Birth a *Spaniard*, a Native of *Cadiz*, the old *Phenician* Settlement, afterwards increased by a *Roman Colony*. It is

known in modern Times by having been a Scene of *English Honor* under Queen *Elizabeth*, and of *Disgrace* under Queen *Anne*. When very young, he had served in the *Sertorian War* under *Q. Metellus*, and gave Proofs of great Courage both by Sea and Land. He next served under *Pompey the Great*, who succeeded *Metellus*, and followed his Questor the noble *Mummius*³, until his Death. He fought in the two famous Battles of *Sucron* and *Duris*; and behaved during the whole War with such Fidelity and Resolution, that at the End of it *Pompey* procured his *Naturalization*, and invested him with the Privileges of a *Roman Citizen*. He had likewise the good Fortune to be early taken Notice of by *Cæsar*; who perceiving, during his first *Spanish Magistracy*, this Youth's Spirit and Address in Business, took him into the Number of his Friends; and when he returned *Pretor* made him his Master of Artillery.

He renewed that important and lucrative Commission after *Mamurra* had resigned it in *Gaul*; and from that Time *Balbus* never quitted *Cæsar* while he lived. He either accompanied him in his Expeditions abroad, or looked after both his public and private Affairs at home. He was Partner of his Toils and Pleasures, and reaped all the Advantages of such a Friendship; having amassed immense Wealth though he lived in high Splendor, not to say high Luxury; for he loved an elegant Table and good Wine more than was consistent

³ *Lucretius* the Poet's Patron.

with Freedom from the Gout. He bought the magnificent *Villa* and Estate adjoining to *Cicero's* in the *Tusculan Vale*, which had belonged to *Metellus* his first General: — was a cunning and bold, but a smooth dissembling Man*, — very fit for *Cæsar's* Secretary. During the Course of the civil War, *Oppius* and he stayed at *Rome*, and were employed, if I may use a familiar Term, *to puff* that artful Clemency which *Julius Cæsar* made one of the chief Means of his Usurpation†. He had so severe a Fit of the Gout when *Cæsar* was upon his Return from the last *Spanish War* against the young *Pompeys*, that he could admit of no Visits but from his Physician‡: but being a Man of Wit, when he could see Company, he was visited by all the *Virtuosi*, and paid one himself, among his first Visits, to the humorous *Papirius Patus*, *Tully's* Correspondent — This Gentleman wrote next Day to *Cicero*, asking *News*; and received this Answer.

“ You are a very strange Man, to ask *me* what
“ will become of the Free - Towns and Public-

* *Nosti hominem, quam sit tectus!*

† No Man knew *Cæsar* better than *C. Curio*, the violent Tribune, one of those *open* People who dare do or say any Thing. He plainly told that when *Metellus* refused *Cæsar* Entrance into the Treasury, *Eum iracundiâ elatum voluisse occidi Metellum* — non enim *Voluntate* aut *Natura* non esse crudelē, sed quod putaret popularem esse Clementiam.

Apud *Cicer.* Lib. x. Ep. 4.

‡ *Balbus*, postquam tu es profectus, non vidi; tantū pedum doloribus afficitur, ut se conveniri nollet.

Cicer. ad *Leptam*.

“ Lands, when you had our Friend *Balbus* in
 “ your House! as if I were informed of any Thing
 “ which he knew not, or were let into the Se-
 “ cret of what’s adoin’g through any other than
 “ *his* Canal! Nay, good *Petus*! if you would
 “ oblige me, do you tell me what is become of
 “ us? for you had the Man in your Power, from
 “ whom, *drunk* or *sober*, you could learn any
 “ Thing’.”

This shows the high Place he held in *Cæsar*’s Confidence: but the most amiable Part of his Character is his Good-nature and Humanity; for in all the Struggles of Parties, and during the whole Course of the civil War, he was never known to do, nor heard to say, a harsh Thing of any Roman. It is true, with an ill Grace could *he*, loaded with *Pompey*’s Favors, and adopted into his prime Minister *Theophanes*’s Family, have shown Malevolence to his Friends and Benefactors: but if his Temper had not been mild, *Party-Rage* would have obliterated stale Obligations. He had a Nephew of his own Character as to Courage and Capacity, who possessed a great Share of the young *Cæsar*’s Favor but came short of his Uncle in other Accomplishments. For now, that the Fury of the civil War was beginning to subside, this elder *Balbus*, *Cn. Matius* and *C. Oppius*, all pretty well advanced in Years, turned themselves

’ See his (*Cæsar*’s) Letters to them, and theirs to *Cicero* in the IX. Book to *Atticus*; and compare these with *Plutarch*’s Account of *Cæsar*’s Letters to them from *Egypt*.

wholly to the *Enjoyment of Life*, and endeavoured to lead in all Sorts of Learning and Elegance. They were Strangers to *Public-Spirit*, *conscious Virtue*, and the *Rectitude of Heart* which gives Life its genuine Relish; and in their Place had substituted what we preposterously call *Good-living* and *Smoothness of Manners*. One of their chief Amusements was *Agriculture* and *Gardening*—not in the Way that old *Cato* and *Camillus* exercised them; to raise great Crops of Grain or sow Fields of Onions for their laboring Servants: They were fond of *elegant Gardens*, *artificial Wilderesses*, and especially of *Groves of Laurel* for the Winter and of *Oriental Plane* for the Summer-Months. The great *L. Lucullus* had led up this Taste; and by bringing home foreign Trees from *Pontus* and *Asia*, and particularly our common *Cherry-Tree* from the Neighbourhood of *Cerasus* on the *Euxine*, had done the same Service to *Italy* that *Mr. Sherard* and *Sir William Temple* did to *England*, or that, among many more important, *his Grace Archibald Duke of Argyle* is now doing to *Scotland*. *Lucullus* pitched upon a Spot for his Gardens not far from *Rome*, with such Judgment that they stood the Test of Ages; and after passing through the Hands of a few distinguished Men of Genius, they were at last appropriated by the Emperors; and in *Trajan's* Time, when *Luxury* was at its Height, the *Gardens of Lucullus* were the chief Scene of Imperial Recreation. In Imitation of him, *Cæsar* is said to have brought the first *Chestnut-Tree* to *Italy* from *Sardis* in *Lydia*. It passed from thence

through *France* into *Britain*, where a great Forest of it grew near *London* in the Time of *Henry II.*

Mamurra's Turn was to Architecture; he was the first Person who contrived to cut Marble into thin Plates, to incrust the Walls of his Dining-Rooms: But *Balbus*, *Oppius*, and *Matius* were the most curious Gardeners and greatest Planters of the Age. *Balbus* laid out his Gardens with such Magnificence upon a Piece of Ground he received from *Cn. Pompey*^{*}, that they were reckoned among the public Grievances; being an equal Proof of the Profusion of public Money, as *Mamurra's* ill-got and exorbitant Wealth^{*}. *Matius* has the Honor of being the first Inventor of *figured Trees*, and of *Hedges* and Groves clipped into various Shapes^{*}. This would procure him Admiration at first; as it still would in *Holland* and *France*, and even in *Britain* some Time ago — but he comes now thirty Years too late. It would surely be thought vastly ingenious at its first Appearance — but *Nature* prevails at last, and the whimsical Taste is happily

^{*} *Cnæus noster locum ubi Hortos edificaret (Balbo) dedit*
Cicer. ad Att.

Et Mamurræ divitiæ placent, & Balbi Horti, & Tusculanum.
Idem

^{*} Placet, asks Cicero ironically, adoptatum patricium — (Clodium) a plebeio () Gaditanum (Balbum) a Mitylenico (Theophane) & Labieni Divitiæ, & Mamurræ placent, & Balbi Horti & Tusculanum.

Lib. VII. Ep. 7.

^{*} Primus *Cn. Matius* ex equestri ordine, Divi Augusti amicus, invenit nemora tonsilia, intra hos octoginta annos.
C. Plin. Lib. xxii. §. 2.

vanished. He improved *Fruits* too, and was either the first Planter, or so great an Admirer of a particular Species, that it long bore the Name of the *Matian Apple*². But *Oppius* (another Sir *John Evelyn*) was a Man of great and curious Learning, and surpassed them both in his Knowledge of the Nature of Plants: he wrote two curious Treatises, one of *Fruits*, and another of *Forest-Trees*, which was a Standard to succeeding Authors³.

With these three men *Mecenas*, who held the same Place with the Son that they held with the Father, was living in the greatest Intimacy, and was beginning to indulge the same Taste, when perceiving his *pastoral* Bard, *Virgil*, by his Knowledge of Nature, capable of a higher Strain of Poetry and of more useful and instructive Productions, he put him upon writing his *Georgics*, or *Books of Agriculture*⁴. This truly admirable Poem was not intended either for the Perusal or Practice of *Peasants*: no — it was writ at the Desire of a *Minister* upon a *courtly* Subject, and in the prevailing Taste: for besides *Lucullus* and *Hortensius*, the excellent *M. Varro* had illustrated Agriculture in all its Branches, in the ingenious Treatise happily

² *It was the Emperor Domitian's usual Supper —*
matianum pomum.

Sueton.

³ *Vir doctus Oppius, in Libro quem fecit de silvestribus Arboribus.*

Macrob.

⁴ — tua, *Mecenas*! haud mollia Jussa.

Virgil.

perſerved ; and *Salluſt* the Hiſtorian was then exerciſing the moſt curious Part of it in his famous Gardens on the *Tiber*. Men fatigued with Buſineſs, or ruffled with Politics, frequently fly for relief to Country - *Amuſements* : they find no Cabals among their favorite *Trees*, nor Contradiſtion from their flowering *Shrubs*. *Diocletian* and *Charles V.* forſook their Thrones to betake themſelves to their Gardens for good and all ; and the one ſhewed his fine *Lettuces*, and the other his *Oranges-Trees*, to thoſe who invited them to re-aſſume the Government of the World. *Mecenas* loved to have his Eyes turned for a tranſient Hour from the Broils of Parties and Wounds of the State to rural *Objects*, naturally amuſing, and ſtill more ſo when embellished with the Graces of Poetry. In this Taſte, as in the *paſtoral*, he was faithfully ſerved by his Client *Maro* — much in the ſame Way as *Lewis XIV.* and his Court was exquisitely ſupplied both by *Moliere's* (*Fêtes*) *Entertainments*, and by the ſweeteſt of the *French Poets*, *Monſieur Quinault*, with Compoſitions too good for gaudy grotesque *Operas*. For modern Courtiers, not quite ſo manly as the ancient, are ſoothed by Songs and little dramatic *Pieces* founded on rural *Adventures* ; which paint the Sweets of a plain natural Life, and give them the Image of that Innocence to whole *Reality* they are Strangers.

The four Books of *Agriculture* are therefore delightful reading : they ſooth the Imagination like Enchantment ; but they are not very inſtructive.

The Poet avoids *trite* and *useful* Things; and when he touches upon them, his Precepts are *curious* and *just*; but he immediately starts off to some *sublimer Idea* that may feed the Fancy, and dignify his Verse. For this Purpose, he has ransacked the Universe, if I may so say, for the most *specious Subjects of Description*; for such as afforded the most *splendid Images*, and could be designed by the most *sounding Names*: no curious Production of Nature — no surprising Effect of Art but is *painted* in this wonderful Poem; and the most harmonious Language and sonorous Epithets employed, that are to be found within the Compass of *Grecian Learning*. This poetic Art he has principally exercised in the *Conclusion* of each Book, to leave his Reader full of Admiration. The Prognostics of the approaching Seasons, that is, the great though disregarded *Drama of Heaven and Earth* perpetually *shifting its august Scenes*, set before our Eyes, finishes the first Book: the second ends with a Description of the *Sweets of a Country-Life*, and the *Virtues* it implants into *Men*. The fatal Effects and horrid Ravage committed both on Men and Beasts by a *devouring Pestilence*, concludes the third; and the *great and amiable Character* of a Patron and fellow Poet, *Cornelius Gallus*, completed the Work in its *original Draught*.

The old Commentator, in his general Account of *Virgil's Poetry*, records a common Criticism, 'that he copied *Homer* in the *Eneid*, but came far short of him; that he imitated *Theocritus* in his *Pastorals*, whom he equalled; and vied with *Hesiod*

‘ in his *Georgics*, whom he surpassed.’ As the best Part of *Hesiod*’s Works on Husbandry is lost, we are not in a Condition to judge of the Justness of the latter Part of this Decision. What remains of the *Grecian Bard*, his *Works and Days*, is properly a Book of *Economics*; and that strictly treating of *Agriculture* and of the Natures of *Trees*, *Plants*, *Legumes*, appears by some preserved Fragments to have been a *different Production*. *Junius Moderatus Columella*, a great Admirer of *Virgil*, gives such a Character not only of the Beauty but of the *Usefulness* of *Virgil*’s Husbandry, as, if true, would have superseded his own diffuse Collections. But here is the Sentiment of a more impartial, and much abler Judge. ‘ We see, says the great Naturalist, that *Virgil* has declined descending to the Culture and Qualities of Gardens, because of the Meanness and Minuteness of the Subjects; and that, from the vast Variety of Nature, he has only picked out the Flowers: that, for Example, amid the infinite Luxuriance of Vines and Grapes, he has only named fifteen Sorts — three Kinds of Olives, as many Pears; and of the Apple, has only described the *Assyrian* or Orange, neglecting all the Rest.’

‘ Videmus *Virgilium*, præcellentissimum Vatem, ob quarundam rerum humilitatem, Hortorum dotes fugisse; è tantisue quæ retulit, *Flores* modo *Rerum* decerpisse — xv omnino generibus *uvæ* nominatis, tribus *oleæ*, totidem *pyrorum*, *Malo* vero tantum *Assyrio*, cæteris omnibus neglectis. C. Plin. Lib. xiv. Proœm.

But to understand the interspersed *political Stro-
kes* in this elaborate Poem, and the high-paid
Compliments to the young *Cæsar*, we must recol-
lect the *State of Parties* and Circumstances of the
Times. From the very first Appearance of the civil
War, *Cicero* had said, ‘ that the *Cæsarean Party*
‘ was abundantly provided with every Thing
‘ except a good *Cause*:’ and the Death of its *Chief*
had furnished at least a *popular* one to his succes-
sors. To *avenge the Murder of Julius Cæsar* was
the *pretended Cause* of all the intermediate Wars
undertaken by his adopted Son: thence the *Deifi-
cation* of the Tyrant — thence *Antony’s* new *Priest-
hood*, and *Cæsar’s* new Title (*Divi F.*) *Son of the
God**, inscribed on all his Coins — thence the po-
etical Incense offered to the *Manes* of the deceased
Usurper, and the beautiful Enumeration of the
false Prodigies that predicted his Death by the
complaisant *Virgil*. For *natural Appearances* in
Heaven or Earth, if they co-incide with any re-
markable Event, are *consecrated* by Credulity,
and transformed into *Miracles*. About the vernal
Equinox, the Air is frequently thick with Vapors,
that dim the Sun’s Radiancy by intercepting his
Beams. The Destroyer of the *Roman Liberty* met
with his Fate on the *Ides of March*. It happened
to be a moist Season. *The Sun*, said the Flatterers of
his Successor, *hid his Face from the horrid Deed* —
and who will venture to call in Question the *Sun’s*
Testimony? 2

* Καίσαρ ὁ Θεός. *Julius Cæsar Divus.*

2 — — — *Solem quis dicere falsum*

Let me not offend any Admirer of *Virgil*, by ranking him among the Flatterers of the young *Cæsar* — that he flattered — and carried his Flattery to a very high Pitch, will scarce admit of Dispute: What would we now say to the Poet, who in a serious Work should give any Prince in *Europe* his Choice, *what kind of a God he would become?* whether he would take his Station in the *Heavens*, or rule the immense *Ocean?* or preside over the *Realms below?* How ridiculous did a Run of such Flattery make the praise-smitten Monarch lately mentioned; and particularly the wild Inscription, *to the Man immortal*, that drew upon him the ludicrous Sequel *? But to do justice to *Virgil*, we must remember, that *our* Theology is not near so pliable and complaisant as that of the *Ancients*. We canonize indeed in some Countries our religious Worthies, and suppose them to be a Sort of local *Genii* by praying to them, and assigning them the Tutelage of Nations; but we do not downrightly deify them, as the *Greeks* and *Romans* did their Heroes. *Romulus* was early assumed into the Number of their *Gods*; and, a little before this Time, *Julius Cæsar* had been publicly consecrated: Temples and Altars had been reared to him, Sacrifices offered, and *Antony* appointed his *Flamen*

Audeat — ?

Ille etiam extincto miseratus *Cæsare* Romam,
Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,
Impiaque æternam timuerunt sæcula noctem.

Virgil. Georg. Lib. i.

* *Cum Fistula in ano.*

or Priest. That this was done by the *Triumvir's* absolute Authority, to serve a Turn, and sanctify their own Treasons, is very certain: But yet it abated the Ridicule, and made the *Proffer of a Godhead* not near so extravagant as it would now appear.

In Rome itself a great Change had for some Time been stealing upon their Opinions in this Respect. Their honest Ancestors, whose *Virtues* raised the *Empire*, had been contented with Names taken from *Pease* and *Beans* — from *Vetches*, *Lentils*, or *Care of Cattle*: but the high Fortune of the Republic made her Citizens at last forget themselves, and begin to derive their Pedigrees from *Kings*, *Heroes*, and *Gods*. *Cæsar* said he had both *celestial* and *royal* Blood in his Veins; coming by the Father from *Venus* and by the Mother from old *Ancus* — *Antony* pretended to be descended from *Hercules*; and *Octavius* was the immediate Child of *Apollo*. Even the noble *Pansa* who fell at *Modena* must come from *Jupiter Anxur*: and the lamented *Cornificius*, from the ancient *Faunus*. But though all these tend to excuse the Poet, he has still a better Plea: for I do not think that the Imputation of extravagant Flattery paid to an Usurper, by Men of such Worth and Learning, as *Virgil* and *Horace*, should be slightly passed over. I mean not to examine their Conduct by the Rules of modern Systems, but only to justify their Intentions, and illustrate the Propriety of their Addresses to *Cæsar*. And first, it was

• *Piso*, *Fabius*, *Cicero*, *Lentulus*, *Bubulcus*.

no Fault of theirs, *that he was become their Master*. They both wished well to the Cause of *Liberty* — and one of them had risked Life and Fortune to support it. But to no Purpose; *Tyranny* had triumphed; and, in the terrible Struggle, the most dismal Tragedy, that ever had been acted on Earth, tore out the Vitals of the unhappy State. This unspeakable Calamity had lain upon the *Romans* for Years — Their Maims and Bruises, like a Man newly taken off the Rack, were still smarting. The Murders, the Robberies, and cruel Insult of the iron-hearted Veterans — the horrid Devastation of the Empire, being *in the least alleviated*, was like *Relief from the Torture*: but their being *finally repressed* with a steady Prospect of Peace, was enough to make Men mad with Joy. The Compliments therefore paid by the Poets to *Cæsar*, being founded on a Conduct *so far* praise-worthy, and pointing out the Road of true Honor to a young Man, who had it in his Power to do great Good, as he had done great Mischief, were in that Respect likewise commendable. Some Grains of Allowance must be thrown *in too* for *personal Favors*; to which if we add a few more for *poetic Phrase*, the whole will appear pardonable to a good-natured Man. When a Writer's Heart is full, and his Fancy warm, when gay Ideas and grand Comparisons are playing before his Eyes; he is more apt to catch at the *shining*, than to pick out the *just* Similitude; and the Reader should work himself up to the same Temper, in Order to judge *candidly* of the Performance.

Here we might safely rest the Apology : but it is capable of still a better Foundation. The Flattery employed by this good Man, as well as great Poet, is plainly a *Wrapper*, like the Gilding of a Pill, to convey sound and severe Advice to a violent Youth just beginning to relent, and to lean to the Side of Wisdom and Clemency. How could he avoid listening and being caught, when after a Picture of the divine Wrath poured out upon Rome, and of the most intense public Misery¹, the Bard devoutly addresses their native Gods. — “ Ye tutelary Powers — Protectors of
“ *Hesperia* — *Romulus* and *Parent Vesta* ! who
“ guard the *Tuscan Tiber*, and *Italian Towers* !
“ permit this divine Youth at Length to retrieve
“ a lost World. Streams of *Roman Blood* have
“ long since expiated the Crimes of our perjured
“ *Trojan Progenitors*. Let not, *Cæsar* ! the blest
“ Abodes awaiting the Good, snatch thee too
“ soon from Earth, and from merited Triumphs
“ among Men ! look on the State of the Empire ;
“ there is no Distinction of *Right* and *Wrong* : *War*
“ rages in every Quarter — *Villany* walks bare-
“ faced in every Shape. The *Plough* lies despised
“ — the *lonesome Fields* mourn — the *Scythes* are
“ turned into horrid Swords. The *Parthian* from
“ the *Phrath*, and the *German* from the *Danube*,
“ pour down upon Rome. *Law* and *Treaties* rule
“ no more : every State flies to Arms — and

¹ See page 214 — and observe the exact Conformity in the Language and Conduct of the two Court-Poets.

“ savage *Mars* rages through the Universe. The
 “ *Empire* is like a Chariot that starts in a Race—
 “ the Horses stretch, their Blood inflames—the
 “ Charioteer tries in vain to curb their growing
 “ Fury ; deaf to the Reins, they whirl him along
 “ with the rapid Car.”

At the Approach of Spring *Antony*, in Consequence of the Treaty concluded with *Mecenas*, sailed from *Athens* with a Fleet of three hundred Ships, and landed with *Octavia* at *Tarento*. From thence he sent to acquaint *Cæsar* of his Arrival, who made no Haste to meet him. What the particular Reason was, is still a Secret; but it is certain that new Disgusts had arisen, and new Causes of Diffidence. One *Callias*, an Agent from *Antony*, had made privately a Voyage to *Africa*, and held many Conferences with *Lepidus*, now at the Head of a great Army, which gave Umbrage to *Cæsar*; and his having threatened to reclaim *Menas* the Defserter, as one of *Pompey the Great's* menial servants, (whose Estate *Antony* had bought of *Julius*) was interpreted as a Mark of no Goodwill to his Colleague, who had received *Menas* with Honor. Be that as it will, more than one or two Messages were necessary to make *Cæsar* resolve to meet his Brother-in-law; and after all, the wise and beautiful *Octavia* was forced to go in Person to mediate a Reconcilement. To say the Truth, there was never any cordial Confidence between them², and if they had not now stood in Need

² *Antonii Societatem semper dubiam.* — Sueton. *Octav.*

of one another, *Antony* would have sailed away, as he did the former Year, without waiting for *Cæsar*. The latter complained, *that he had been deserted in his greatest Necessity, and left by his Friends at the Mercy of his Enemies; and that his Colleagues, in separate Negotiations, were forming Designs to his Prejudice.*

His excellent Sister answered, that *Mecenas*, who had been fully informed of every Circumstance, must surely have satisfied him concerning her Husband's sudden Departure last Year; and that she herself had perfect Knowledge of *Callias's* Errand to *Lepidus*; which was only to procure the Consummation of the long projected Marriage between his Son and *Antony's* Daughter. This, however, did not so clear *Cæsar's* Doubts, but that she had Need of all the Weight which Virtue and Sweetness of Manners could add to her Entreaties. — She conjured her Brother not to make her the unhappiest of Women; nor reduce her to the hard Necessity of witnessing either his, or her Husband's Ruin — and scarcely thus could she bring the *Triumvirs* to a Meeting. Mutual Distrust between faithless Men had laid deep Hold of their Hearts, and appeared in the Manner of their Appointment: Their Interview was to be like that near *Bologna*, on the River *Bradano*, that runs between *Torre di mare* and *Tarento*. It so happened, that they were both approaching the Banks at the same Instant; when *Antony*, to put an End to Suspicions, seeing a small Boat, stepped into

it without Guards ; and was about to pass over to *Cæsar's* Side ; but the young Man prevented him , by leaping into another , and insisting both to see his Sister , and to pay the first Compliment to his Senior. They embraced and he got up into *Antony's* Chariot , — rode forward to *Tarento* , and lodged with him that Night ; next Morning , *Antony* repassed the *Bradano* with *Cæsar* , and was entertained by him at *Torre di mare* , as if there had never been the least Misunderstanding. Their mutual Wants were the real Reason of this good Agreement : *Cæsar* had Need of a Fleet for the *Sicilian* War ; and *Antony* of Roman Troops , for his intended *Parthian Expedition*. They made therefore as it were an Exchange , of a hundred-and-twenty Ships of the Line with their Complement of Marines , to be sent immediately from *Tarento* with four Legions of trained Troops ready to embark for *Asia* — and over and above the Bargain , *Octavia* asked of *Antony* ten half Gallies completely armed , as a Present for her Brother ; who in Return gave her a thousand choice Men for her Body-Guards , to be picked by *Antony*. He sailed directly after this to the *East* ; having first agreed with *Cæsar* , without ever acquainting the *Senate* or *People* , to prolong their *Triumvirate* for other Years.

Menas in the mean Time , not thinking he had met with a Reward equal to his Merit , and disgusted at being only Lieutenant to *Sabinus* , when he used to command in chief , entered into a Correspondence with his old Fellow-sailors , *Apollophanes* and

and *Demochares* — made his Terms, and actually returned with his Squadron of seven Galleys to *Pompey's* Service. He did it so openly and securely, that *Cæsar* took the Opportunity to displace his Admiral *Sabinus*, and put the whole Marine under the Command of his Land - General *M. Agrippa* — a Proof of the high Opinion which he entertained of the Man, and in which the Issue showed he was not mistaken. *Agrippa* was well aware of the Weight and Difficulty of his new Office, and set about the Execution of it in a Manner that discovered the deepest Thought and Sagacity. His Master's motly - manned Fleet, he knew, was no more a Match for *Pompey's* experienced *Sailors*, than, a *French and Spanish Squadron*, to use a modern Comparison, is for the *British Navy*: and which was worse, as Things stood, there was no Possibility of exercising and making them better; *Pompey* being Lord of the Ocean, and sinking or seizing every *Cæsarean* Ship that durst venture out to Sea. He therefore conceived and executed the Design of a vast Harbour, not only strong enough to secure his Ships from an Attack, but *capacious enough* to contain two great Fleets drawn up in Line of Battle, and performing against one another all the Movements of an actual Engagement. For this Purpose he pitched upon the Bay of *Baia* (what they now call *Golfo di Pozzuolo*) and bethought himself how to transform it into a Haven. As this Enterprize shows the *Reach* of the Man who made the young

Cæsar Master of the Empire, it will not be an
to enable the Reader to form a Judgment of it.

‘ When sailing from *Cuma* Southward, you turn
‘ the Cape of *Miseno* (so named from *Eneas*’s Trum-
‘ peter), under the very Point of the Promontory,
‘ is a Road for Ships; after which the Shore em-
‘ bays to an immense Depth. Here stands *Baia*,
‘ and the hot Springs used for Health and Luxury.
‘ Within this, is the *Lucrine* Bay; and again
‘ within it, the *Averno*; which renders the Land
‘ lying between it and *Miseno*, a Peninsula all the
‘ Way to *Cuma*: for there is only a small Neck,
‘ a few Furlongs Broad, that runs towards *Cuma*
‘ and the adjacent Sea — The *Averno* is a deep Bay
‘ at the very Bank, with a narrow Mouth, hav-
‘ ing the Size and Shape of a vast Haven — but
‘ was of no Use as a Port, because the *Lucrine*,
‘ full of Shoals and Breaks, lay between it and
‘ the open Sea. It is quite surrounded with a steep
‘ Brow that hangs threatening over it, except at
‘ the Entry; and was formerly shaded with great
‘ Trees, and Underwood growing so thick as scarce
‘ to admit a Ray of the Sun; but spread a Gloom
‘ over the shaded Basin that struck the Spectators
‘ with a superstitious Horror. To increase it, the
‘ Neighbours affirmed, that the Birds flying over
‘ it dropped down into the Water, being suffocat-
‘ ed by the exhaling sulphureous Steam*.

‘ At *Cuma* in *Campania*, says another Author[†],

* Στραβων. Βιβ. Η.

† Δίων. Βιβ. 69.

there is a *Sweep* like a half Moon between *Miseno* and *Pozzuolo*, surrounded with high and (now) bare Banks, except at one narrow Place, and containing three Bays or Basons one within another. The outermost is that on which the Towns stand at both Ends (*Cuma* and *Pozzuolo*); the second is separated from it by a small Excrecence of Land; and the third, in the very Recess, appears like a great Lake. It is called the *Averno* — the next, the *Lucrine*: and the outermost, the *Baian Bay*. From this, did the daring *Agrippa* undertake to cut an Inlet through the Shallows of the *Lucrine*, and through the Neck that separated it from the *Averno*, and with amazing Labor accomplished both, so as to render the useless superstitious Lake the noblest and safest Harbour in the known World. In Honor of his Master, he called it the *Julian Port*.

To man his Fleet and complete his Rowers, on whom the *Manœuvre* of a Galley depends, *Cæsar*, besides the Seamen he had got from *Antony* set no less than twenty thousand Slaves at Liberty,

Hence those elegant Touches inserted by *Virgil* in his wondrous Draught of *Italy* and its Beauties.

An Mare quod supra est memorem, quodve alluit infra?

Anne lacus tantos — ? te *Lari* maxime, teque

Fluctibus & fremitu assurgens *Benace* marino?

An memorem *Portus*, *Lucrinoque* addita *Claustra*?

Atque indignatum magnis stridoribus æquor,

Julia quâ Ponto longe sonat *Unda* refuso,

Tyrrænusque fretis immittitur æstus *Avernus*?

Georg. II.

and fixed them to the Oar. These, and his Marines, *Agrippa* exercised in mock-Engagements through the whole Winter and Spring in his new-made Haven; and by Mid summer, thought he might venture to match them with *Pompey's* expert Sailors. Against *him* was now bent the whole naval Force of the Triumvirs. He was to be attacked by three powerful Fleets at once, and on different Sides, to make him weaken his Navy by dividing it: *M. Lepidus* from *Africa*, with seventy Ships of the Line and a vast Army in a thousand Transports, was to attempt *Sicily* on the West or South; *Statilius Taurus* from *Tarento*, with *Anony's* Squadron, was to invade the East-Coast; and *Cæsar*, or rather *Agrippa*, were to make a Descent on the North-Side of the triangular Isle. The three Fleets were to loose on the same Day, and that Day was appointed to be the first of *July* DCCXVII. Against this *Pompey* well informed of every Thing, made a Counter-disposition: he sent his Lieutenant-Generals *Plennius* and *Titi-sienus* with a Fleet and Army to oppose *Lepidus*; he strongly garrisoned *Lipari* and the adjacent Islands; lined the open Coasts with Troops; and waited himself with the Flower of his Fleet in *Messina*, whence he could perceive the Approach, and issue to the Attack, of either *Taurus* or *Cæsar*. The allied Fleets executed their Concert, and sailed on the first of *July*, with various Fortune. *Lepidus* first met with a Storm at South-east that scattered his Fleet just in Sight of *Sicily*, and swallowed up some of his Transports, while the

straying Ships were surrounded and taken by *Demochares*. With great Difficulty he turned the Point and got under the Lee-shore, where he landed his Forces, and shut up *Plennius* in the Town of *Lilybeo*. By the same Storm, *Taurus* was put back to *Tarento*; but it fell upon *Cæsar's* heavy strong-built Ships the third Day after he had weighed, at the very same Place, where his Fleet had been beat to Pieces the former Year; and showed him that the solemn Lustration of the Navy, and Sacrifices he had offered to the Winds were of little Avail. The foremost Squadron, under *Appius*, was dashed against the Rocks: *Cæsar* escaped with the Rear into the Bay of *Velino*, with the Loss of one Ship of the Line, and of many Transports. Here he lay safe while the Storm stood at South-east; but as Night came on, the Violence of it both increased, and the Wind veering about to the South-west, blew full into the Bay, and made miserable Havoc of the Shipping. The Torture and Anguish of Mind he then suffered was inexpressible: all his Labor baffled — all his Expense lost, all his Hopes blasted, in a Night! *Rome* was starving — the People crying and cursing — and, which was the grievous Thought, an apparent Affection for the Son of *Pompey the Great*, through *Italy*; and Vows for his Victory openly made in *Rome*. He would have despaired and killed himself, but for *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*, who kept up his Spirits under this grievous and repeated Calamity.

To prevent the bad Consequences of it in the

City, and retrieve their distressed Affairs, they divided the Work, and took separate Provinces. *Mecenas*, on whom the Stress of the civil Government lay, was dispatched to *Rome* to keep all quiet there: *Cæsar* himself went through the Colonies of the Veterans, to secure them in Case of another *Perugian* War; while *Agrippa*, with great Spirit and Activity, was employed in drawing up and refitting the Hulks of the shattered Ships. Such as had escaped the Storm were riding at Anchor as Guard-Ships, when *Menas*, the *Deferter*, to show his Consequence to any Party, came thundering on them with his Squadron, run down some, set others on Fire, and carried others off in Tow with his own Galleys: and, indeed, had this Sea-Captain been trusty and true, as he was skilful and brave, *Cæsar's* naval Affairs had stood a bad Chance. But finding that *Pompey* still suspected him, and being particularly piqued at the Preference given to *Demochares* in the Command against *Lepidus*, he took Measures, by dismissing some Prisoners of Note, to let *Cæsar* know, that he had not deserted from *him*, who had used him honorably, but from the Insult and Abuse he daily met with from the Admiral *Calvisius Sabinus* — that as *he* was now removed, and *M. Agrippa* in the chief Command, if either he, or, in his Absence, *Valerius Messala*, would engage their Honor for his Safety, and Welcome, he would again return to *Cæsar's* Service.

I look upon this great Person *Valerius Messala's* taking Part in this Expedition as a certain Evidence

of a great *Alteration to the better* in *Cæsar's* Measures and Disposition, and as an open Condemnation of *Pompey's* Conduct and Designs: nor do I doubt but it has been an Effect of *Mecenas's* Address to procure *Messala's* Acceptance of a General's Commission from *Cæsar*; as his Presence, like his Friend *M. Brutus's*, was a *Sanction* to their Party, and a Security against the old Republicans joining themselves to *Sextus Pompey*. The noble *Messala* (he was so in every Sense of the Word) scrupled at first to pledge his Faith to such a slippery Rascal as *Menas* — but being pressed by *Cæsar*, at least to deprive their Enemy of a daring Fellow, he complied; and *Menas* once more deserted to *Cæsar*. The Ships he brought, and the Quiet in which they could now rig out the Rest, a little restored their distressed Marine: For *Pompey* instead of improving this second Opportunity of totally destroying his Enemies' naval Power, was busied in offering Sacrifices to *Thetys* and *Neptune*, whose Son he not only gave out, but seemed by this second Shipwreck to be persuaded, that he really was. He accordingly changed his Dress, and wore a blue Robe instead of the crimson commonly used by the Roman Generals. He was however preparing to follow his Lieutenant, the brave *Titius Gallus* (whom he had sent against *Lepidus*, and who had cut off many of his Men), when he was amazed with the News that *Cæsar* undaunted, was preparing a new Fleet to invade *Sicily*, and that *Menas* had again proved a Traitor. Instantly the Guards at the out-lying Isles, and commodious

Landing-places, were doubled; and a Part of the Fleet stationed at *Milazzo*, under *Demochares*; but the chief Strength of it remained with himself at *Messina* as before.

When *Agrippa* thought his Navy in Condition to put to Sea, he sailed from *Vibo*, now *Monte Leone*, and immediately attacked *Holy-Island* and *Stromboli*, drove out *Pompey's* Guards, and occupied them as proper Stations, overhanging the Coast of *Sicily*, and menacing *Demochares* if he ventured out of *Milazzo*. In this Situation they lay watching one another many Days, till *Agrippa*, foreseeing the Inconveniencies of Delay must fall upon his Party, resolved to fight at all Hazards. He sailed up almost to the Mouth of the Harbour of *Milazzo*, from whence *Demochares*, who had been re-inforced with *Apollophanes's* Squadron, and expected *Pompey* himself from *Messina*, sailed suddenly out, and drew up in Line of Battle. They were both surprised at the Sight of the Number and Strength of their Enemy, and both paused as if irresolute what to do — But ashamed and perhaps afraid to retreat, they joined Battle at Length with great Fury. The Height and Weight of the *Cæsarean* Ships and the Courage of their Marines was long balanced by the Agility, by the Experience, and daring Address of *Pompey's* Crews; who would certainly have done the same Thing with them that *Sir Francis Drake* did with the Remains of the *Grand-Armada* in 1588, but for an Invention of the new Admiral. He had heard and seen the Superiority which *swift*

Ships and *expert Rowers* had over the best-manned heavy ones, by attacking them on any Side, by brushing off a Tire of their Oars, disabling their Helm, or pouring a Volley of Darts and Stones into them, and sailing off. The grappling-Iron then in Use was *too short*, and the light Vessels mocked its Power. *Agrippa* therefore contrived the *flying Harpoon*. It was a strong Shaft, seven Foot long, plated with Iron, with a Ring of the same Metal in each End. In the one was the Grappling-Hook, in the other small Ropes were made fast, whose other End was commanded by a Windlass in the Ship. When a hostile Vessel therefore, trusting to her Speed approached to do Mischief, the Harpoon was fitted to a Machine they called a *Scorpion*, and shot like a Javelin into the Enemy — If it laid hold, the Windlass instantly played, and before they could cut the Iron-shod Shaft, or get at the Ropes, brought the light Ship in Spight of her Oars along Sides the heavy Vessel. Then the Bridges were thrown, and as on firm Ground, Sword and Spear decided the Victory. *Pompey*, Spectator of this Engagement from an impending Hill, perceiving, that notwithstanding the Efforts of his Captains, several of his Ships were mastered by this Machine, gave the Signal for a Retreat; and being pursued by *Agrippa*, they gently slipped their lightest Ships into Shallows of soft Mud, whither he durst not follow, and with the Rest retired into the locked Harbour of *Milazzo*.

But while this warm Work was going forward,

Pompey, who with Reason dreaded that *Cæsar* seeing the East - Coast of the Island exposed, would in great Hurry cross over and endeavour to surprise *Taormina*, that same Night after Supper went aboard of his own Squadron, and sailed round to the *Faro*. He was not mistaken; for *Cæsar* anxious about his Colleague *Lepidus*, and wishing to turn the *naval* into a *land-War*, had hastened over with three Legions, five hundred Dragoons though without horses, a thousand light-armed Men, and double that Number of Veteran Volunteers; leaving *Messala* with two Legions at the white Rock, now called *Punto della Saetta*, until he should send back the Transports to bring them over. He found the Passage clear as he expected — sailed up the Bay to *Taormina*, and having in vain summoned the Garrison to surrender, he debarked unmolested near an old Temple of *Apollo*, and was about encamping, in Order to attack the Town next Day, when *Pompey's* Fleet came in View; and keeping Pace with it, a Body of his Cavalry appeared, followed by several Battalions of Foot. In all *Cæsar's* Life, he never saw a more dreadful Sight: he had counted upon *Pompey's* being so mauled by *Agrippa*, that he would have no Power to give him Disturbance; but the being surrounded so unexpectedly, and hemmed in with three Armies by Sea and Land, would have struck Terror into an older General. *Pompey's* Horse immediately attacked; and were so faintly repulsed, by Troops frightened and in Disorder, that had his Infantry charged,

and his Ships bore down upon *Cæsar's* at the same Time, he must have totally destroyed that Army and Fleet. But with his *Courage*, *Pompey* had not inherited his Father's *Capacity*: he again showed that he was no General, and let slip the Opportunities which Fortune laid as it were in his Lap, to ruin his Rival and become Head of the Empire. He thought it not proper to engage *so late* in the Evening: he was ill-served by his Spies, and knew not *what a Panic* reigned in the half-finished Camp, and consequently how easy the Conquest. He retired however with his Ships under Cape *Stillo* on the *Italian* Side, to cut off *Cæsar's* Retreat; and his Army, not caring to be at the Trouble of encamping so near an Enemy, chose to lodge in *Fenica*, a little neighbouring Town.

Cæsar's Men, thus relieved, employed the Night in fortifying their Trenches: the Command was given to *L. Cornificius*, a very brave Officer; and, before Day-break, *Cæsar* went aboard and stood over for *Italy*. Having appointed his Rear-Admirals, he stepped himself into a light Sloop, and sailed through the Fleet encouraging his Captains and Crews; after which, as in the highest Peril, he threw aside the Robe and Ensigns of General, and appeared as a private Man. *Pompey* failed not to meet him; and a long and bloody Action ensued, the Particulars of which are suppressed by the partial Historians, because *Cæsar* was defeated, and *Pompey* was Victor. Thus much we know, that after the first Shock, and ensuing Struggle, there was an Intermision, like two

Combatants taking Breath; and then they fell to it again, and fought till towards Evening; when *Cæsar's* Fleet was wholly overpowered, and either sunk, burnt, or taken. The Men that could swim ashore were put to Death by *Pompey's* Horse, excepting such as escaped to *Cornificius's* Camp above the Bay. *Apollophanes* gave Chase to the Ship that carried *Cæsar*, and pursued so hotly, that he was forced to jump into the long Boat to save his Life—but being still chased, and seeing no Hopes of Escape, he turned to his Attendant *C. Proculeius*, and begged of him to prevent his falling into *Pompey's* Hands, and put him immediately to Death⁷.

Proculeius was not rash: he refused to perform the fatal Office; and persuaded the young Man still to attempt to fly, by getting into a smaller Boat without Servants, not to draw the Eye of the *Pompeian* Captains—By this Means, the despairing *Cæsar* did escape with the utmost difficulty; and late at Night was carried by Chance into a Creek called *Abala*, without other Attendant than a single Soldier. Here he might have expired before Day, if Curiosity to know the News of the Fight, had not brought People down from the high Grounds, who put him into one Skiff after another to avoid Suspicion, and sailing close by the Shore, brought him, quite exhausted with

⁷ Jam in navali fugâ, urgente hostium manu, preces *Proculeio* mortis admotæ.

Toil, half-dead with Fear, and unable to move a Limb or look up, to the *white Rock*, and *Mesfala's* adjoining Camp.

Among many *Reverses* of Fortune, here is one of the most remarkable. *Cæsar* in this helpless Plight was brought to the Man whom he had unjustly condemned; upon whose Head he had set a Price, and promised Liberty to the slave that should murder him: and this generous Man, by taking tender Care of his former Enemy, and not using a fair Opportunity of Revenge, has afforded the later *Grecian* Historians ample Matter to expatiate upon the *Roman* Virtue.

By this Defeat of *Cæsar's* Fleet, *Cornificius* was left alone in the Heart of an Enemy's Country: He could easily have defended his Works against any Attack from without; but he had an Enemy within *Famine*, which *Pompey* intended to employ against him, and which made him at last resolve to abandon his Camp, and undertake a desperate March through the Mountains and across the Rivers of *Sicily*, either to join *Lepidus*, or receive Succours from *Agrippa*. Let us imagine a Body of heavy-armed Troops, without Horsemen or Slingers, obliged to clamber Mountains, cross Morasses, ford Rivers, force narrow Passes, provide Forage, for Baggage-horses and Victuals for themselves, surrounded with *Moorish* Cavalry, and harassed by light-armed Foot. Since the *Athenian* Disaster under the too good *Nicias*, there had not such a Train of Woe, such a Succession of Hardships, Toil, Hunger and Wounds, been undergone in *Sicily*, though the Scene of

many a bloody War. It belongs not to my Subject to describe the miseries they endured in that March: *Cornificius* behaved like a Hero; and knew the Merit of his Service so well, that, when returned to *Rome*, he never supped abroad, without returning mounted on an *Elephant*, in Commemoration of this perilous Expedition. He had a Sort of *Precedent* for this strange Practice in *C. Duillius*, who first beat the *Carthaginians* at Sea, and who constantly returned from Supper with the martial Trumpet sounding before him.

We may easily conceive *Cæsar's* Dejection after his Defeat. *Agrippa's* Glory, his own Dishonor, the Loss, as he must believe of *Cornificius* and his Army — *Pompey* his inveterate Enemy's Triumph, were all humbling Considerations. New Disturbances had arisen too in *Rome*, which required another Visit from *Mecenas* to quell them, and where with all his Mildness, he was forced to make some Examples. Amid the Gloom of so many Misfortunes, a *Portent*, they say, made him cheer up. Having dispatched *Messala* to bring up the *First Legion*, which was lying at *Monte Leone*, he was walking himself on the Shore, when a Fish (probably pursued by another) jumped out of the Sea, and fell at his Feet. The *Aruspices* were consulted of Course, and answered with their usual Discretion; *That those who then held the Dominion of the Sea, would soon be under the Feet of Cæsar*: and who could that be but *Neptune's* adoptive Son? To show the Value of these supposed supernatural Signs, let me mention a Counter-

Prodigy. In the last Sea-fight, among many other Prisoners, *Gabienus* was taken, one of *Cæsar's* stoutest Marines: his Head was ordered to be struck off next Morning, but the Executioner drawing too faint a Blow, killed him indeed, but did not separate the Head from the Body. In this Condition he lay all Day on the Sands: but towards Evening the supposed dead Man having gathered a Multitude about him by his Groans and Prayers, began to beg that either *Pompey* would come to him in Person, or send some one of his Confidants; for that he (*Gabienus*) was sent back to him with a special Message from the infernal Gods. *Pompey* sent several of his Council, whom *Gabienus* assured, ‘*That the Cause which Pompey maintained, and the dutiful Prosecution of his Father's Wrongs, was agreeable to the Powers below; and that therefore he might expect Success according to his Wishes: that this he had been ordered to tell him; and, as a Proof of his Veracity, that, having done his Errand, he would immediately expire,*’ — which failed not to happen accordingly.

Agrippa mean Time, in Consequence of his Victory had attacked and carried the Fort and Harbour of *Santa Maria* — where *Pompey's* Stores were kept, and which opened an Entry to transport Troops into *Sicily*. It was immediately improved, and a vast Army carried over from *Rheggio, Lipari,* and the nearest Islands; so that *Pompey* was shut up in his Fortifications.

Sicily, generally mountainous, and intersected with deep Dens and Rivers, is no easy Country

to make War in — as the Imperial General Count *Merci* found by Experience in MDCCXX, when he would have perished with his Army, without the Support of the brave Lord *Torrington*, then Sir *George Byng*. The Land-War was grievous to both Parties; and some well-grounded Suspicions of *Lepidus* concurring, made *Cæsar* resolve to accept the Challenge sent by *Pompey*, to put the final Decision of their Quarrel upon a naval Engagement. The Day was appointed, the Bay of *Milazzo* fixed for the Place, where three hundred Gallies, with Turrets on the Sterns (*Cæsar's* painted red and *Pompey's* blue), were drawn up in each Line, equipped at all Points for Fight. — The Land-Armies possessed the two Promontories that inclosed the Bason; so that the Morning of the Battle, the Bay of *Milazzo*, by Land and Water, was a most glorious Sight. The Armies on the Shore were no less engaged (in Spirit) than those actually in the Heat of the Battle. But a strange Thing happened to the young *Cæsar* just before it began: whether through previous Toil and immoderate Anxiety, or any other Cause, I cannot tell — but he fell into so dead a Sleep at the very Hour of Fight, that his Officers were obliged to awake him to give the Signal: though *Antony* three Years after this, when their faithless Friendship was finally broke, told the Story in another Manner, That he was so terrified at the approaching Danger, as not to be able to look upon the Enemy's Fleet — but lay stupified on his Back, with his Eyes turned up to Heaven, till such Time as *Agrippa* had broke through the hostile Line, when he
at

at last arose and appeared to the Soldiers. Men have their Days both of Courage and Cowardice. In such a Temper, says the Father of Poetry, is every Mortal, as it pleases the Almighty Jove that Day to give him. Be this as it will, after the most various, fierce, and often renewed Struggle that ever had been seen on the watery Element, Agrippa towards Evening perceiving by the many red and few blue Sterns which he saw, that by Means of his Harpoon and Marines, he had the better of the Contest, re-animated his Squadron as already Conquerors, and making a final Effort, obtained a decisive Victory. Of the three hundred Pompeian Ships, but seventeen escaped. The brave Demochares, surrounded, fell upon his own Sword, rather than be taken; but his fellow-Admiral, Apollonides, with his Galley unhurt, deserted to Caesar: so that of Pompey's four Freed-men intrusted with his Marine, two were Traitors, and two honest Men. He himself was so struck with the Defeat, that though he had a noble Land-Army, and many well-fortified, and well-provided Towns, with which he could have long made Head against the Triumvirs, and might have obtained honorable Terms, yet he abandoned all, — took no Notice of his Troops, but hasting to Messina, put his Jewels and Things of Value aboard a few of his best Sailors, and instantly fled, looking often, like Xerxes, behind him, to see if he was pursued. He steered for Asia, Antony's Department, from whom he expected better Usage than from his hereditary Foe: but not being able to resolve thoroughly what

VOL. IV.

Conduct to hold, sometimes treating and submitting to *Antony*, and again assuming the General's Robe and Ensigns of supreme Power, as he heard various News, he was pursued by *Furnius* and *Titius*, two of *Antony's* Officers, supported by *Amyntas* (the *Galatian* Deserter^{*} now made King of *Lycaonia*) with his Cavalry, and, after many Adventures was taken by him, and put to Death by *Titius*, whose Life he had saved when Lord of *Sicily*.

Cæsar's Joy for his Victory was not quite pure, nor his good Fortune free from Solitude. *Titusienus Gallus* had immediately submitted upon *Pompey's* Flight, and given up his Army with a good Grace; becoming now (as Sir *Charles Sedley* said once on giving a Vote for the Duke of *York*) of the same Party with his Daughter. But *C. Plennius*, recalled with six Legions from *Lilybeo*, threw himself into *Messina*, and defended the Town against *Lepidus* and *Agrippa*, while *Cæsar* was busied at *Divieto*. He offered however to treat; which *Lepidus* greedily accepted of, and, contrary to *Agrippa's* Remonstrances, clapped up a Peace, and entered the Town that very Night, when *Cæsar* was expected next Morning. *Plennius's* Troops he joined to his own, and made up a great Army of two-and-twenty Legions, which not being complete, might perhaps amount to a hundred thousand Men. He then barbarously permitted both, to plunder the unhappy *Messina*; which they cruelly did for two Days running, till *Cæsar* came with the Flower of his Men from

^{*} Vol. iii page 232.

Divieto. *Lepidus* then retired, and encamping on a little Hill with all his Forces, discovered the long-concealed Indignation against *Cæsar*. He sent to tell him, ‘ that contrary to all Right, he had, after the Battle of *Philippi*, occupied the Provinces allotted to him in the Division of the Empire: that, under Pretence of *Julius Cæsar*’s having designed to annex *Lombardy* and *Italy* and enfranchise its Towns, he had withdrawn it from his (*Lepidus*’s) Jurisdiction to take it under his own; and without any Pretence had sent *Salvidienus* to seize upon the *hither Spain*: that if *Cæsar* pleased to restore these Provinces according to their original Contract, he would give up *Africa* and *Sicily*; if not, that he would keep Possession of the Island, from whence *Cæsar* might depart when he pleased.’

What *Lepidus* said was equitable and just; if Justice can spring from such an execrable Contract as the *Triumvirs* had entered into near *Bologna*: nor did the young Man attempt to answer or confute it; but knowing the *Insignificancy* of his Colleague, and the little Root which his *Avarice* permitted him to have among the *Soldiery*, he took a few of his Officers and Guards, and unarmed entered *Lepidus*’s Camp. At first they thought he had come to treat: but his Intention appearing to be rather to overawe, or give his secret Friends an Opportunity to revolt, *Lepidus* ordered him and his Company to be attacked; and with the Loss of some of his men, killed by his Side; and no small Risque of his Life (having his Clothes run through with a Dart), he escaped out of the Trenches. Next

Day, however, he encamped still nearer to *Lepidus*; and by private Emissaries, promising vast Bribes instead of *Lepidus*'s Parsimony, he first persuaded the *Pompeian* New-comers, and then the other Troops, to desert. It was then that the same Thing happened to that worthless Man in *Earnest*, which he had acted by *Collusion* against his Country in *Dauphiny*, when he connived at his Armies' Desertion to *M. Antony* the declared Enemy of the Republic. He was now absolutely abandoned; and with a Meanness of Spirit that showed he deserved it, put himself in the Habit of a guilty Suppliant, and came among the last of the Crowd to throw himself at *Cæsar*'s Feet. He gave him his *Life* and *private Fortune*, but stripped him of all Command, and banished him to *Circeio*, a Village with a Fort on the Sea, where he long lived hated and contemptible under the Eye of the Garrison.

Thus the young *Cæsar*, by a strange Run of Fortune, or to speak more strictly, by the Wisdom of *Mecenas* and Bravery of *Agrippa*, remained Master of the *Western World*. He entered *Rome* for the second Time in that Species of Triumph they called an *Ovation*: and by a great Alteration in his Language and Behaviour, showed that he had indeed

' The comic Poet *Caporali*, who burlesqued *Cæsar*'s first poor Equipage, says 'the *Triumvirs* divided the great Tart of the *World* among them, without using a Knife: but every Man taking Hold of his Piece, and pulling, the Line flanted upon *Lepidus*' Share, who therefore snatched at his next Neighbour's; but lost his Teeth and burnt his Mouth in the Attempt.'

profited by the severe Lessons he had received from Perils and Perplexities, as well as by the milder ones from the Men of Learning. Repeated Mutinies among the Troops, and a most dangerous one managed with obstinate Insolence in *Sicily*, immediately after the *Demise*, may I call it, of *Lepidus*, had just taught him *that Power founded solely upon an Army, was a Thunderbolt, ready to blast the Hand that held it:* that if the Multitude in a City, be a *many-headed Beast*, the *armed Mob* is a *devouring Monster*. His Views by such Reflections began to extend, and his Heart to humanize — he began to discover, that military Strength was too *narrow a Bottom* to build on: that it must be joined to the good Opinion at least, if not the Affections of a Nation, to become permanent. He did not therefore march his *Veterans* into Town, as when he extorted his premature Consulate, or enter himself in hostile State, as at the horrid Proscription: he imitated their legal *Leaders* under the Republic — he stopped without the City-walls, and called forth a formal Assembly of the *Roman People*. To them he gave, in an elegant and elaborate Speech, a long Account of his Conduct in which his *Cruelties* would either be wholly suppressed, or colored with the Pretence of avenging his *Father's Death* — Necessity of Affairs and Exigencies of State would *varnish* over the Rest; and not only Promises of a mild Administration, but immediate and substantial Redress of Grievances, made Men forget past Distress, and hope well for the future. For *Cæsar* not only cancelled all Claims

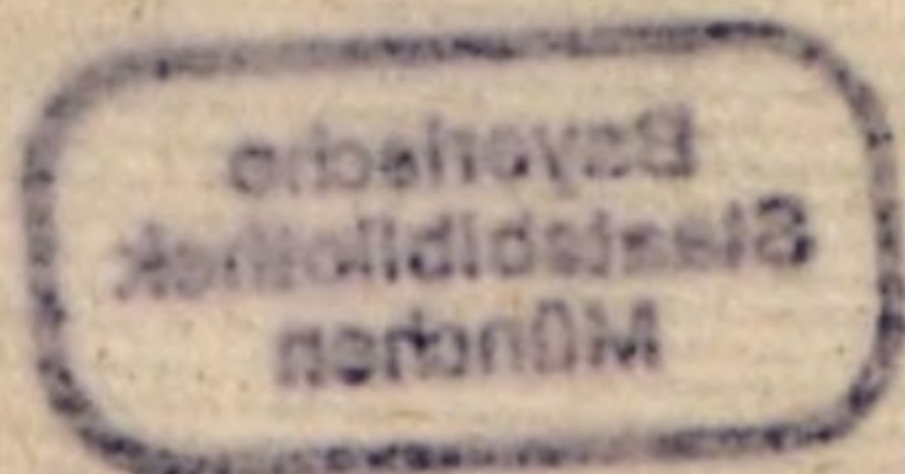
the *Treasury* had upon any Citizen previous to the civil War — but remitted all that was not levied of the *Land-Tax*, and granted a Discharge to the Farmers of the Revenue of *all their Arrears* then due. He returned the fugitive Slaves that had deserted to *Pompey* to their own Masters: he publicly burnt the *intercepted Letters*, that they might never appear in Judgment; and concluded his Speech with assuring his fellow-Citizens (as he then called them), that *the civil Wars being now happily ended, he hoped a solid Peace would reign through the Empire; that in the mean Time Things should return to their old Channel, and all public Affairs be transacted by the legal Magistrates, until Antony should return from his Parthian Expedition, whom he knew to be firmly resolved to join with him in laying down the Triumvirate, and restoring the Roman Commonwealth.*

He next spoke to the *Senate* in the same, or a more condescending Strain; and many Copies of these two Speeches, as *Declarations of his future Conduct*, were industriously dispersed over *Italy*. Those who now bore the Name of *Fathers* had voted extravagant Honors to him with the Profusion first introduced by *Julius Cæsar*. Of these he accepted but a few; and absolutely refused the *High-Priesthood*, which, by their religious Institution, was an Office for *Life*; nor would he listen to the Multitude, who barbarously called out to have *Lepidus* put to Death. Along with this Moderation in his own Person, he took Care to have the noble *Messala*, whose Character and

Capacity had done him substantial Service, elected into the august College of *Augurs*; and distinguished *Agrippa* his Admiral, as he well deserved, with the Honor of a new-invented Crown. They called it *Rostral*, from its Rays being formed in the Shape of the Beak of a Ship of War.

Here we find the Effect of *new Counsels* and a *different Spirit* actuating the supreme Power — a Spirit of Wisdom, of Moderation and Humanity. In that Spirit is exactly composed the celebrated Ode to *Calliope* and the *Muses*¹; where, involved in various Wrappers, and pretended Starts of Fancy, the mildest Maxims and weightiest Precepts are inculcated: for no Poet ever spoke more precisely the Court-Language than the *sly and soothing Horace* — happy! in being able to draw it from such Sources as the Conversation of *Mecenas*, *Gallus*, and *Agrippa*! You, says he to the inspiring Sisters — *when the mighty Cæsar, outwearied with War, has cantoned his fatigued Troops in the Villages, receive him to your calm Abodes, and refresh his Soul in the Pierian Bower* — You give the mildest Counsels; and, supremely good, rejoice in their Operation. Then as enraptured in a Flight of Imagination, the grand Lesson comes artfully couched under the wild Tale of the *War of the Giants* against Heaven — *their tremendous Strength was foiled — their impious Attempt baffled — by whom? Not by Hercules or Mars, those military Deities, but by the Goddess of Wisdom holding up her amazing Shield —*

¹ Lib. IV. Ode iv.



*Brutal Force, of Prudence void,
Tumbles headlong, self-destroy'd:
Power, by Wisdom temper'd, stands
'Stablish'd by the Gods that hate
Th' insultive over-bearing Bands,
Whose cruel Hearts and wicked Hands
Are prone all Crimes to perpetrate.*

THUS, I have conducted the young *Cæsar* to the End of the *second Period* of his Life, through a dreadful Series of Iniquity and Violence. For his Days were distinguished, as I formerly observed, by three Sorts of Conduct, each of a different Stamp and Tenor: the *first*, from his entering upon Business at his Return from *Apollonia*, until the Death of the *Consuls* at the Battles of *Modena*; during which, under the Direction of *Cicero*, he acted the *Patriot* and the *Republican*: the *second*, from his extorted Consulship, until the Deposition of *Lepidus* and Defeat of *Antony*, when he play'd the *Tyrant* and the *Triumvir*: and the *third*, from *Antony* and *Cleopatra's* Death to the End of his own Life: when he became the *Prince* and *Parent* of the Roman People.

The *happy Period* just begins to dawn upon us. Some faint Rays of it, like Fore-runners of the Morning, have been from Time to Time glancing through the Gloom: but after the grand Contest, whether *Cleopatra* should be *Queen*, not of *Egypt* only, but of the *Roman Empire*, or *Cæsar* Prince of a *Semblance* of the *Common-wealth*, was decided at *Actium*, it broke forth into broad Day.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.









Blackwell, Thomas,

Memoirs of the court of Augustus

Bd.: 4

Basil (1795)

Bibl.Mont. 2046-4

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10718552-0

VD18 80077471-001